# The Progressive Music Series

## Book Three

Silver, Burdett and Company

Raymond Weldy. Room 10. 6"a I

III

your flag and my flag: and oh how much
it holds
your land and my land- secure within
it folds!
your heart and my heart, Beat quicker
at the sight;
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed- Red and blue
and white

I: One flag- the great flag the flag for me
and yours-
Glorified all else be-side, the Red and white
and blue!

---

2nd verse

The fun ranks will be proudest, When
and our cheer will ring the proudest When
The full ranks will shattered, and the
bright arm will be better
and the battle-standards tattered
The bayonets ~~will~~ may be When
and there with

The Music Series
#3
1915
$12.00

Round time 30

Sew, knit do you
With your mit
stitching and k
Show how are flitting?
We'll get you in the game.

Chew chew corn and rye,
Give everyone a chance,
Cut out the sweets,
Cut out the meats,
So yours bit for France.

But all shall see the traces
Of battles royal graces
On the brown and bearded faces.

I

Old Glory when I look at you
It fills my heart with pride
I see it is no wonder that for
you our fathers died.

You stand for all that
noble, for liberty and love
You were inspiration, I trust
from Him above.

Chorus

The brightest stars from heaven,
are in your field of blue,
Your stripes are from the rainbow
Taken out of heaven too—
They made you there with greatest
And when you were unfurled
God gave us His Light

# THE
# PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

## FOR BASAL USE

## IN PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE, AND GRAMMAR GRADES


BY

HORATIO PARKER
Dean of the Department of Music, Yale University

OSBOURNE McCONATHY
Director of the Department of School Music, Northwestern University

EDWARD BAILEY BIRGE
Director of Music, Public Schools, Indianapolis, Indiana

W. OTTO MIESSNER
Director of the Department of Music, State Normal School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin


## *BOOK THREE*

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

# THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

BOOK ONE, 144 pages, for second and third grades

BOOK TWO, 176 pages, for fourth and fifth grades

BOOK THREE, 208 pages, for sixth and seventh grades

BOOK FOUR, 224 pages, for eighth grade

PRIMARY SONG BOOK FOR SIGHT READING

TEACHER'S MANUALS

VOLUME I, for first, second and third grades, with accompaniments for Book One and Primary Song Book, additional Rote Songs, Folk Dances and Singing Games

VOLUME II, for fourth and fifth grades, with accompaniments for Book Two

VOLUME III, for sixth and seventh grades, with accompaniments for Book Three

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## BOOK THREE


| | | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|---|
| PART ONE | | | |
| Chapter | I. | Melodies Reviewing Topics of Book Two | 5 |
| Chapter | II. | Melodies in the Melodic Minor Scale | 20 |
| Chapter | III. | The Eighth-Note Beat | 28 |
| Chapter | IV. | The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; More Advanced Studies | 34 |
| Chapter | V. | Modulations to Nearly-related Keys | 38 |
| Chapter | VI. | The Half-Note Beat | 52 |
| Chapter | VII. | More Advanced Song Forms | 55 |
| PART TWO | | | |
| Chapter | VIII. | The Introduction of Three-Part Singing | 65 |
| Chapter | IX. | Four Equal Notes to a Beat | 86 |
| Chapter | X. | Four Tones Ascending Chromatically | 102 |
| Chapter | XI. | Triplets; Three Notes in the Time of Two | 109 |
| Chapter | XII. | Four Tones Descending Chromatically | 118 |
| Chapter | XIII. | Syncopation | 125 |
| PART THREE | | | |
| Chapter | XIV. | Miscellaneous Songs in One, Two, and Three Parts | 129 |
| Chapter | XV. | Complicated Rhythms | 153 |
| Chapter | XVI. | Modulations to Remote Keys | 169 |
| Chapter | XVII. | Contrapuntal Style | 176 |
| Chapter | XVIII. | The Dotted Quarter-Note Beat; Advanced Studies | 184 |
| PART FOUR | | | |
| | | Patriotic and Devotional Songs | 193 |



*This volume contains much original matter which is covered by the copyright of the book and must not be used without special permission*

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

# PREFACE

THE Progressive Music Series, in material and plan, aims to realize the ideals of leading authorities in music and pedagogy.

The music material comprises the best that could be found in the libraries of America and Europe, together with a large number of original songs, written by many of the foremost living composers, whose interest and coöperation were secured through personal interviews; and characteristic folk songs obtained from sources hitherto unavailable. All the music material has been subjected to careful critical study both in regard to its musical worth and to its adaptability to school use. Equal care has been exercised in the selection of the words of the songs.

Three periods of development in the child's school life are recognized by present-day educators: the sensory period, the associative period, and the adolescent period. Book Three is designed to cover the work of the latter part of the associative period of the child's development, that is, the work of the sixth and seventh school years. This period is essentially the time for drill and the time for developing sight reading power. Basing the music study on the tonal and rhythmic concepts gained in the sensory period, the fundamental musical problems are presented in a logical sequence for formal drill. In developing these problems four steps are involved: (1) A review of a familiar song which embodies the problem. (2) A clear statement of the problem to the pupils. (3) Thorough drill on the problem, isolated from the context. (4) Application of the known problem in reading new songs in which it occurs. The chapters of Book Three form, with Book Two, a consecutive series of lessons which, beginning with the simplest tonal and rhythmic relations, progress to the study of all the musical problems essential for the mastery of music suitable for school use.

Book Three is in four parts. Part One is for the first half of grade six, Part Two for the second half of grade six, and Part Three for the first half of grade seven. Part Four contains patriotic and devotional songs for general use in both grades. Communities differ as to the time of the appearance of the changing voices of boys. In most places this evidence of adolescence is sufficiently marked to demand consideration early in the eighth grade, occasionally in the latter half of the eighth grade, and sometimes it is noticeable in the seventh grade. To meet these variable conditions Book Three is so planned that, while ordinarily it will serve as the textbook through grade six and the first half of grade seven, it may be condensed into an outline of one year, or, because of the large amount of material, it may serve for two full years.

Piano parts for most of the songs of Book Three will be found in the Teacher's Manual, Volume III, which gives explicit directions for conducting the music work in the grades for which Book Three is designed. It also provides optional outlines to meet the conditions cited above.

The courtesy of the following authors and publishers in allowing the use of copyrighted poems is hereby acknowledged:

Anna M. Pratt for "A Morning Song." Alfred James Waterhouse for "When I Go Out on My Wheel." William S. Lord for "Dream and Snowflake" from "The Rock-a-bye Book" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). Wallace Rice for "By the Rain." Laurence Alma-Tadema for "The Owl" and "Near Autumn." Frank Walcott Hutt and Eaton & Maine for "October Song." Longmans, Green & Co. for "Good Night, Pretty Stars" from "Old-Fashioned Rhymes and Poems," edited by Mrs. Roadnight. Annie Willis McCullough and *The Metropolitan* for "The Green World." May Elizabeth White and *The Advance* for "My Bedtime." Eunice Ward and *The Woman's Home Companion* for "So Ignorant." *The Youth's Companion* for "Harvest Slumber Song" by William Wilfred Campbell, and "The Listening Woods" by Ida Whipple Benham; and *The Youth's Companion* and the authors for "A Hymn for a Child" by Laura E. Richards, "Tree-top Mornings" by Ethelwyn Wetherald, "Daffydowndilly" by Mary Wilder Pease, and "A Child's Fancy" by Miriam S. Clark. The Century Company for "A Suggestion for a Happy New Year" by Mary Mapes Dodge. Mrs. Leonard B. Marshall for "Fairy Revelry" by Edward Payson Jackson from "The Halcyon Song-Book." Houghton Mifflin Company for "At the Window" by Maurice Thompson. "Friends" and "Before I Open Drowsy Eyes" by Abbie Farwell Brown, "The Dandelions" by Helen Gray Cone, and "Lullaby" by Frank Dempster Sherman are also used by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of their works.

Thanks are also due for authority to use the words and music of the following songs: "Brave of Heart and Warriors Bold" and "Bosnian Shepherd's Song" from "Airs of All Lands" by John Philip Sousa, published by Carl Fischer. "Past Three O'clock" and "It Was a Lover and His Lass" from "Songs of the British Isles," published by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd. The music only of "In Ocean Cave" from "Songs of Sweden" and "Ye Olden Christmas" from "Forty-four French Songs and Variants," published by G. Schirmer. "The Seven Swan Ladies" is from a collection of ten songs for children by Walter Morse Rummel, published by Augener, Ltd., London, W. The songs by Catharina van Rennes are used by permission of the composer and of the publisher, Jac. van Rennes. The song by Hendrika van Tussenbroek is used by permission of the publisher, Firma J. A. H. Wagenaar.

# THE PROGRESSIVE MUSIC SERIES

## BOOK THREE

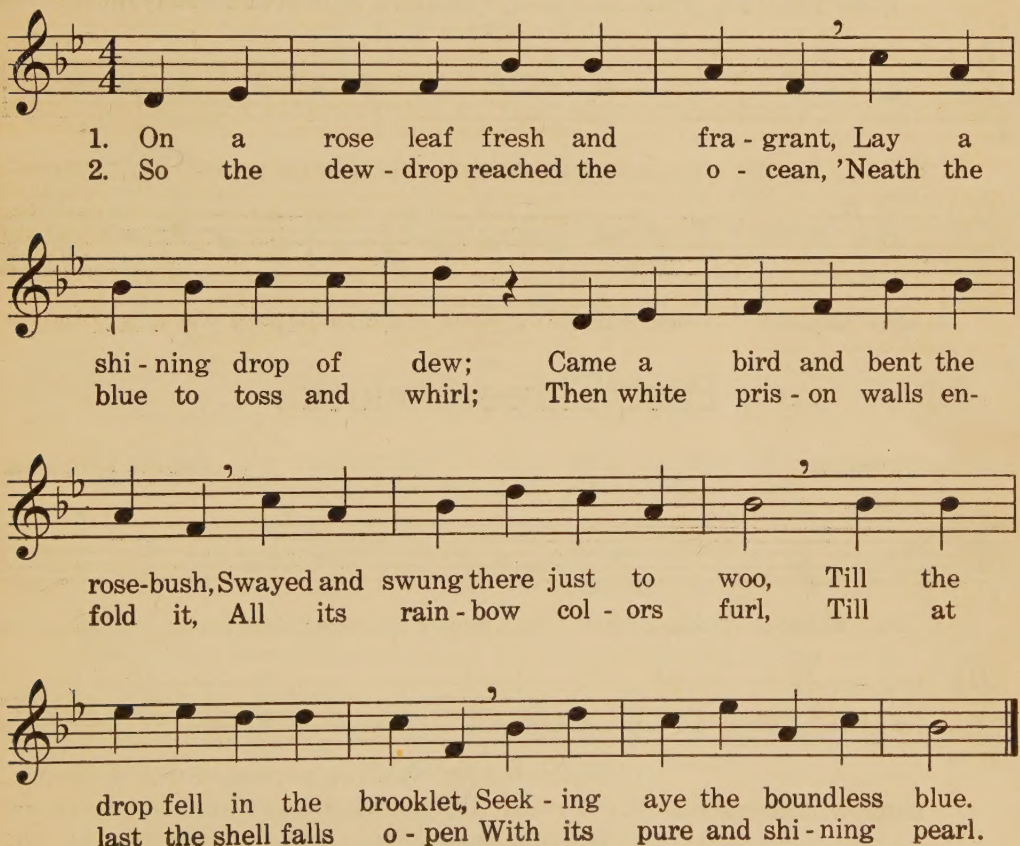
PART ONE

Chapter I: Melodies Reviewing Topics of Book Two

# The Pearl

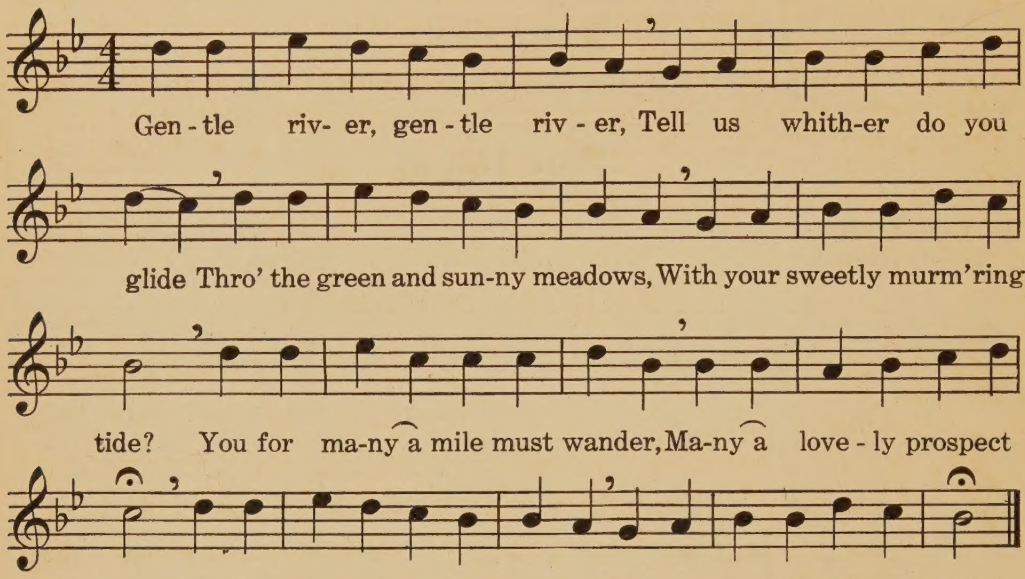
M. Louise Baum
*From the French*

Franz Joseph Haydn


1. On a rose leaf fresh and fra - grant, Lay a
2. So the dew - drop reached the o - cean, 'Neath the
shi - ning drop of dew; Came a bird and bent the
blue to toss and whirl; Then white pris - on walls en-
rose-bush, Swayed and swung there just to woo, Till the
fold it, All its rain - bow col - ors furl, Till at
drop fell in the brooklet, Seek - ing aye the boundless blue.
last the shell falls o - pen With its pure and shi - ning pearl.

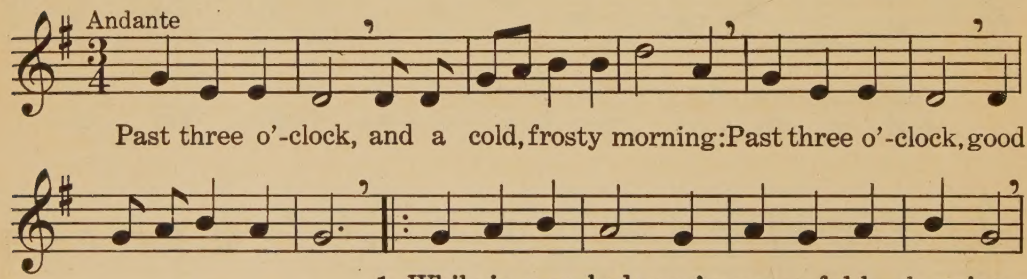
# To the River

Susan Jewett — Ludwig van Beethoven


Gen - tle riv- er, gen - tle riv - er, Tell us whith-er do you
glide Thro' the green and sun-ny meadows, With your sweetly murm'ring
tide? You for ma-ny a mile must wander, Ma-ny a love - ly prospect
see; Gen-tle riv-er, gen-tle riv - er, Oh, how hap-py you must be!

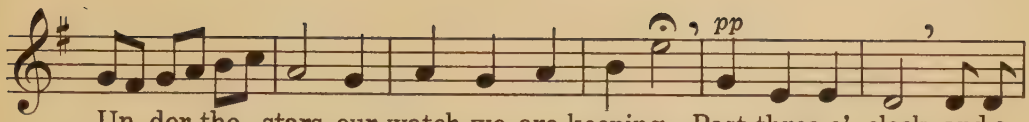
# Past Three O'clock

James Fortescue — English Folk Song

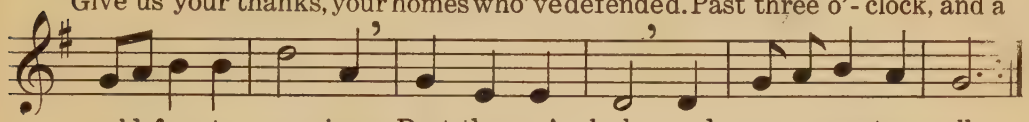



morrow masters all.

1. While in your beds you're peace-ful-ly sleep-ing,
2. We go the round, you rest at your lei - sure;
3. When morning breaks, and slum-ber is end - ed,




Un- der the stars our watch we are keeping. Past three o'- clock, and a
Safe is your house and safe is your treasure. Past three o'- clock, and a
Give us your thanks, your homes who've defended. Past three o'- clock, and a

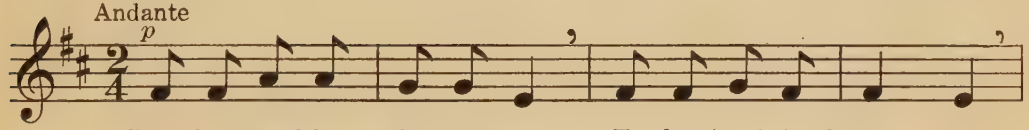


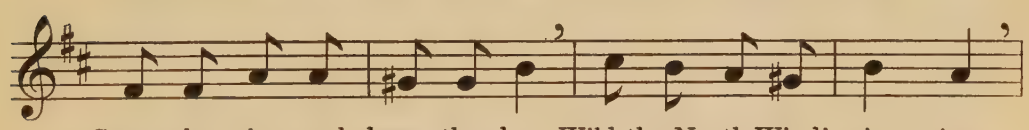
cold, fros-ty morn-ing: Past three o'- clock, good morrow masters all.

# Swallow, Swallow

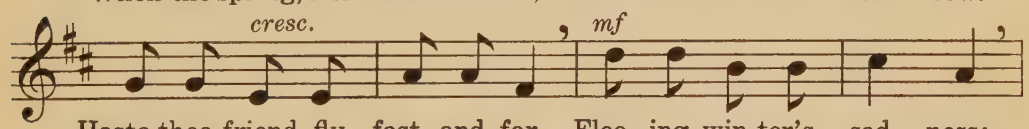
Alice E. Sollitt
*From the French*

Franz Joseph Haydn

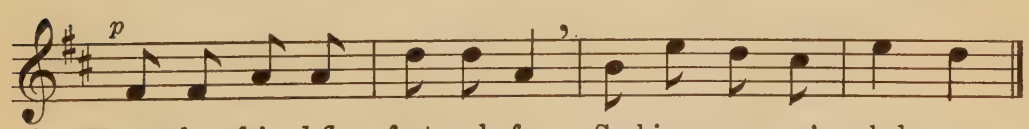
Andante

1. Swal-low, swal-low, far a - way, To the South-land wing - ing;
2. Swal-low, swal-low, fare thee well, Till some bright to - mor - row,



Gray the sky and drear the day, Wild the North Wind's sing - ing.
When the spring, o'er field and fell, Ban - ish - es our sor - row.



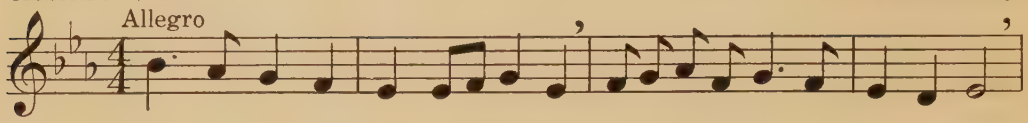

Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Flee - ing win-ter's sad - ness;
Haste thee, then, wher-e'er thou art, Spring's sweet promise sing - ing;



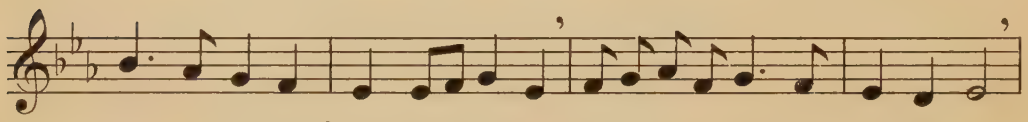

Haste thee, friend, fly fast and far, Seeking sum-mer's glad - ness.
Haste thee, then, wher- e'er thou art, Summer's glad-ness bring - ing.

# Autumn Holiday

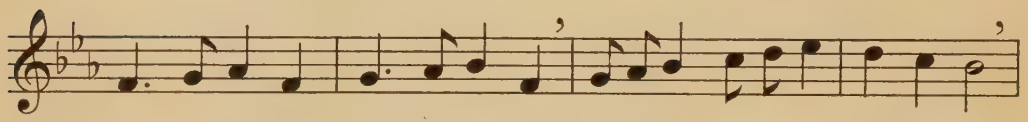
Abbie Farwell Brown — Welsh Melody



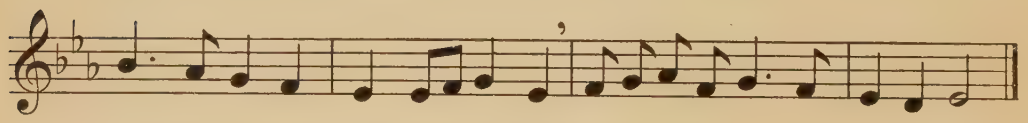

1. Come, my comrades, hear the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la;
2. Come, my comrades, taste your lei-sure, Fa la la la la la la la la;
3. Up a - long the coun-try highways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
4. Care and woe we leave be - hind us, Fa la la la la la la la la,



Hap - py hours are spread be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Lo, this day was made for pleasure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Down the lit - tle lanes and by-ways, Fa la la la la la la la la;
As the mer-ry strains re - mind us, Fa la la la la la la la la.



Come and trip it in the meadows, Fa la la la la la la la la,
Trees are glow-ing, fields are gol-den, Fa la la la la la la la la;
O - ver hill and in - to val - ley, Fa la la la la la la la la,
Come, my comrades, sing the cho-rus, Fa la la la la la la la la,

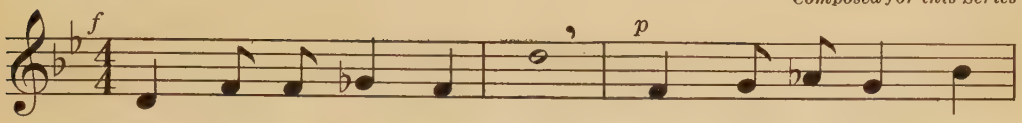


Ere the evening spreads her shadows, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Sing the song of a - ges ol - den, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Here we race and there we dal - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Ma - ny hearts have sung be-fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.

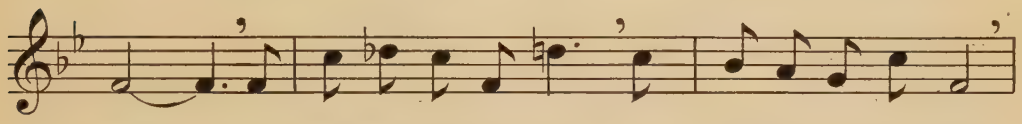
# Where Go the Winds

Martha Hanley

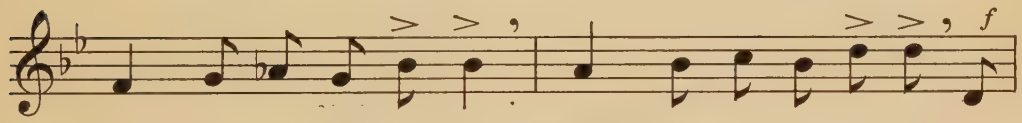
Adolf Weidig
*Composed for this Series*



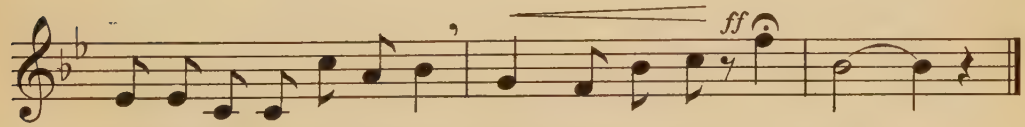

1. Where did the north wind go? Where did the north wind
2. Where did the east wind go? Where did the east wind
3. Where did the south wind go? Where did the south wind
4. Where did the west wind go? Where did the west wind



go? ___ A - way and far a - way To toss the kites at play;
go? ___ In haste to dash the rain A - gainst the win-dow-pane;
go? ___ It sof - tly, gen - tly sped To kiss the ro - ses red;
go? ___ To gen - tly rock the nest Of lit - tle birds at rest;




That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -
That's where it went, O - ho! That's where it went, O - ho! O -

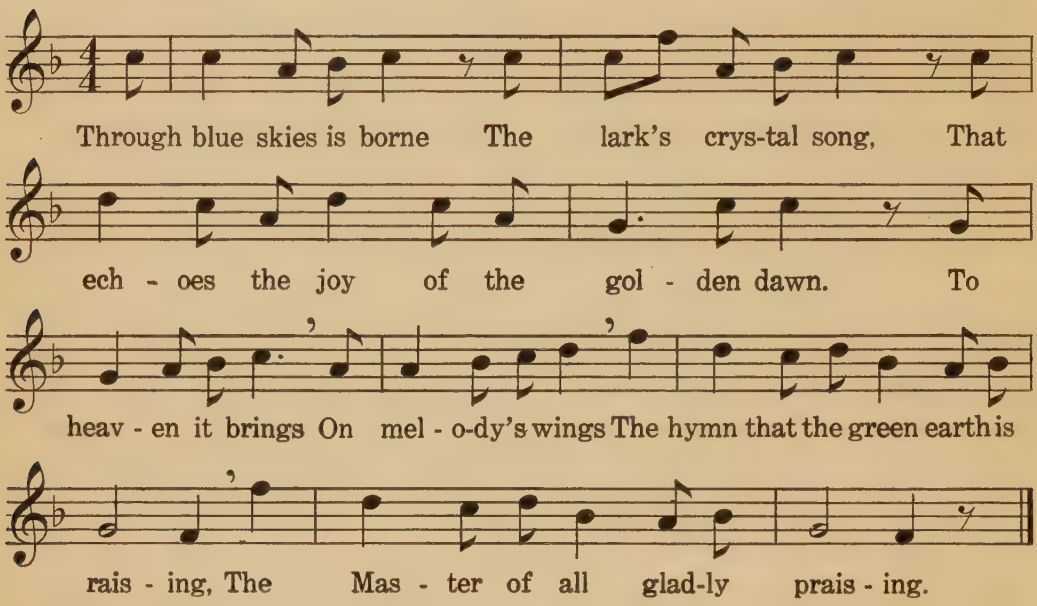



ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! ___
ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! ___
ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! ___
ho, yeo-ho! O - ho, yeo-ho! That's where it went, O - ho! ___

# The Song of the Lark

Frederick H. Martens
*From the German*

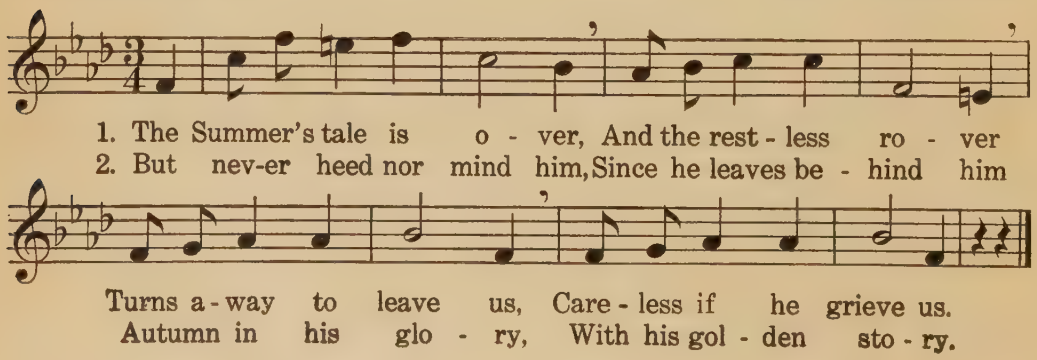
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy


Through blue skies is borne The lark's crys-tal song, That
ech - oes the joy of the gol - den dawn. To
heav - en it brings On mel - o-dy's wings The hymn that the green earth is
rais - ing, The Mas - ter of all glad-ly prais - ing.

# Welcome to Autumn

Pauline Frances Camp

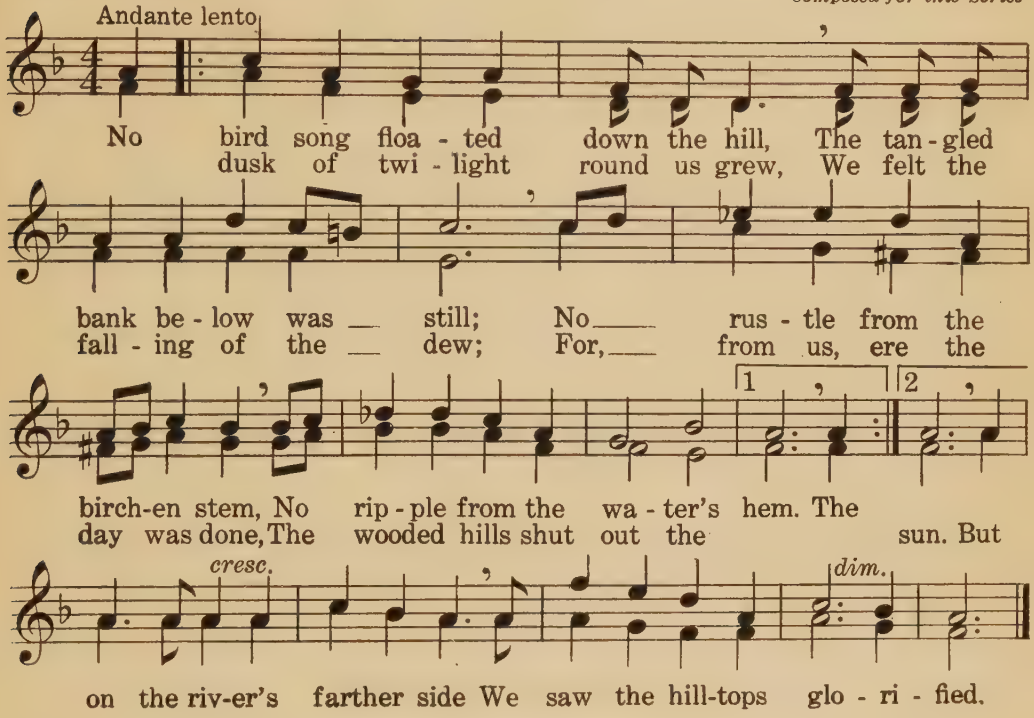
Peter I. Tschaikowsky


1. The Summer's tale is o - ver, And the rest - less ro - ver
2. But nev-er heed nor mind him, Since he leaves be - hind him
Turns a - way to leave us, Care - less if he grieve us.
Autumn in his glo - ry, With his gol - den sto - ry.

# The River Path

John Greenleaf Whittier

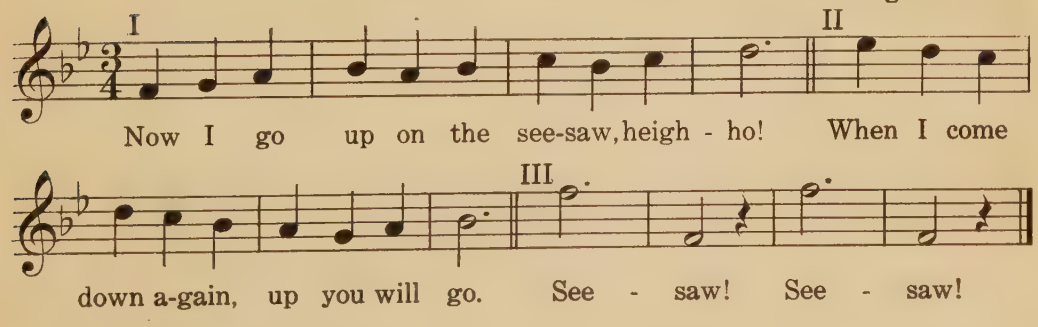
George W. Chadwick
*Composed for this Series*


Andante lento
No bird song floa - ted down the hill, The tan - gled
dusk of twi - light round us grew, We felt the
bank be - low was still; No rus - tle from the
fall - ing of the dew; For, from us, ere the
1
2
birch-en stem, No rip - ple from the wa - ter's hem. The
day was done, The wooded hills shut out the sun. But
cresc.
dim.
on the riv-er's farther side We saw the hill-tops glo - ri - fied.

# Seesaw

THREE-PART ROUND

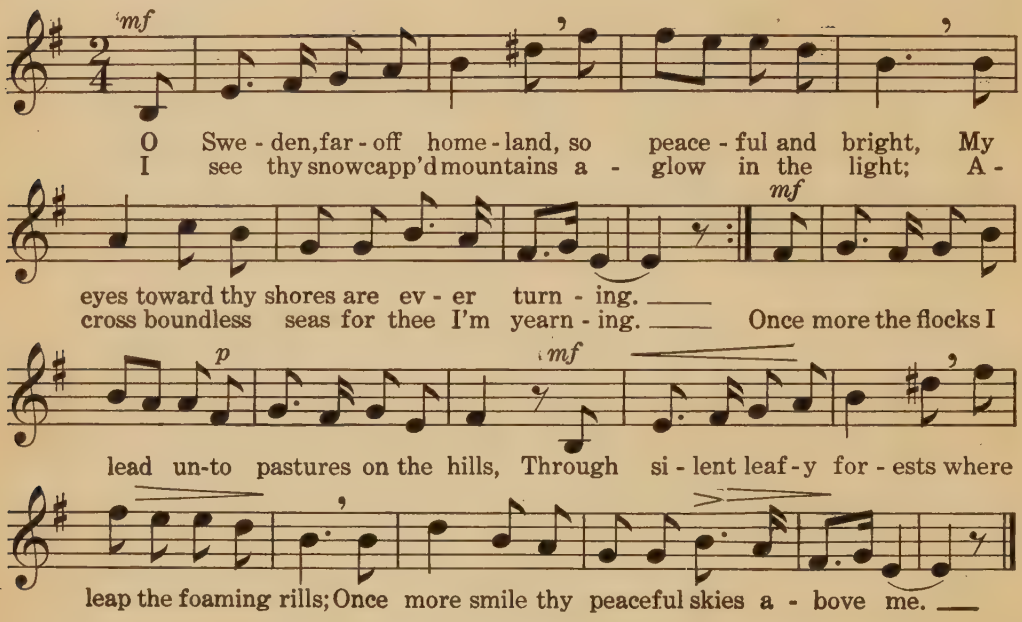
Old English Round



# Distant Sweden

Louise M. Bray
*From the Swedish*

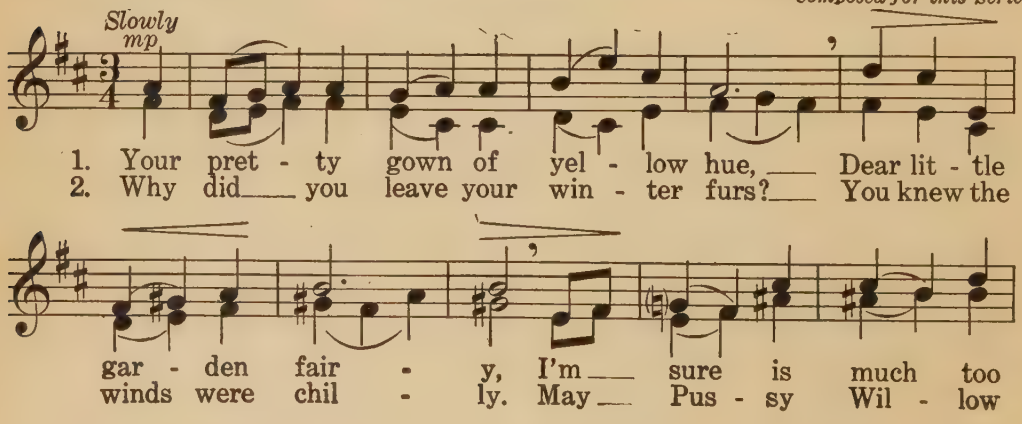
Swedish Folk Song

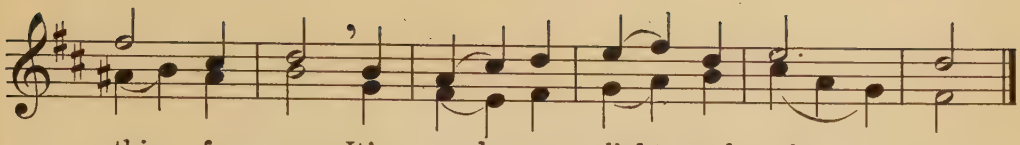

mf
O Swe - den, far - off home - land, so peace - ful and bright, My
I see thy snowcapp'd mountains a - glow in the light; A -
mf
eyes toward thy shores are ev - er turn - ing.
cross boundless seas for thee I'm yearn - ing. Once more the flocks I
p
mf
lead un-to pastures on the hills, Through si - lent leaf - y for - ests where
leap the foaming rills; Once more smile thy peaceful skies a - bove me.

# Daffydowndilly

Mary Wilder Pease

Margaret Ruthven Lang
*Composed for this Series*


Slowly
mp
1. Your pret - ty gown of yel - low hue, Dear lit - tle
2. Why did you leave your win - ter furs? You knew the
gar - den fair - y, I'm sure is much too
winds were chil - ly. May Pus - sy Wil - low

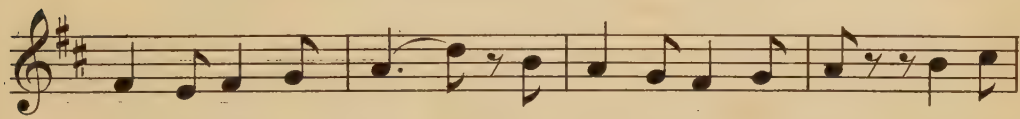
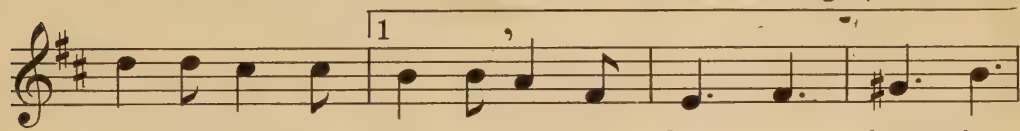
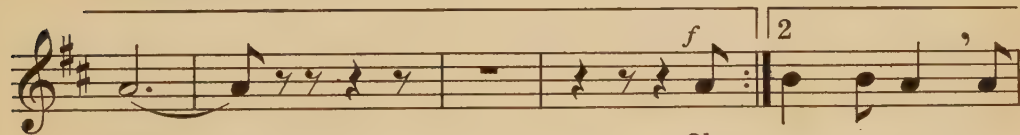


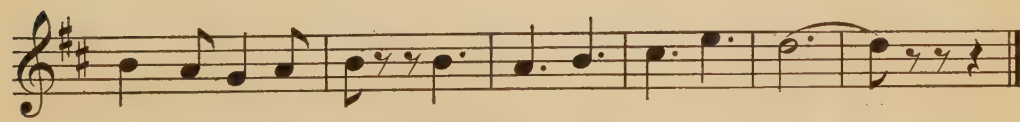
thin for you, It's made so light and air - y.
lend you hers, Dear lit - tle Daffy-down - dil - ly?

# The Meadow

Minnie Leona Upton

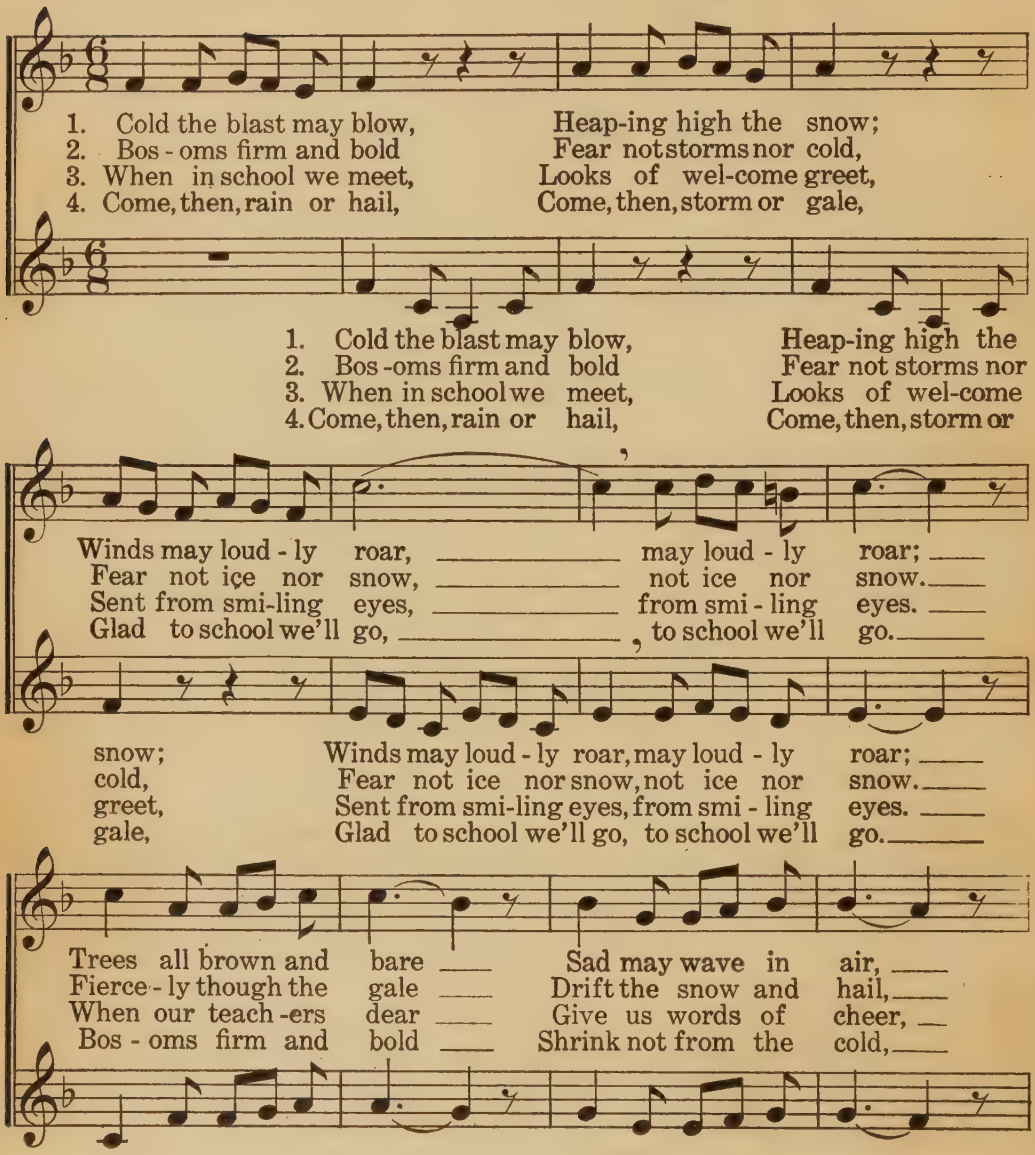
Howard Brockway
*Composed for this Series*

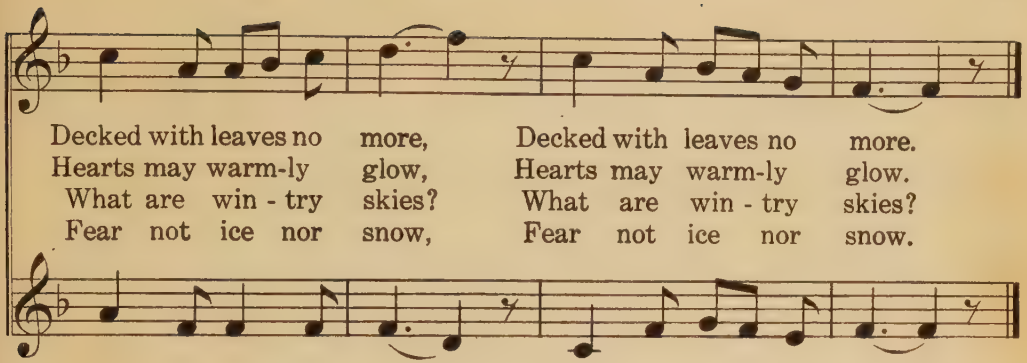
Oh, mer-ry is the meadow in the sun-ny summer's prime; The
hap-py are the children in the meadow fair at play, With

dear - y, cheer-y days When Moth-er Na - ture plays, And the
but - ter-cups all bright, And dais - ies left and right; Bees and

lit - tle brooks are sing - ing, with the breez - es keep - ing
but - ter-flies and

time!
Oh,
bob - o - links, a -



bove the flowers gay, A - bove the flow-ers gay!

# Cold the Blast May Blow

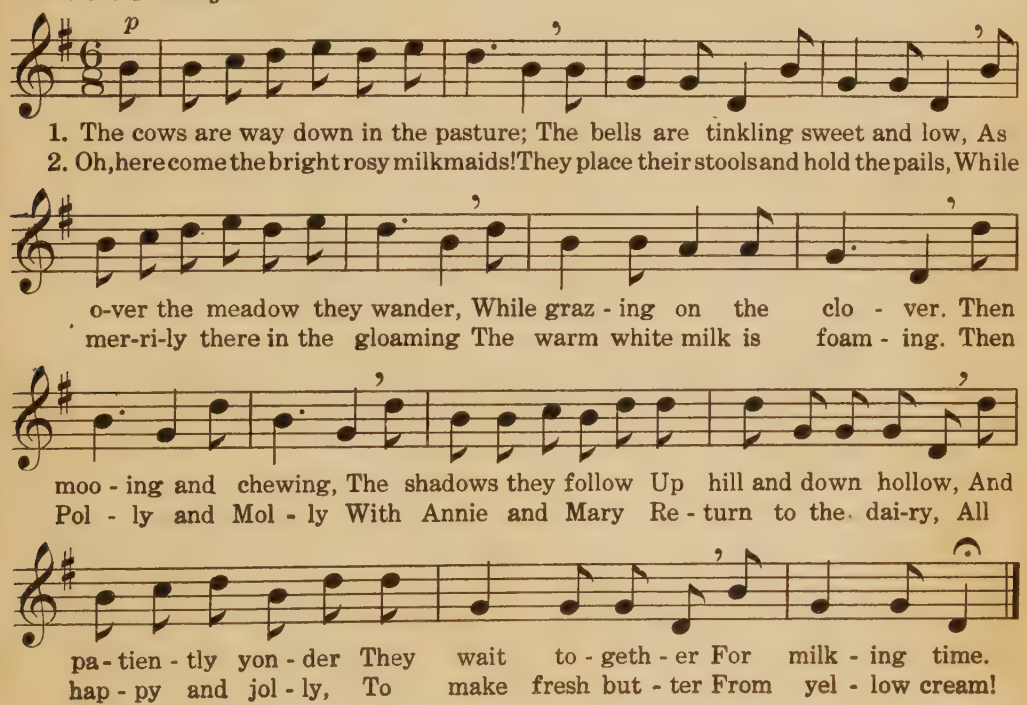
Lowell Mason

1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the snow;
2. Bos - oms firm and bold Fear not storms nor cold,
3. When in school we meet, Looks of wel-come greet,
4. Come, then, rain or hail, Come, then, storm or gale,
1. Cold the blast may blow, Heap-ing high the
2. Bos - oms firm and bold Fear not storms nor
3. When in school we meet, Looks of wel-come
4. Come, then, rain or hail, Come, then, storm or
Winds may loud - ly roar, may loud - ly roar;
Fear not ice nor snow, not ice nor snow.
Sent from smi-ling eyes, from smi - ling eyes.
Glad to school we'll go, to school we'll go.
snow; Winds may loud - ly roar, may loud - ly roar;
cold, Fear not ice nor snow, not ice nor snow.
greet, Sent from smi-ling eyes, from smi - ling eyes.
gale, Glad to school we'll go, to school we'll go.
Trees all brown and bare Sad may wave in air,
Fierce - ly though the gale Drift the snow and hail,
When our teach - ers dear Give us words of cheer,
Bos - oms firm and bold Shrink not from the cold,


Decked with leaves no more, Decked with leaves no more.
Hearts may warm-ly glow, Hearts may warm-ly glow.
What are win - try skies? What are win - try skies?
Fear not ice nor snow, Fear not ice nor snow.

# Milking Time

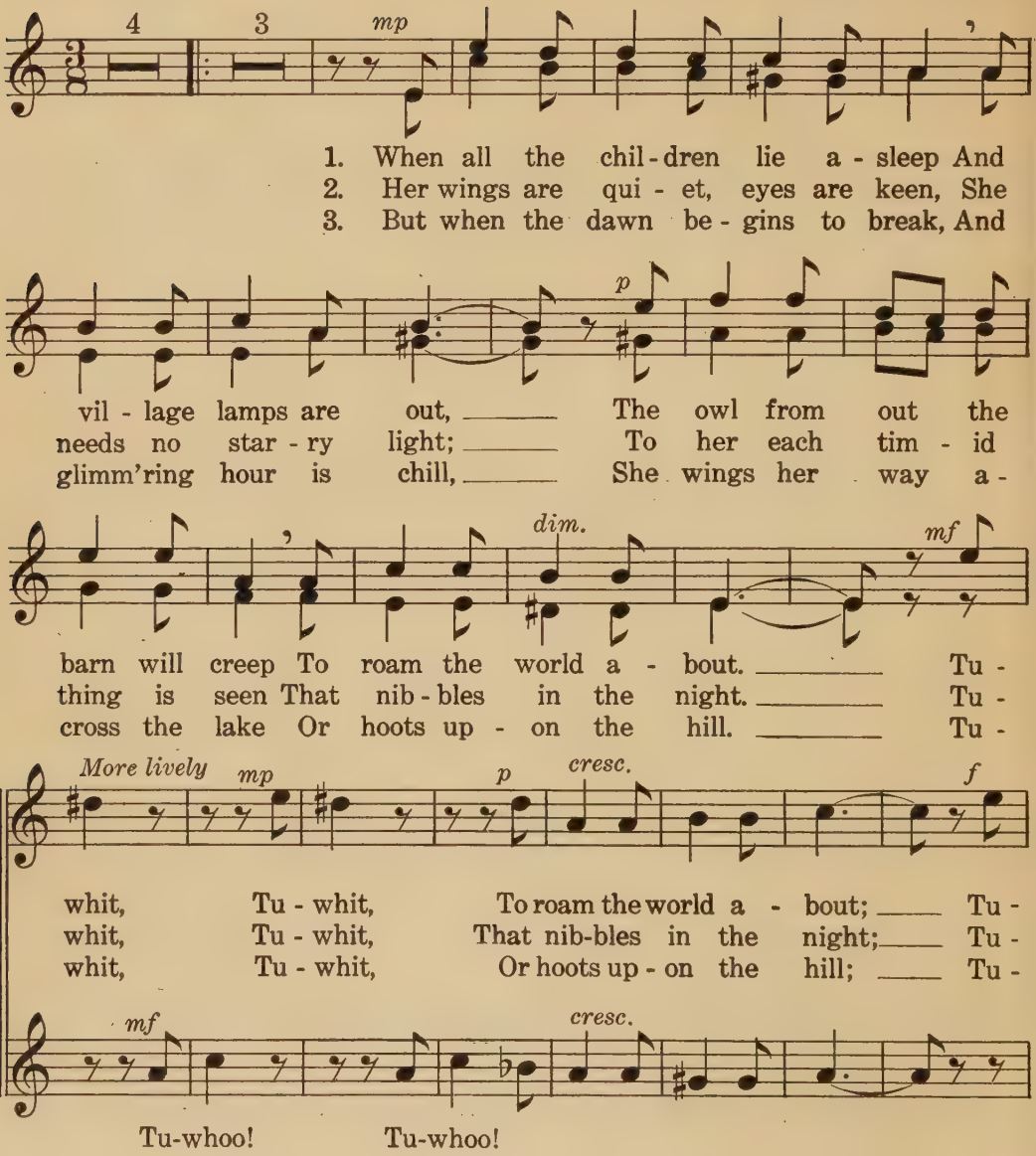
Margaret Aliona Dole — Norwegian Folk Song

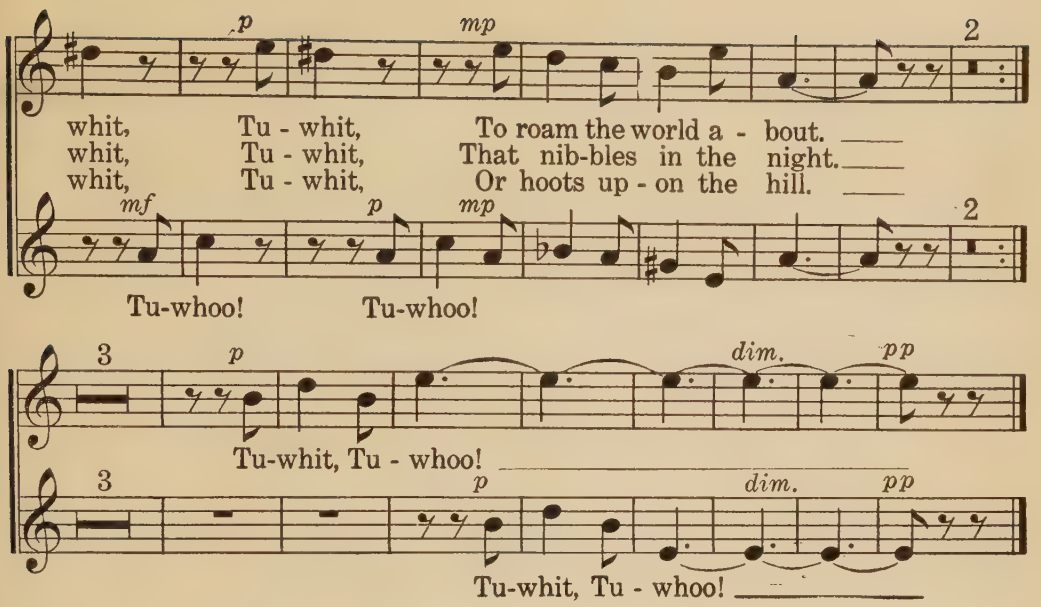
*From the Norwegian*


p
1. The cows are way down in the pasture; The bells are tinkling sweet and low, As
2. Oh, here come the bright rosy milkmaids! They place their stools and hold the pails, While
o-ver the meadow they wander, While graz - ing on the clo - ver. Then
mer-ri-ly there in the gloaming The warm white milk is foam - ing. Then
moo - ing and chewing, The shadows they follow Up hill and down hollow, And
Pol - ly and Mol - ly With Annie and Mary Re - turn to the dai-ry, All
pa - tien - tly yon - der They wait to - geth - er For milk - ing time.
hap - py and jol - ly, To make fresh but - ter From yel - low cream!

# The Owl

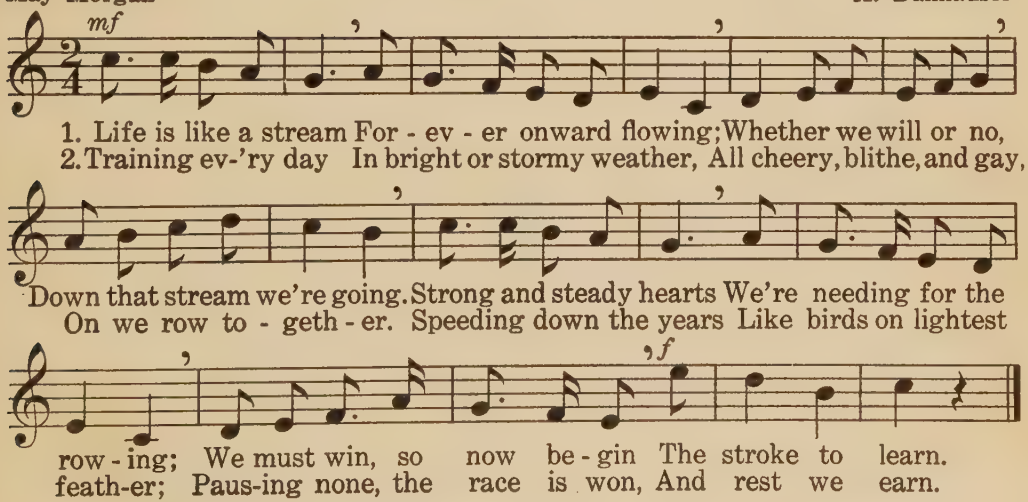
Laurence Alma-Tadema

Granville Bantock
*Composed for this Series*

4
3
mp
1. When all the chil - dren lie a - sleep And
2. Her wings are qui - et, eyes are keen, She
3. But when the dawn be - gins to break, And
p
vil - lage lamps are out, The owl from out the
needs no star - ry light; To her each tim - id
glimm'ring hour is chill, She wings her way a -
dim.
mf
barn will creep To roam the world a - bout. Tu -
thing is seen That nib - bles in the night. Tu -
cross the lake Or hoots up - on the hill. Tu -
More lively
mp
p
cresc.
f
whit, Tu - whit, To roam the world a - bout; Tu -
whit, Tu - whit, That nib-bles in the night; Tu -
whit, Tu - whit, Or hoots up - on the hill; Tu -
mf
cresc.
Tu-whoo! Tu-whoo!



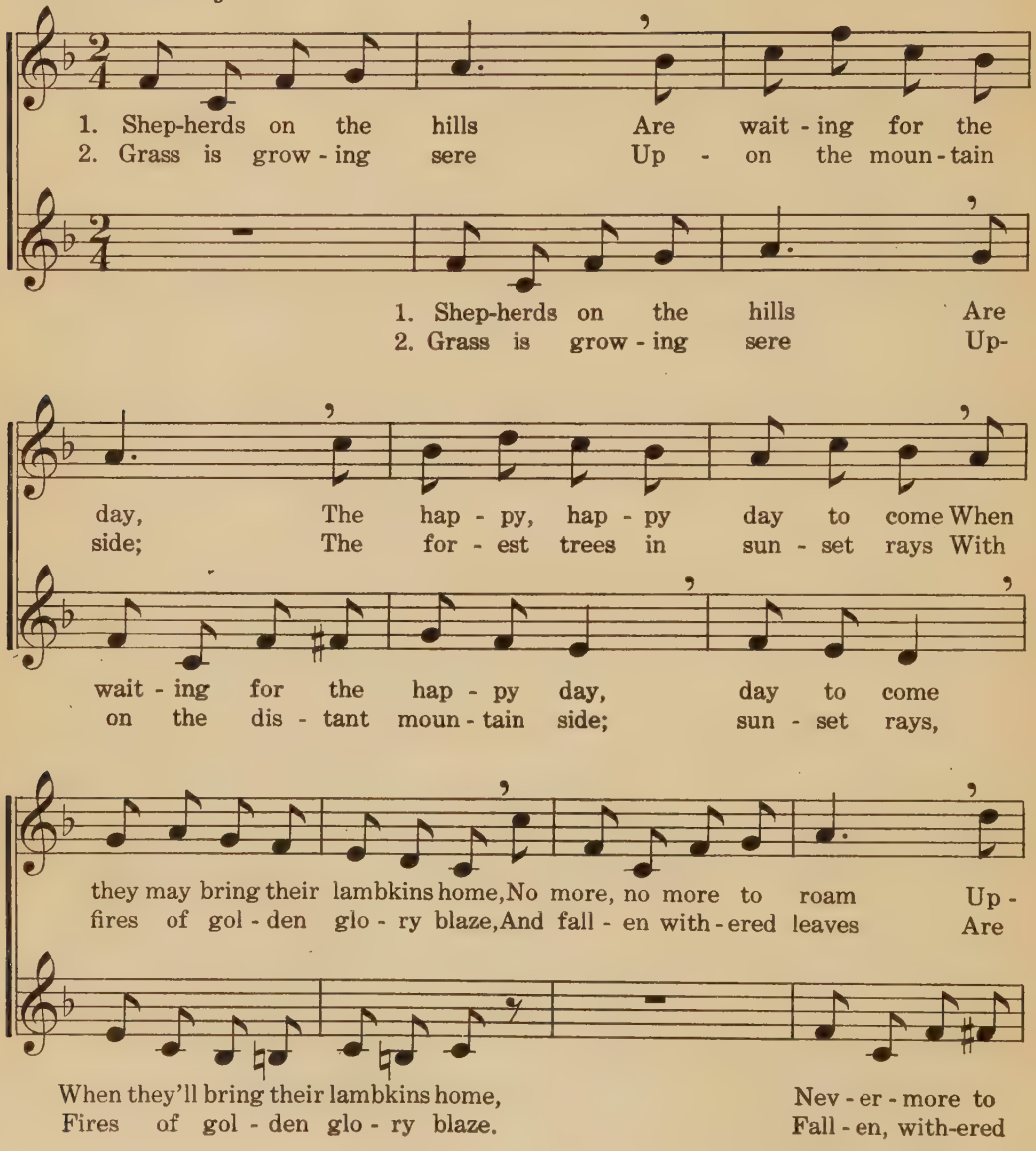
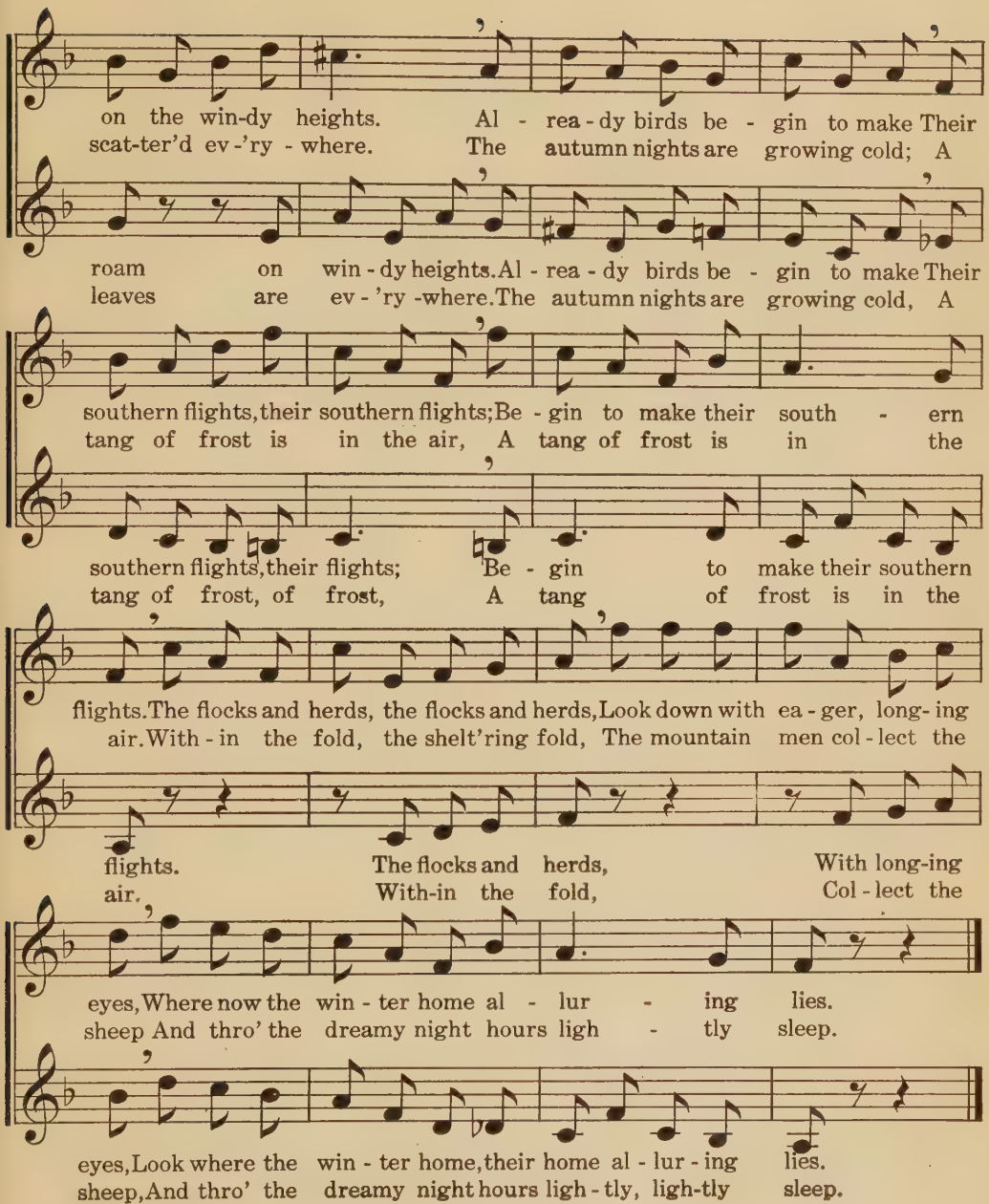

# The Race

May Morgan A. Danhauser


mf
1. Life is like a stream For - ev - er onward flowing; Whether we will or no,
2. Training ev-'ry day In bright or stormy weather, All cheery, blithe, and gay,
Down that stream we're going. Strong and steady hearts We're needing for the
On we row to - geth - er. Speeding down the years Like birds on lightest
f
row - ing; We must win, so now be - gin The stroke to learn.
feath-er; Paus-ing none, the race is won, And rest we earn.

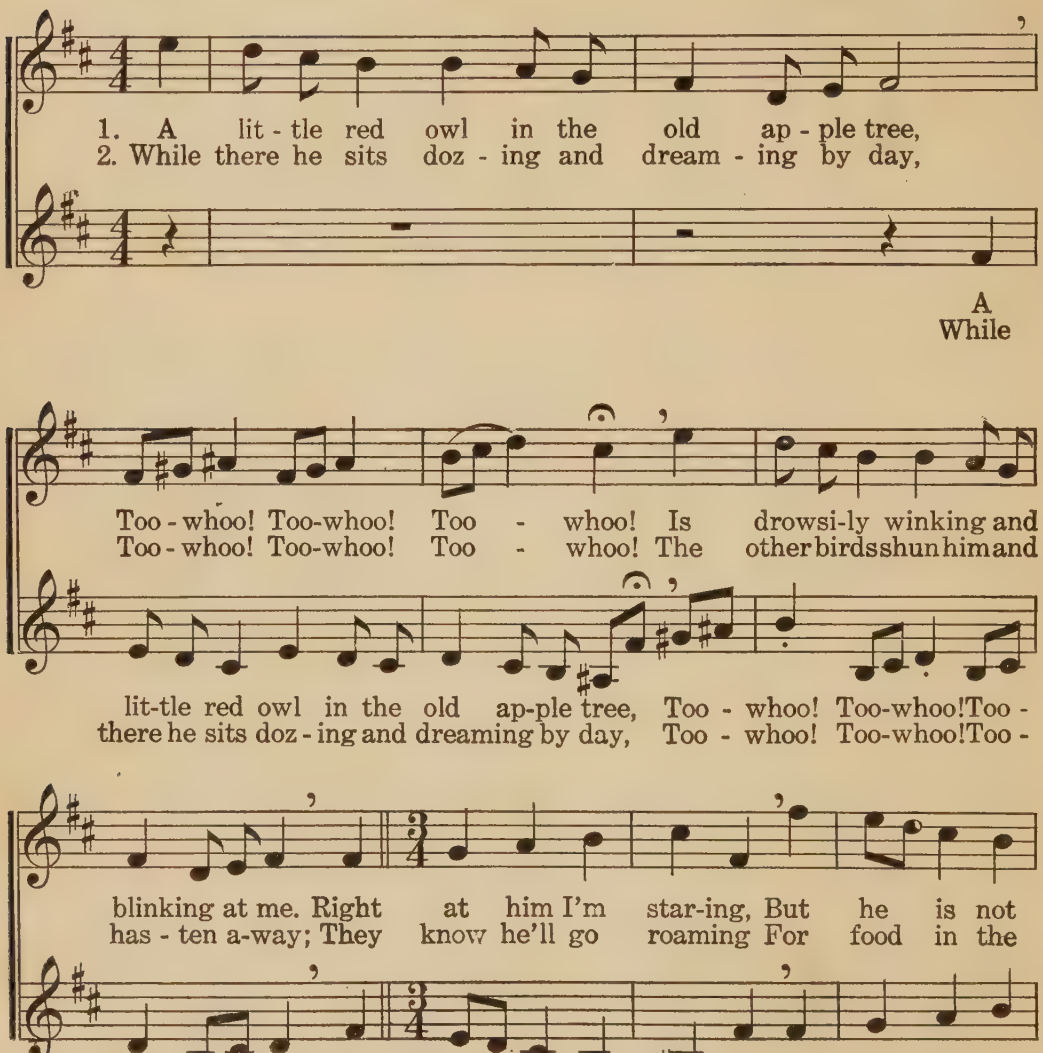
# Shepherds on the Hills

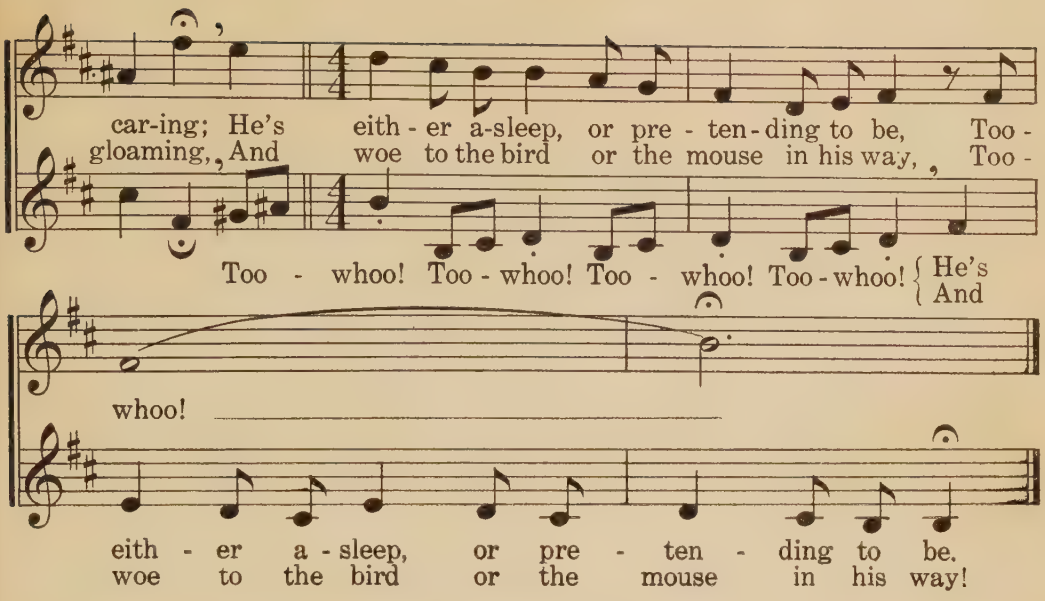
Nathan Haskell Dole
*From the Norwegian*

Th. Madsen

1. Shep-herds on the hills Are wait - ing for the
2. Grass is grow - ing sere Up - on the moun - tain
1. Shep-herds on the hills Are
2. Grass is grow - ing sere Up-
day, The hap - py, hap - py day to come When
side; The for - est trees in sun - set rays With
wait - ing for the hap - py day, day to come
on the dis - tant moun - tain side; sun - set rays,
they may bring their lambkins home, No more, no more to roam Up -
fires of gol - den glo - ry blaze, And fall - en with - ered leaves Are
When they'll bring their lambkins home,
Fires of gol - den glo - ry blaze.
Nev - er - more to
Fall - en, with-ered

on the win-dy heights. Al - rea - dy birds be - gin to make Their
scat-ter'd ev -'ry - where. The autumn nights are growing cold; A
roam on win - dy heights. Al - rea - dy birds be - gin to make Their
leaves are ev - 'ry -where. The autumn nights are growing cold, A
southern flights, their southern flights; Be - gin to make their south - ern
tang of frost is in the air, A tang of frost is in the
southern flights, their flights; Be - gin to make their southern
tang of frost, of frost, A tang of frost is in the
flights. The flocks and herds, the flocks and herds, Look down with ea - ger, long- ing
air. With - in the fold, the shelt'ring fold, The mountain men col - lect the
flights. The flocks and herds, With long-ing
air. With-in the fold, Col - lect the
eyes, Where now the win - ter home al - lur - ing lies.
sheep And thro' the dreamy night hours ligh - tly sleep.
eyes, Look where the win - ter home, their home al - lur - ing lies.
sheep, And thro' the dreamy night hours ligh - tly, ligh-tly sleep.

# The Little Red Owl

May Morgan

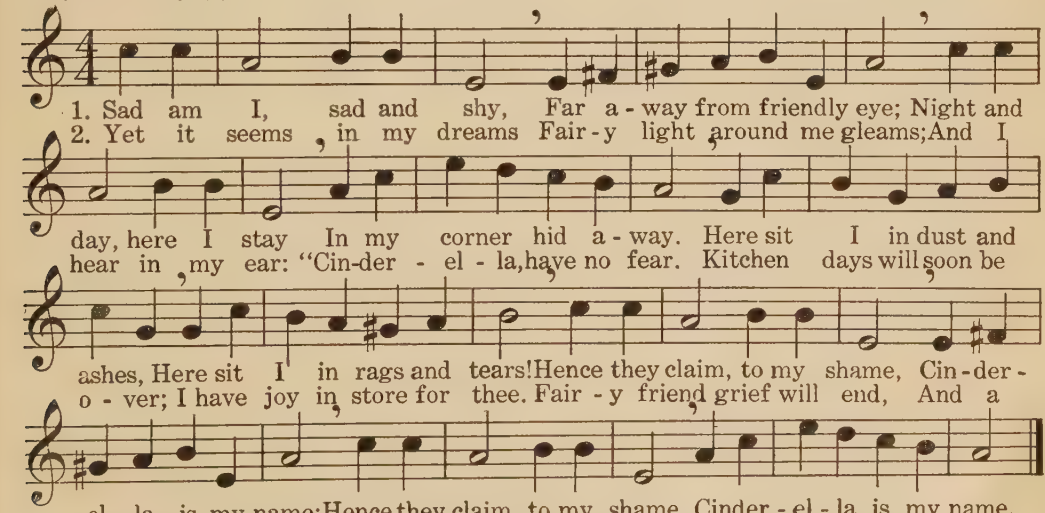
W. Otto Miessner
*Composed for this Series*

1. A lit - tle red owl in the old ap - ple tree,
2. While there he sits doz - ing and dream - ing by day,
A
While
Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too - whoo! Is drowsi-ly winking and
Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too - whoo! The other birds shun him and
lit-tle red owl in the old ap-ple tree, Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too -
there he sits doz - ing and dreaming by day, Too - whoo! Too-whoo! Too -
blinking at me. Right at him I'm star-ing, But he is not
has - ten a-way; They know he'll go roaming For food in the
whoo! Too -whoo!


car-ing; He's eith - er a-sleep, or pre - ten-ding to be, Too -
gloaming, And woe to the bird or the mouse in his way, Too -
Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! Too - whoo! { He's And
whoo!
eith - er a - sleep, or pre - ten - ding to be.
woe to the bird or the mouse in his way!

# Cinderella

Alice E. Sollitt
*From the French*

French Folk Song

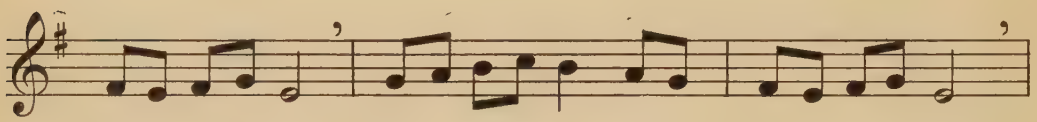

1. Sad am I, sad and shy, Far a - way from friendly eye; Night and
2. Yet it seems in my dreams Fair - y light around me gleams; And I
day, here I stay In my corner hid a - way. Here sit I in dust and
hear in my ear: "Cin-der - el - la, have no fear. Kitchen days will soon be
ashes, Here sit I in rags and tears! Hence they claim, to my shame, Cin - der -
o - ver; I have joy in store for thee. Fair - y friend grief will end, And a
el - la is my name; Hence they claim, to my shame, Cinder - el - la is my name.
prince to you will send; Fair - y friend grief will end, And a prince to you will send."

# The Maypole

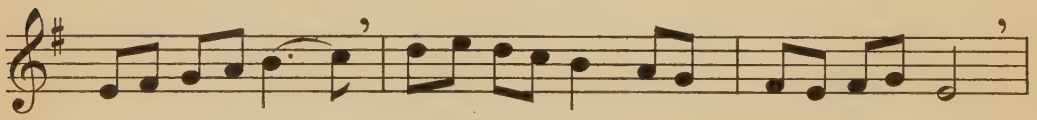
Traditional

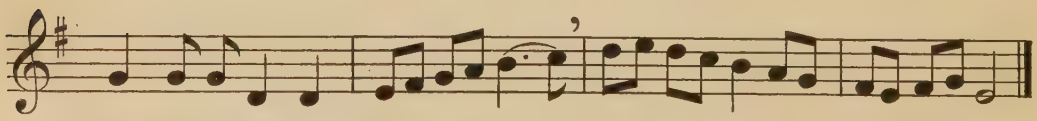
English Folk Song

1. Come, ye young men, haste a - long ___ With your mu - sic,
2. 'Tis the choice time of the year, ___ For the vio - lets
3. When you thus have spent your time, ___ And the day is



dance, and song; Bring your las - sies in your hands,
now ap - pear; Now the rose re - ceives its birth;
past its prime, To your beds re - pair at night,

For 'tis that which spring com-mands. Then to the May-pole
Pret - ty prim - rose decks the earth. Then to the May-pole
There to dream of day's de - light. Then to the May-pole

haste a - way, ___ For 'tis now a ___ hol - i - day;

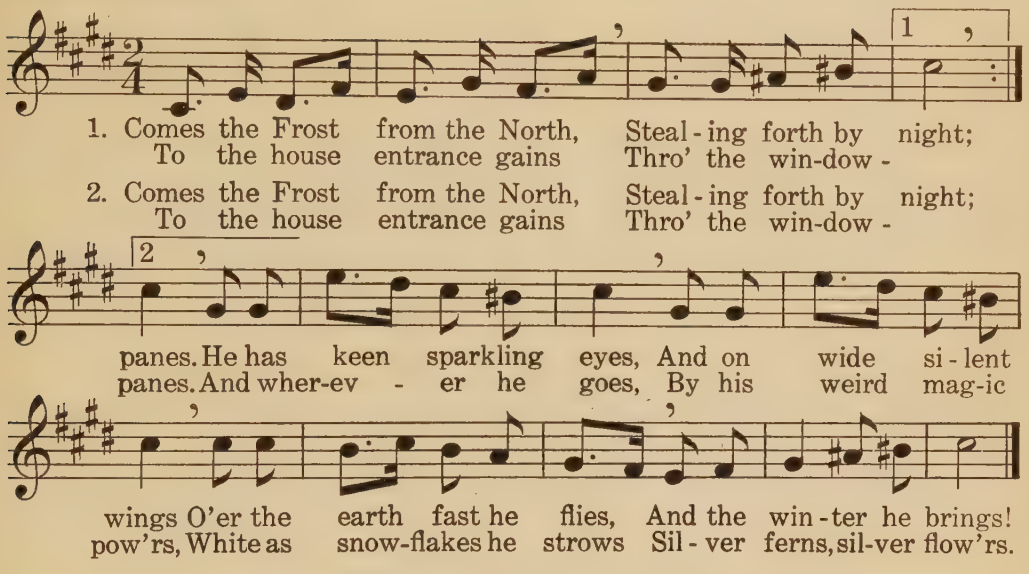


Then to the Maypole haste a - way, ___ For 'tis now a ___ hol - i - day.

# The Frost

Nathan Haskell Dole
*From the Russian*

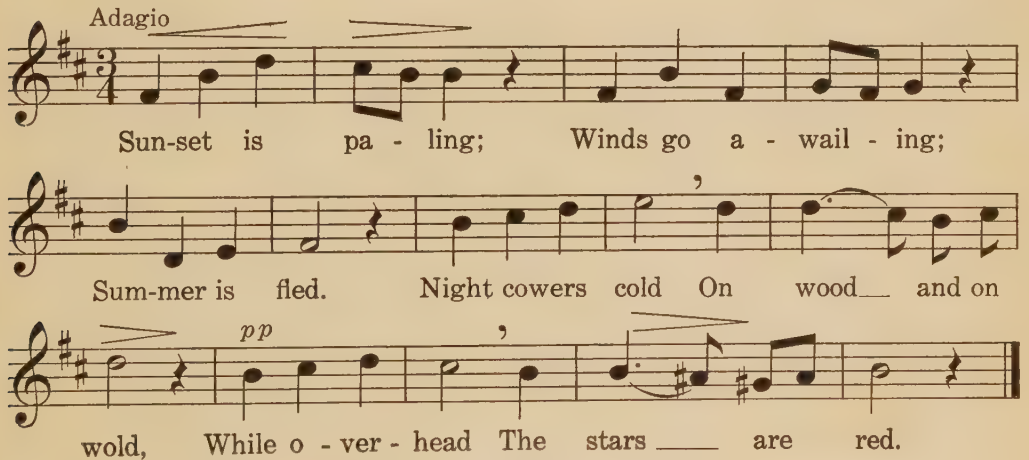
Russian Folk Song


1. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal - ing forth by night;
To the house entrance gains Thro' the win-dow -
2. Comes the Frost from the North, Steal - ing forth by night;
To the house entrance gains Thro' the win-dow -
panes. He has keen sparkling eyes, And on wide si - lent
panes. And wher-ev - er he goes, By his weird mag-ic
wings O'er the earth fast he flies, And the win - ter he brings!
pow'rs, White as snow-flakes he strows Sil - ver ferns, sil-ver flow'rs.

# In Autumn

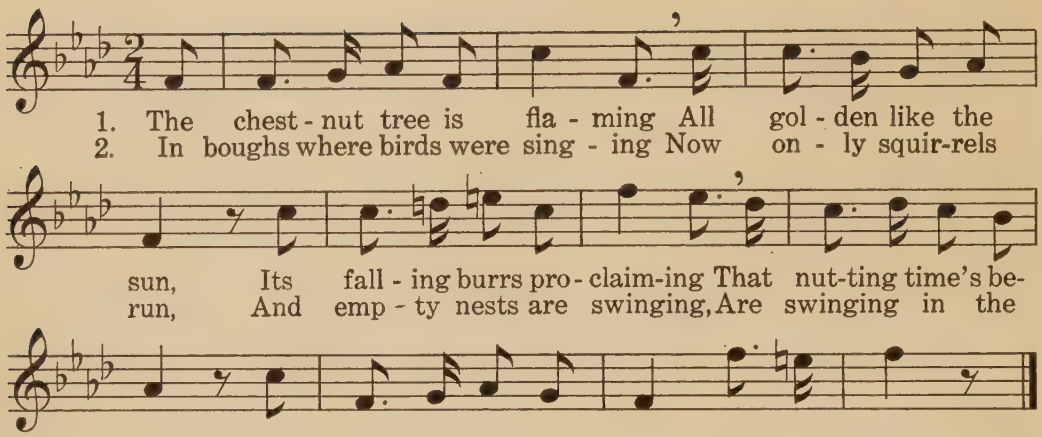
M. Louise Baum

Attributed to Stradella


Adagio
Sun-set is pa - ling; Winds go a - wail - ing;
Sum-mer is fled. Night cowers cold On wood and on
pp
wold, While o - ver - head The stars are red.

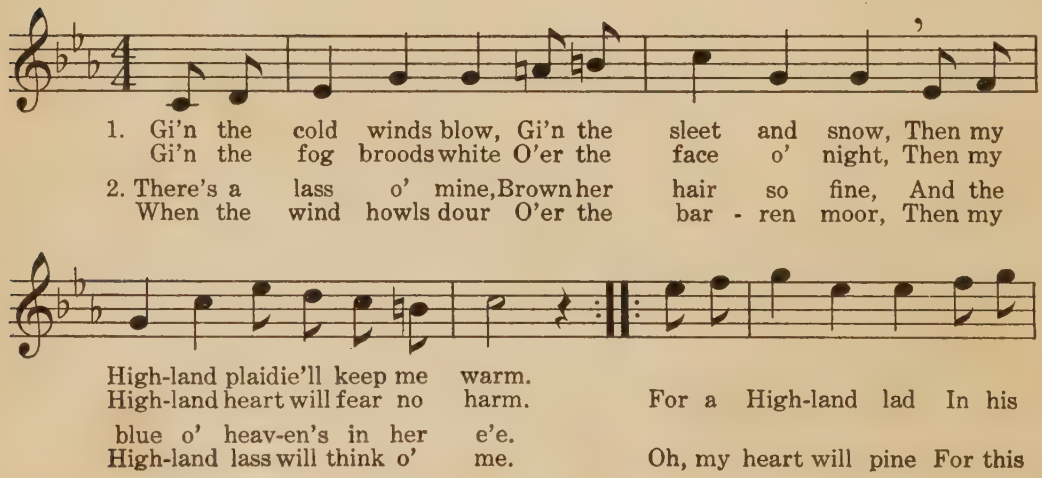
# Summer's Done

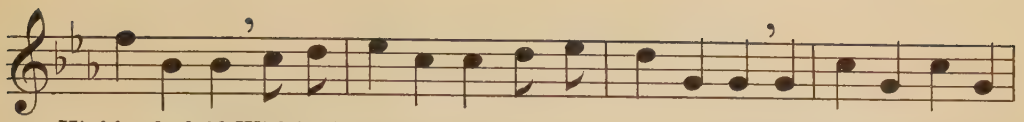
May Morgan — Norwegian Folk Song


1. The chest - nut tree is fla - ming All gol - den like the
2. In boughs where birds were sing - ing Now on - ly squir-rels
sun, Its fall - ing burrs pro - claim-ing That nut-ting time's be-
run, And emp - ty nests are swinging, Are swinging in the
gun. By signs like these we know sum-mer's done.
sun. By signs like these we know sum-mer's done.

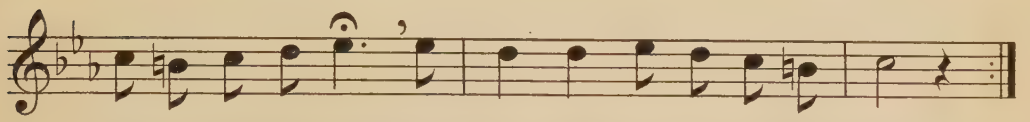
# My Bonny Pipes

Alice C. D. Riley — Scotch Folk Song


1. Gi'n the cold winds blow, Gi'n the sleet and snow, Then my
Gi'n the fog broods white O'er the face o' night, Then my
2. There's a lass o' mine, Brown her hair so fine, And the
When the wind howls dour O'er the bar - ren moor, Then my
High-land plaidie'll keep me warm.
High-land heart will fear no harm. For a High-land lad In his
blue o' heav-en's in her e'e.
High-land lass will think o' me. Oh, my heart will pine For this



Highland plaid, With his bagpipe dear, Knows no tho't o' fear. Then blow, then blow, my
lass o' mine, Till my love I hold In my plaidie's fold! Then blow, then blow, my

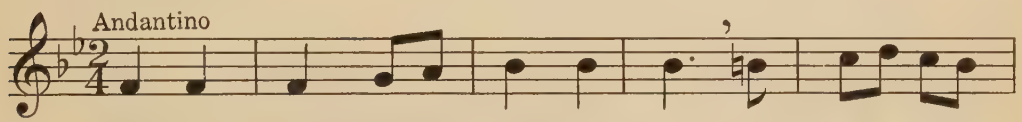


bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High - land heart will fear no harm.
bon-ny pipes, then blow! My High - land lass will think o' me.

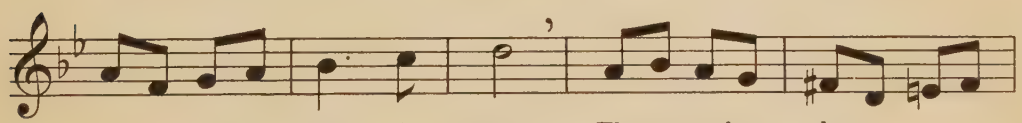
# The Maid and the Brook

Frederick H. Martens
*From the German*

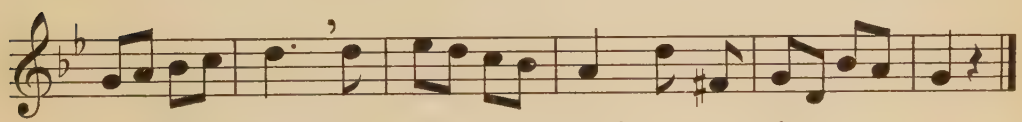
Russian Folk Song




1. Where the brook thro'__ green wold flows, Its rip - ples
2. Sil - ver brook, ah,____ when you roam, A migh - ty



rill - ing __ while it goes, There each__ day my_
riv - er __ past my home, Tell all __ those whom

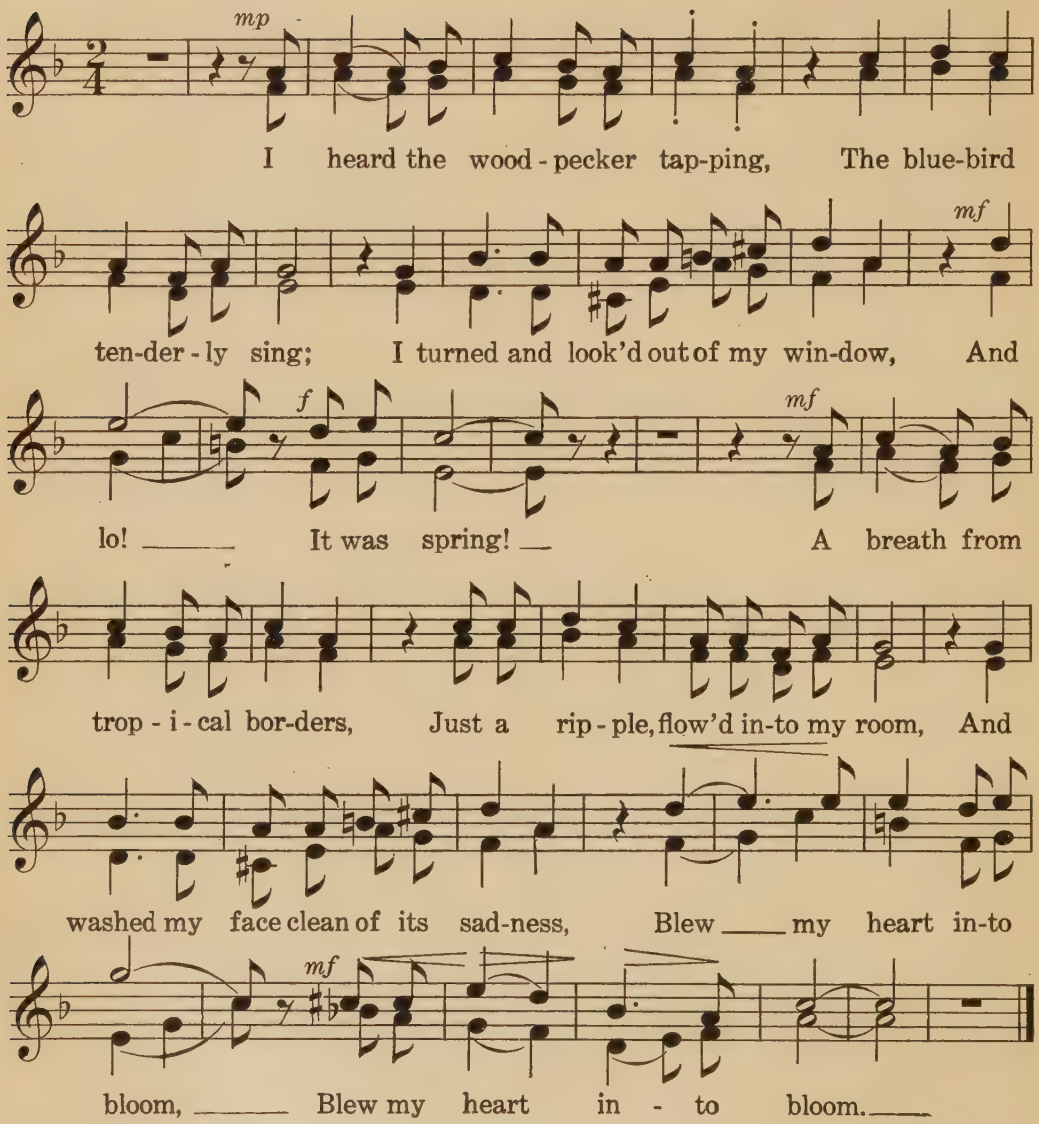


foot-steps stray; I think of __ loved ones now far a - way.
I __ hold dear That in __ my thoughts they are ev - er near.

# At the Window

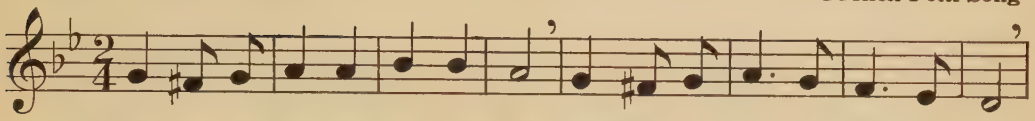
Maurice Thompson

Frank van der Stucken
*Composed for this Series*

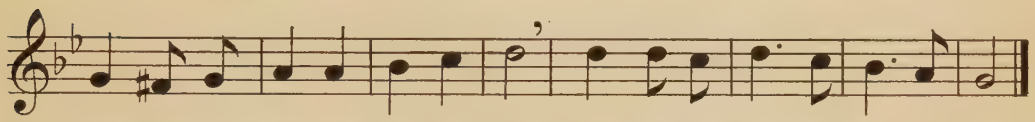

mp
I heard the wood-pecker tap-ping, The blue-bird
mf
ten-der-ly sing; I turned and look'd out of my win-dow, And
f
mf
lo! It was spring! A breath from
trop-i-cal bor-ders, Just a rip-ple, flow'd in-to my room, And
washed my face clean of its sad-ness, Blew my heart in-to
mf
bloom, Blew my heart in-to bloom.

# Happy Autumn Days

Virginia Baker — French Folk Song

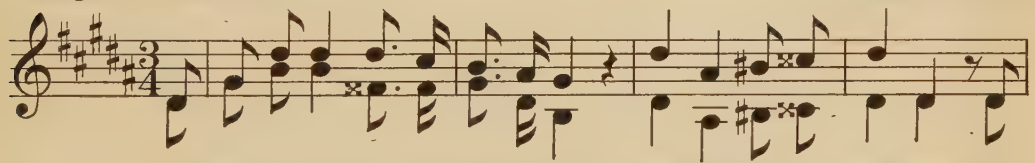


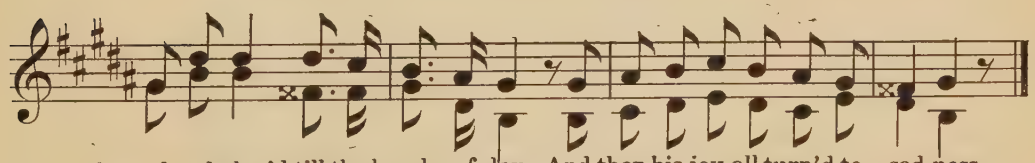
1. Sing, let us sing of hap - py days! Days when the air is crisp and clear!
2. Sing, let us sing of for - est dales Where ripened chestnuts pat - ter down!
3. Sing, let us sing of si - lent nights When all the stars like jew - els gleam!



When, from the woodland, call the jays, Tell - ing that autumn now is here.
Sing of the trees in glens and vales, Splendid in crimson, gold, and brown.
Joined hand in hand the white frost sprites Dance 'neath the pale moon's sil-ver beam.

# The Star

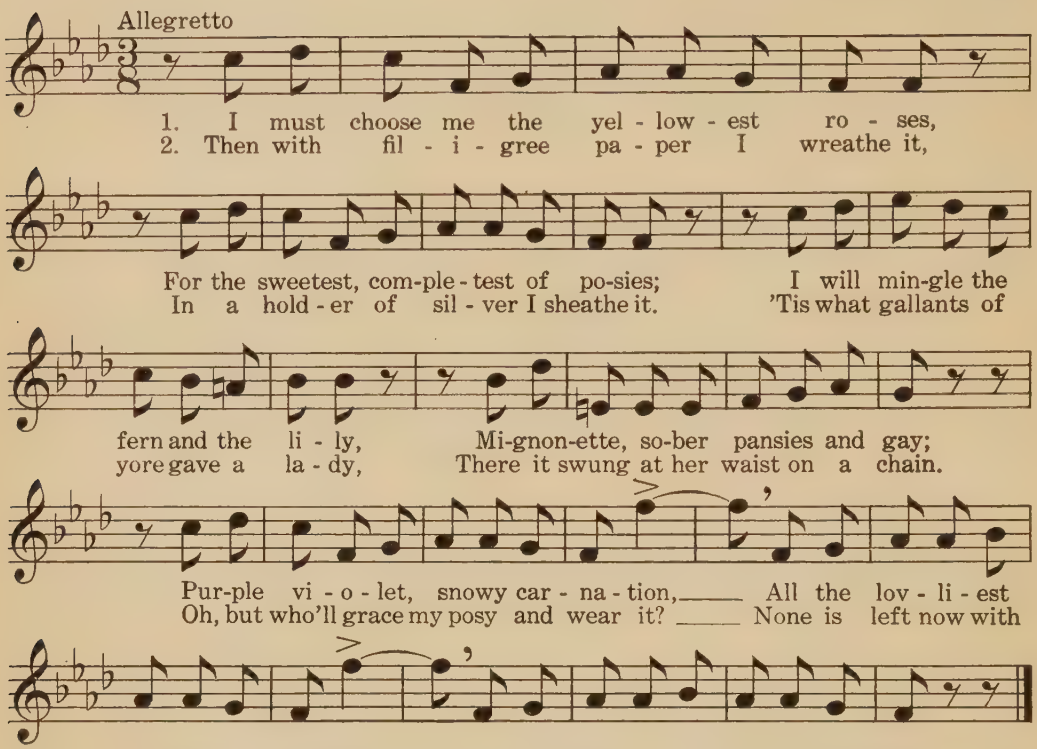
Margaret Aliona Dole — Danish Folk Song

1. One night a star left the Milk-y Way, Leaping forth in gladness; He
2. The morning light stole his fading glow: Homeward he was creeping. The
3. He answer'd them, slowly turning pale: "Laugh not at my sor - row! When



danced and play'd till the break of day, And then his joy all turn'd to sad-ness.
sunbeams mock'd him: "Why don't you go Where all the other stars are sleeping?"
evening comes then your light will fail, And I shall shine a-gain to - mor-row!"

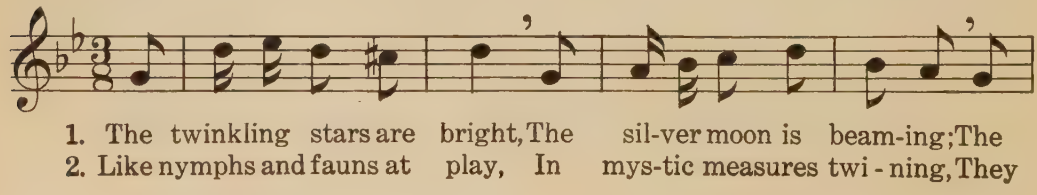
# The Remembrance Bouquet

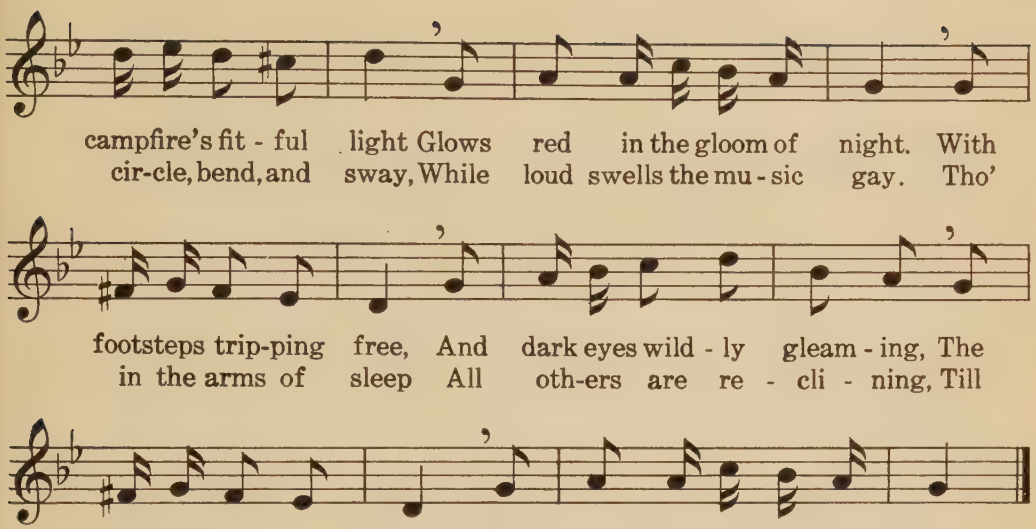
M. Louise Baum — Neapolitan Folk Song


Allegretto
1. I must choose me the yel - low - est ro - ses,
2. Then with fil - i - gree pa - per I wreathe it,
For the sweetest, com-ple - test of po-sies; I will min-gle the
In a hold - er of sil - ver I sheathe it. 'Tis what gallants of
fern and the li - ly, Mi-gnon-ette, so-ber pansies and gay;
yore gave a la - dy, There it swung at her waist on a chain.
Pur-ple vi - o - let, snowy car - na - tion, All the lov - li - est
Oh, but who'll grace my posy and wear it? None is left now with
flow'rs in cre - a - tion Go to make a remembrance bou-quet.
whom I may share it, And my flow'rs have but blossom'd in vain.

# The Gypsy Dance

Virginia Baker — Gypsy Melody

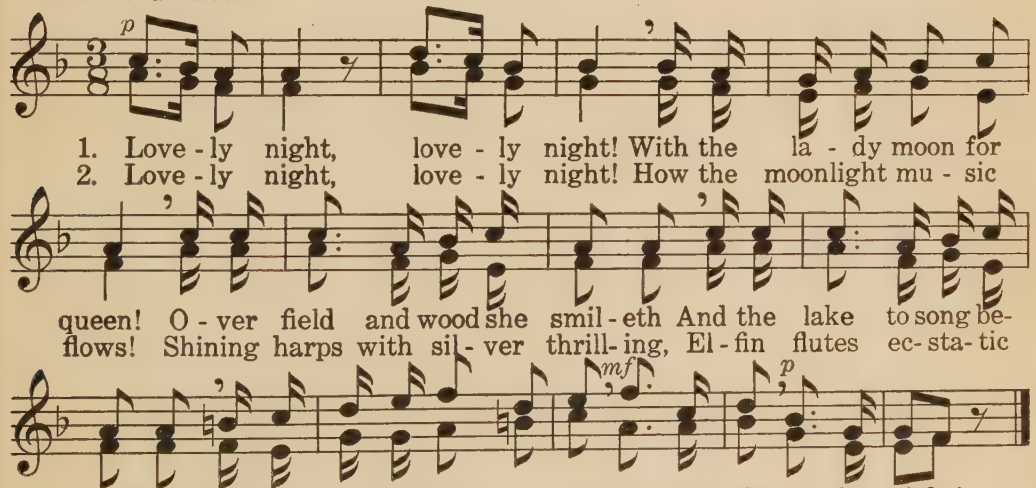

1. The twinkling stars are bright, The sil-ver moon is beam-ing; The
2. Like nymphs and fauns at play, In mys-tic measures twi - ning, They


campfire's fit - ful light Glows red in the gloom of night. With
cir-cle, bend, and sway, While loud swells the mu - sic gay. Tho'
footsteps trip-ping free, And dark eyes wild - ly gleam - ing, The
in the arms of sleep All oth-ers are re - cli - ning, Till
Gyp-sies mer - ri - ly Now dance'neath the greenwood tree.
dawn be-gins to peep The Gyp - sies their rev - els keep.

# Lovely Night

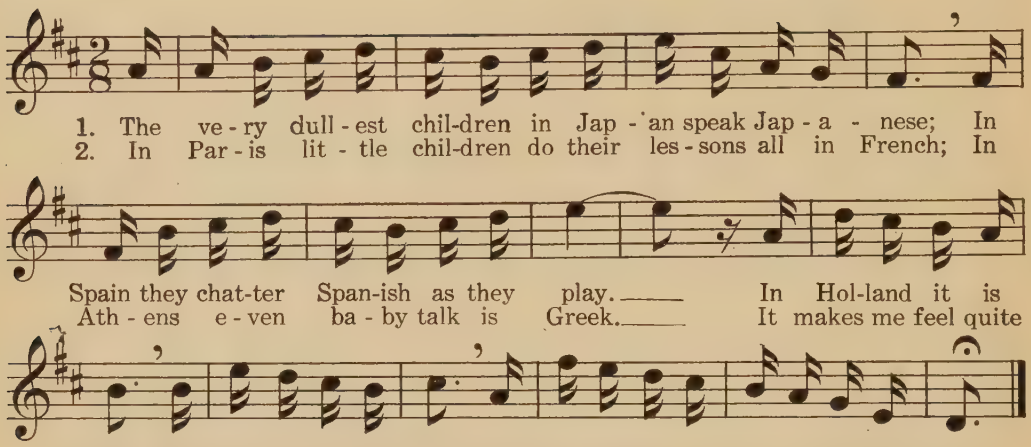
Mary Stanhope
*From the German*

Ludwig van Beethoven


p
1. Love - ly night, love - ly night! With the la - dy moon for
2. Love - ly night, love - ly night! How the moonlight mu - sic
queen! O - ver field and wood she smil - eth And the lake to song be-
flows! Shining harps with sil - ver thrill - ing, El - fin flutes ec - sta - tic
mf
p
guil-eth With her sil-ver light se-rene. Love-ly night, love-ly night!
trill-ing Lull the heart to sweet re-pose. Love-ly night, love-ly night!

# So Ignorant

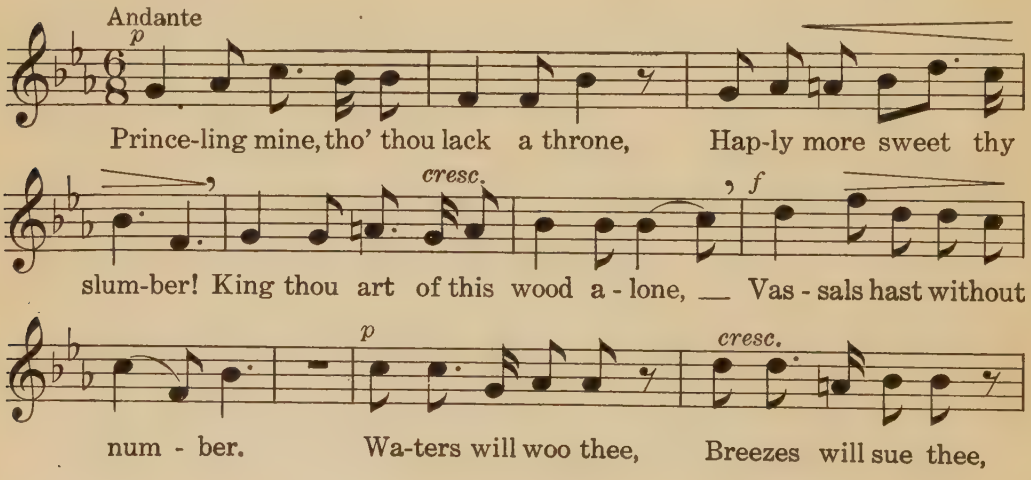
Eunice Ward

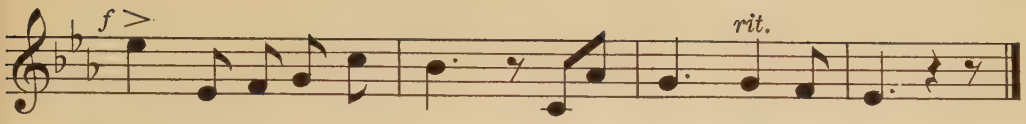
Horatio Parker
*Composed for this Series*

1. The ve - ry dull - est chil-dren in Jap - an speak Jap - a - nese; In
2. In Par - is lit - tle chil-dren do their les - sons all in French; In
Spain they chat-ter Span-ish as they play. In Hol-land it is
Ath - ens e - ven ba - by talk is Greek. It makes me feel quite
much The custom to speak Dutch, While German youngsters talk the German way.
blue, And rather stu - pid too, For English is the on-ly tongue I speak.

# Prince Baby

Louise Stickney
*From the Swedish*

G. C. Boivie

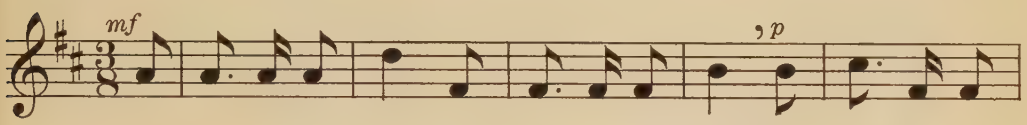

Andante
p
Prince-ling mine, tho' thou lack a throne, Hap-ly more sweet thy
cresc.
f
slum-ber! King thou art of this wood a - lone, Vas - sals hast without
p
cresc.
num - ber. Wa-ters will woo thee, Breezes will sue thee,



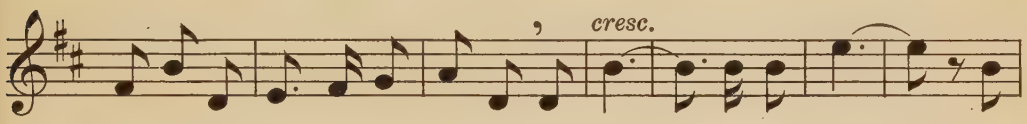

Larks will car - ol thy praise And peace bless thy days.

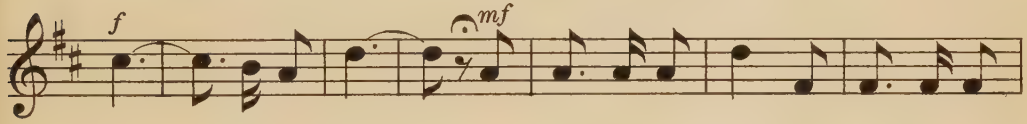
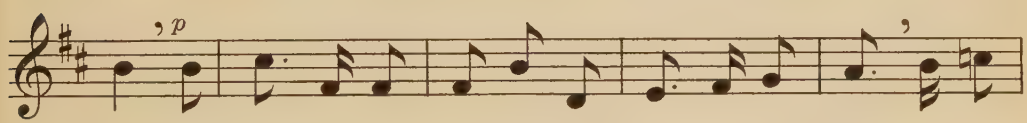
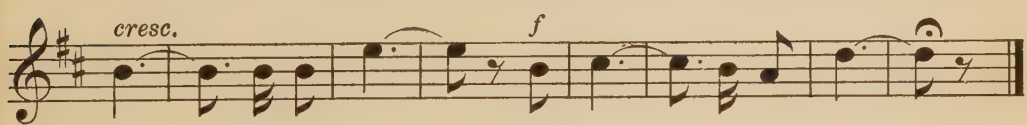
# Dancing Song in May

Hoffman von Fallersleben Robert Franz

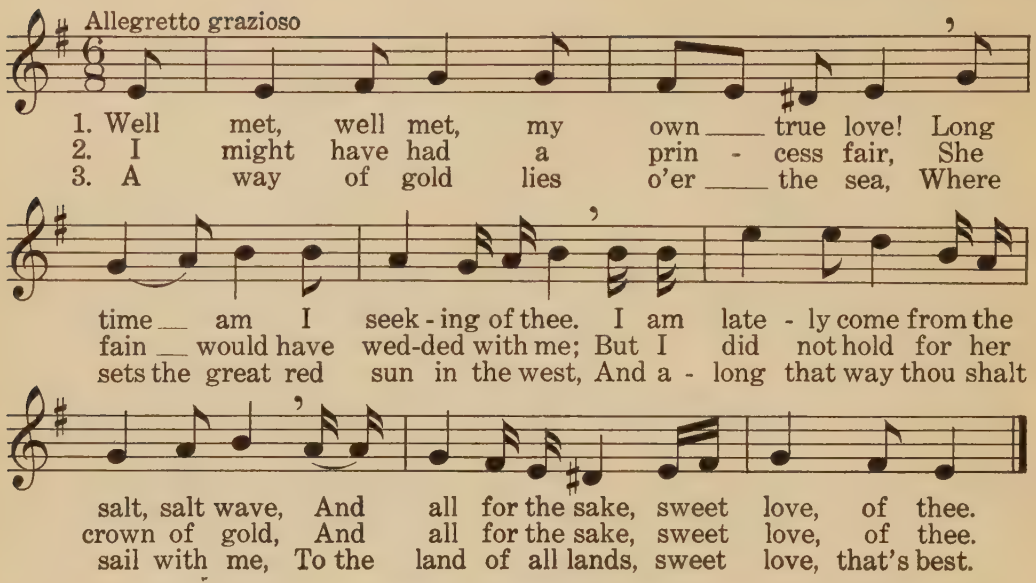



Come out to the green, For spring it has come; The glad May is



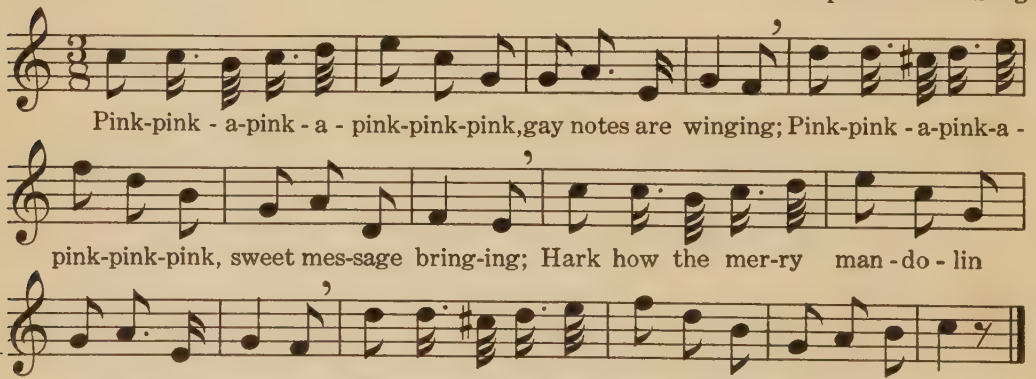

roaming, The hawthorn is blooming; Come out ___ and be gay, ___ For

mer - ry is May. ___ Come danc-ing with joy, In life's happy

morn; No clouds dim the heav-en, The earth is new - born, is new -

born ___ in the May; ___ Be glad ___ and be gay. ___

# Well Met, Well Met

Traditional — English Folk Song

Allegretto grazioso
1. Well met, well met, my own true love! Long
2. I might have had a prin - cess fair, She
3. A way of gold lies o'er the sea, Where
time am I seek - ing of thee. I am late - ly come from the
fain would have wed-ded with me; But I did not hold for her
sets the great red sun in the west, And a - long that way thou shalt
salt, salt wave, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
crown of gold, And all for the sake, sweet love, of thee.
sail with me, To the land of all lands, sweet love, that's best.

# Mandolin Song

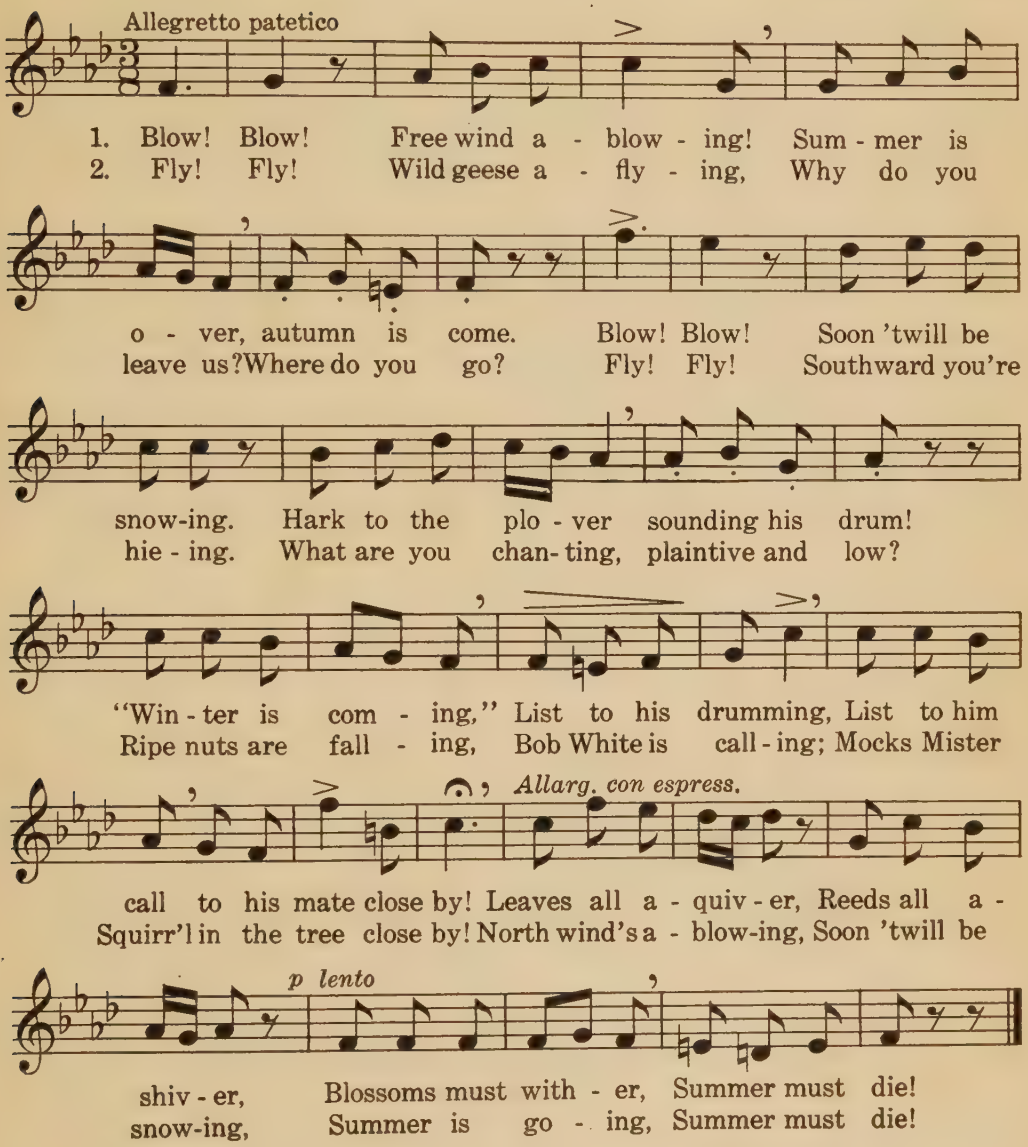
Abbie Farwell Brown — Spanish Folk Song


Pink-pink - a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, gay notes are winging; Pink-pink - a-pink-a -
pink-pink-pink, sweet mes-sage bring-ing; Hark how the mer-ry man - do - lin
sof - tly is sing-ing, Pink-pink - a-pink - a - pink-pink-pink, sil-ver-y sweet!

# The Passing of Summer

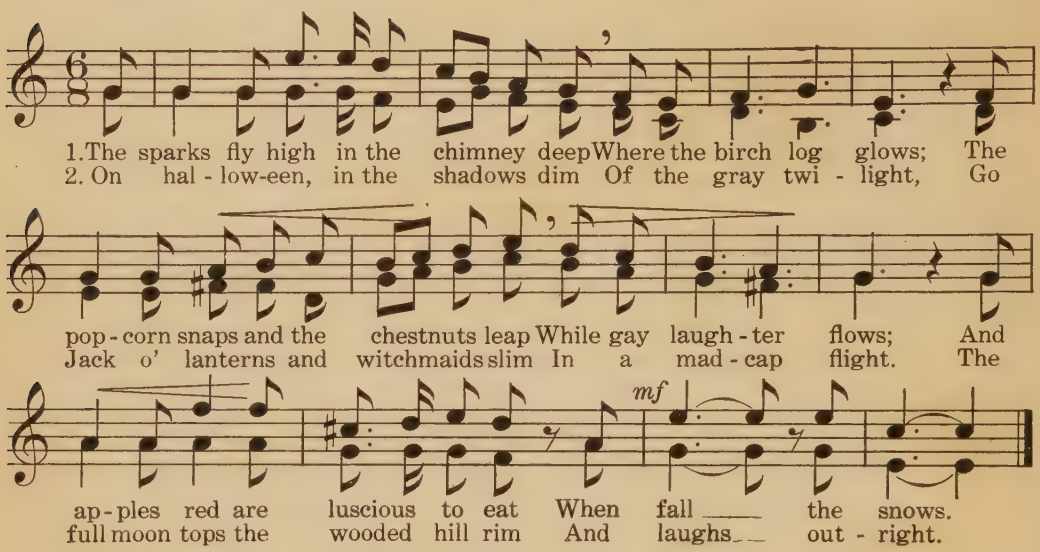
Alice C. D. Riley

Neapolitan Folk Song


Allegretto patetico
1. Blow! Blow! Free wind a - blow - ing! Sum - mer is
2. Fly! Fly! Wild geese a - fly - ing, Why do you
o - ver, autumn is come. Blow! Blow! Soon 'twill be
leave us? Where do you go? Fly! Fly! Southward you're
snow-ing. Hark to the plo - ver sounding his drum!
hie - ing. What are you chan- ting, plaintive and low?
"Win - ter is com - ing," List to his drumming, List to him
Ripe nuts are fall - ing, Bob White is call - ing; Mocks Mister
Allarg. con espress.
call to his mate close by! Leaves all a - quiv - er, Reeds all a -
Squirr'l in the tree close by! North wind's a - blow-ing, Soon 'twill be
p lento
shiv - er, Blossoms must with - er, Summer must die!
snow-ing, Summer is go - ing, Summer must die!

# Halloween

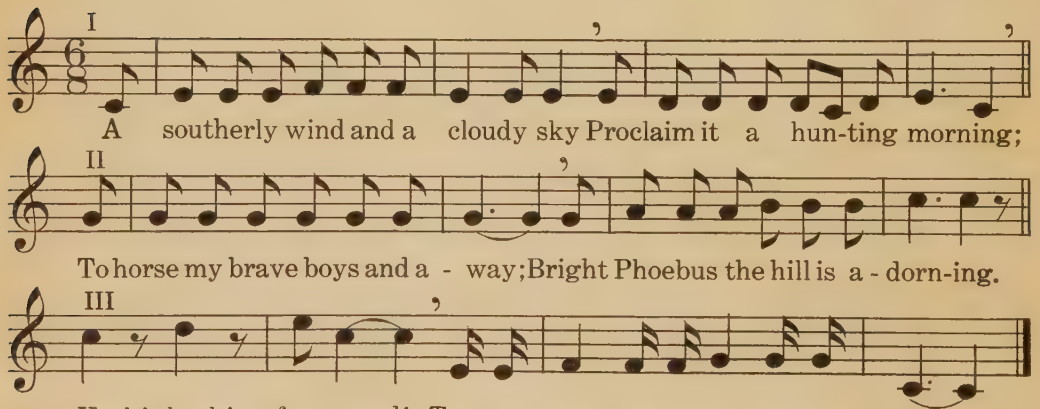
Ethel B. Howard — Catharina van Rennes


1.The sparks fly high in the chimney deep Where the birch log glows; The
2. On hal - low-een, in the shadows dim Of the gray twi - light, Go
pop - corn snaps and the chestnuts leap While gay laugh - ter flows; And
Jack o' lanterns and witchmaids slim In a mad - cap flight. The
mf
ap - ples red are luscious to eat When fall the snows.
full moon tops the wooded hill rim And laughs out - right.

# The Huntsmen

THREE-PART ROUND

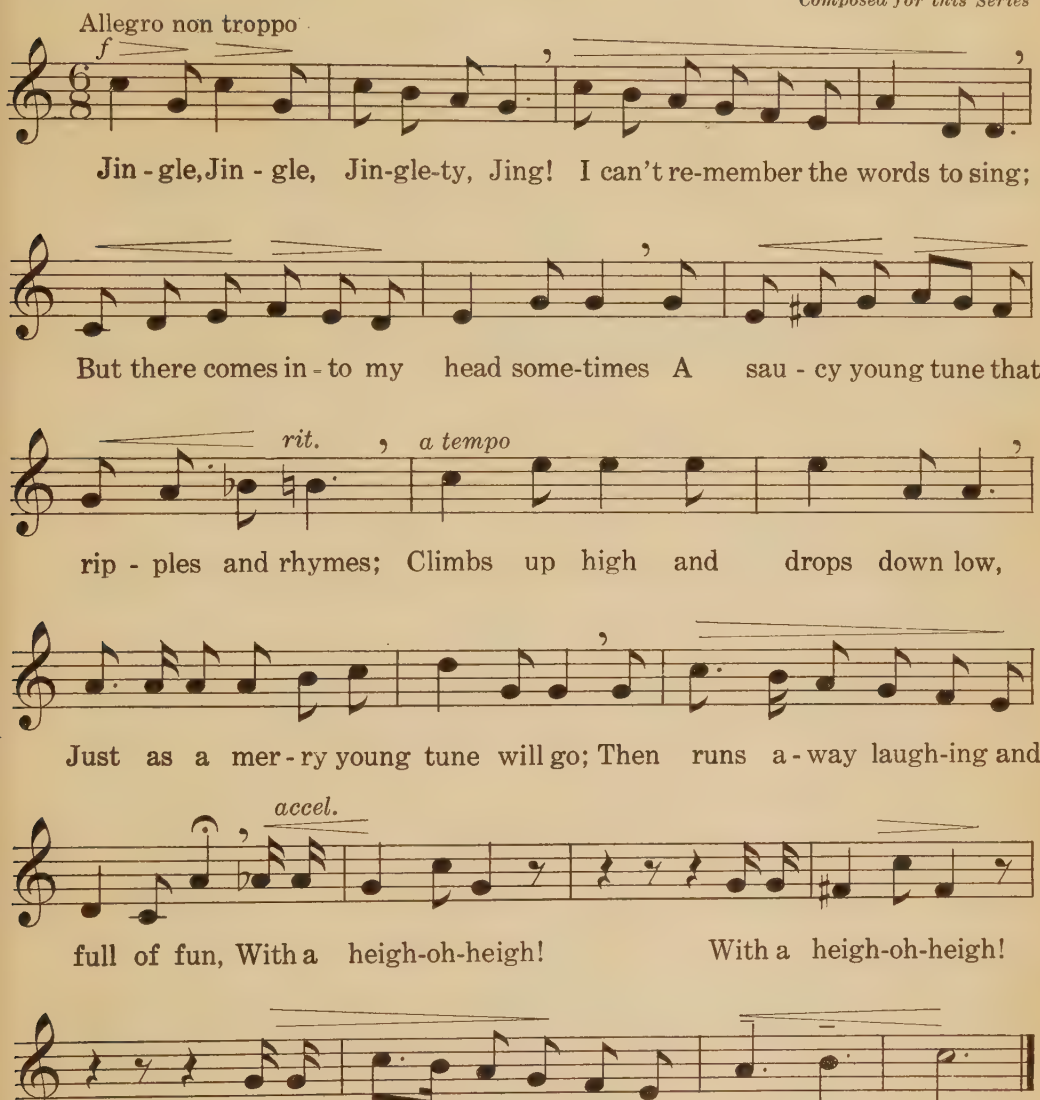
Old English Round


I
A southerly wind and a cloudy sky Proclaim it a hun-ting morning;
II
To horse my brave boys and a - way; Bright Phoebus the hill is a - dorn-ing.
III
Hark! hark! for - ward! Tan- ta - ra, tan-ta - ra, tan- ta - ra!

# Jingle, Jingle, Jinglety, Jing

Lee Burns

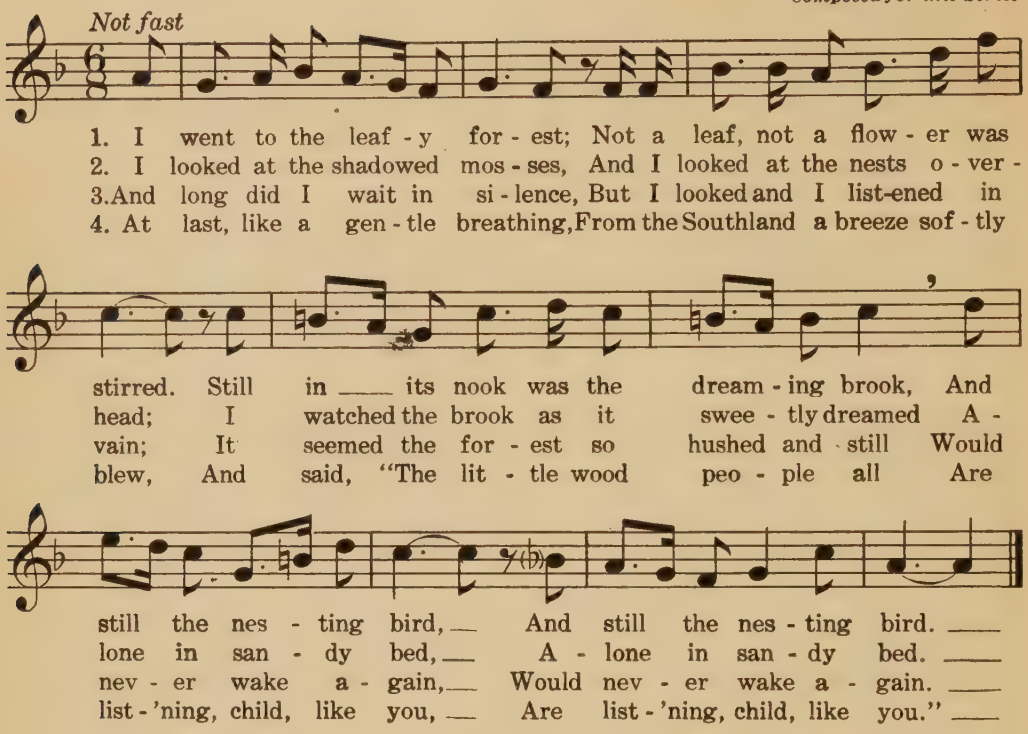
Harvey B. Gaul
*Composed for this Series*


Allegro non troppo
f
Jin - gle, Jin - gle, Jin-gle-ty, Jing! I can't re-member the words to sing;
But there comes in - to my head some-times A sau - cy young tune that
rit.
a tempo
rip - ples and rhymes; Climbs up high and drops down low,
Just as a mer - ry young tune will go; Then runs a - way laugh-ing and
accel.
full of fun, With a heigh-oh-heigh! With a heigh-oh-heigh!
With a heigh - oh-heigh! and the tune is done!

# The Listening Woods

Ida Whipple Benham

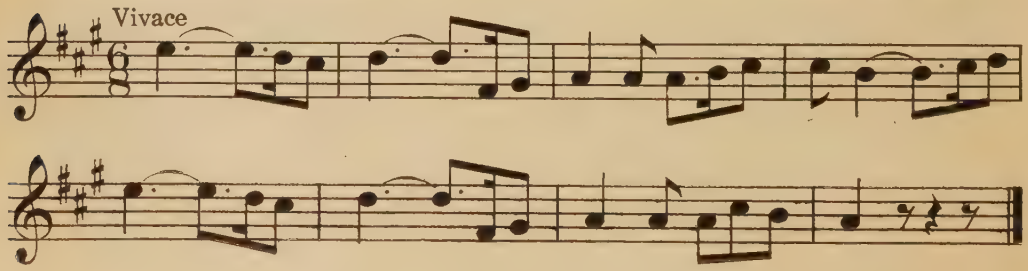
Rudolph Ganz
*Composed for this Series*


Not fast
1. I went to the leaf - y for - est; Not a leaf, not a flow - er was
2. I looked at the shadowed mos - ses, And I looked at the nests o - ver -
3.And long did I wait in si - lence, But I looked and I list-ened in
4. At last, like a gen - tle breathing, From the Southland a breeze sof - tly
stirred. Still in its nook was the dream - ing brook, And
head; I watched the brook as it swee - tly dreamed A -
vain; It seemed the for - est so hushed and still Would
blew, And said, "The lit - tle wood peo - ple all Are
still the nes - ting bird, And still the nes - ting bird.
lone in san - dy bed, A - lone in san - dy bed.
nev - er wake a - gain, Would nev - er wake a - gain.
list - 'ning, child, like you, Are list - 'ning, child, like you."

# Theme

From *The Seventh Symphony*

Ludwig van Beethoven



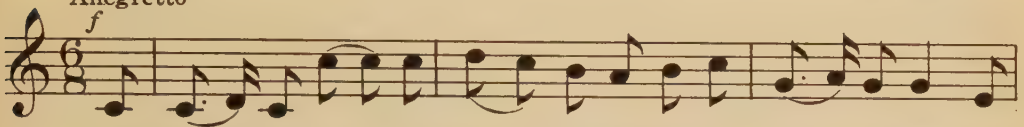
# Come Lassies and Lads

From *The Westminster Drollery, 1672*

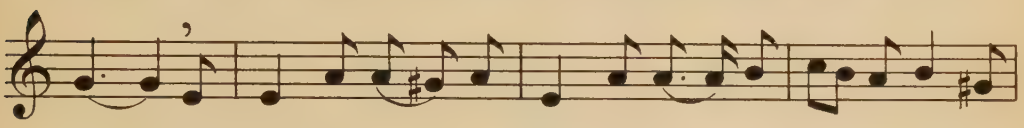
English Folk Song

Allegretto

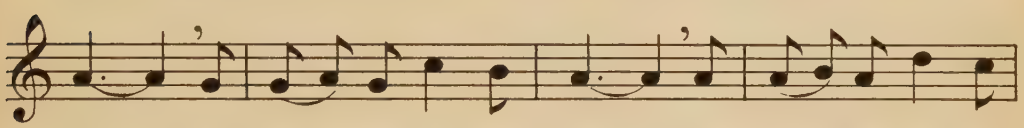
*f*



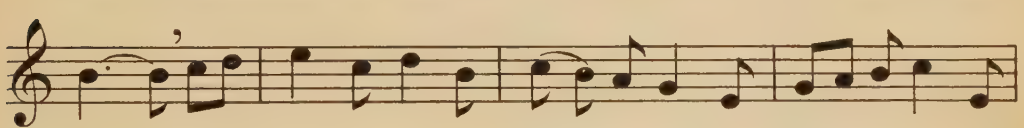
1. Come, lassies and lads, get leave of your dads, And a - way to the May-pole
2. "You're out," says Dick; "Not I," says Nick, "'Twas the fid - dler play'd it
3. "Good night," says Harry; "Good night," says Mary; "Good night," says Poll to



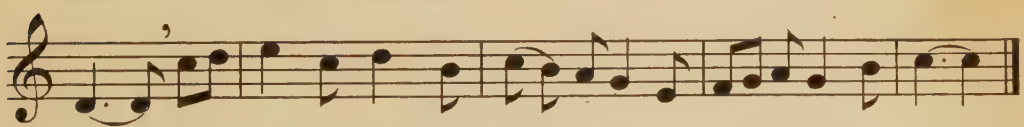
hie; For ev - 'ry fair has a sweetheart there, And the fiddler's standing
wrong." "'Tis true," says Hugh and so says Sue And so says ev - 'ry
John. "Good night," says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh; "Good night," says ev - 'ry



by. For Wil-lie shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has got his
one. The fid - dler then be - gan To play the tune a -
one. Some walked and some did run, Some loi - tered on the

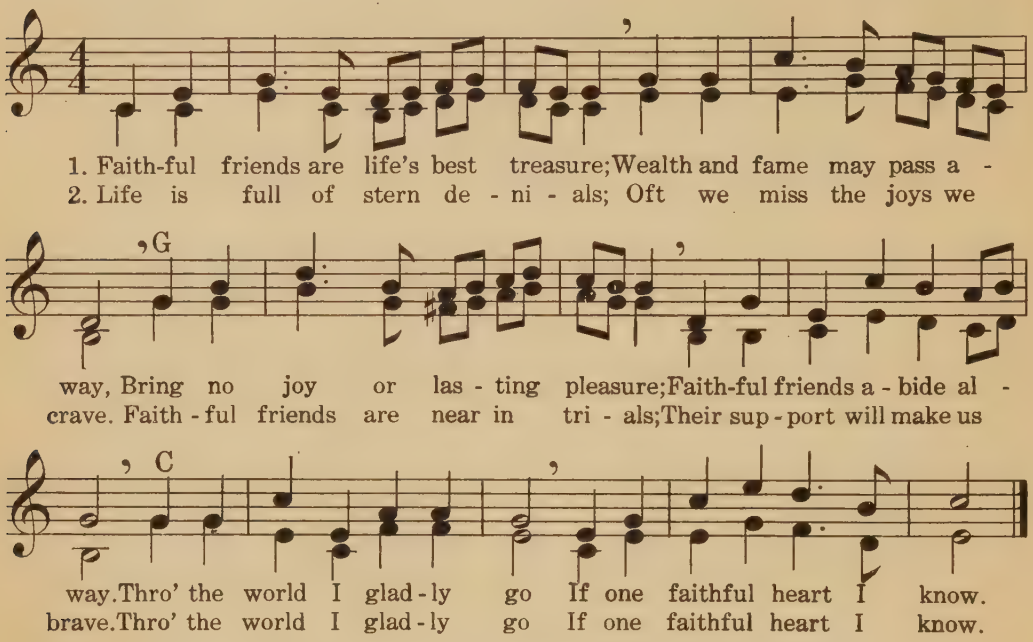


Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and
gain, And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the
way, And bound themselves by promises twelve To meet next hol - i -



down; To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.
men; And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
day; And bound themselves by promises twelve To meet next hol - i - day.

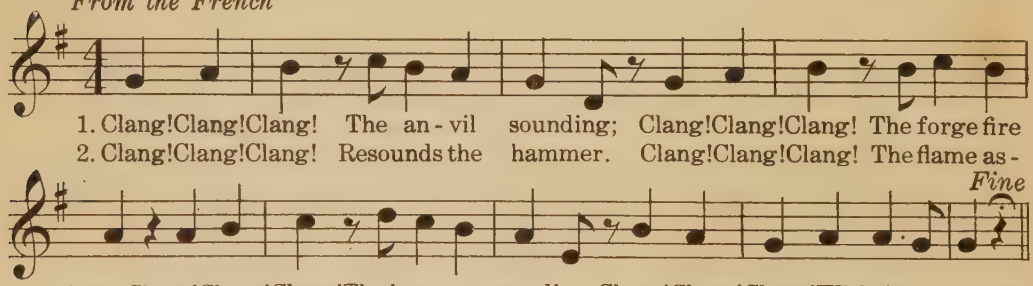
# Faithful Friends

Margaret Aliona Dole — Joseph Gersbach

1. Faith-ful friends are life's best treasure; Wealth and fame may pass a - way, Bring no joy or las - ting pleasure; Faith-ful friends a - bide al - way. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart I know.
2. Life is full of stern de - ni - als; Oft we miss the joys we crave. Faith - ful friends are near in tri - als; Their sup - port will make us brave. Thro' the world I glad - ly go If one faithful heart I know.

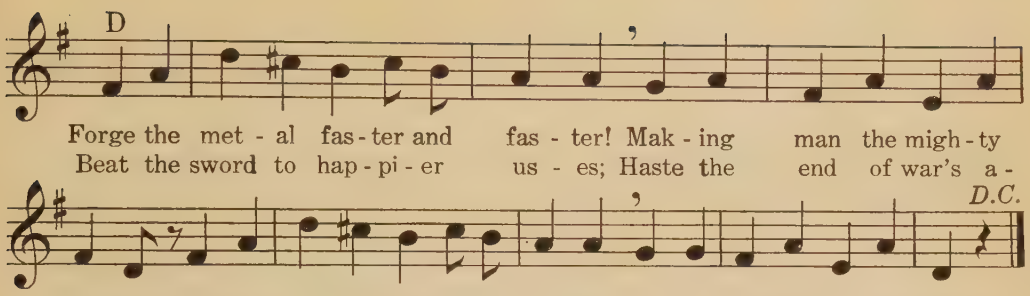
# Clang! Clang! Clang!

Abbie Farwell Brown — Allyre Bureau

*From the French*

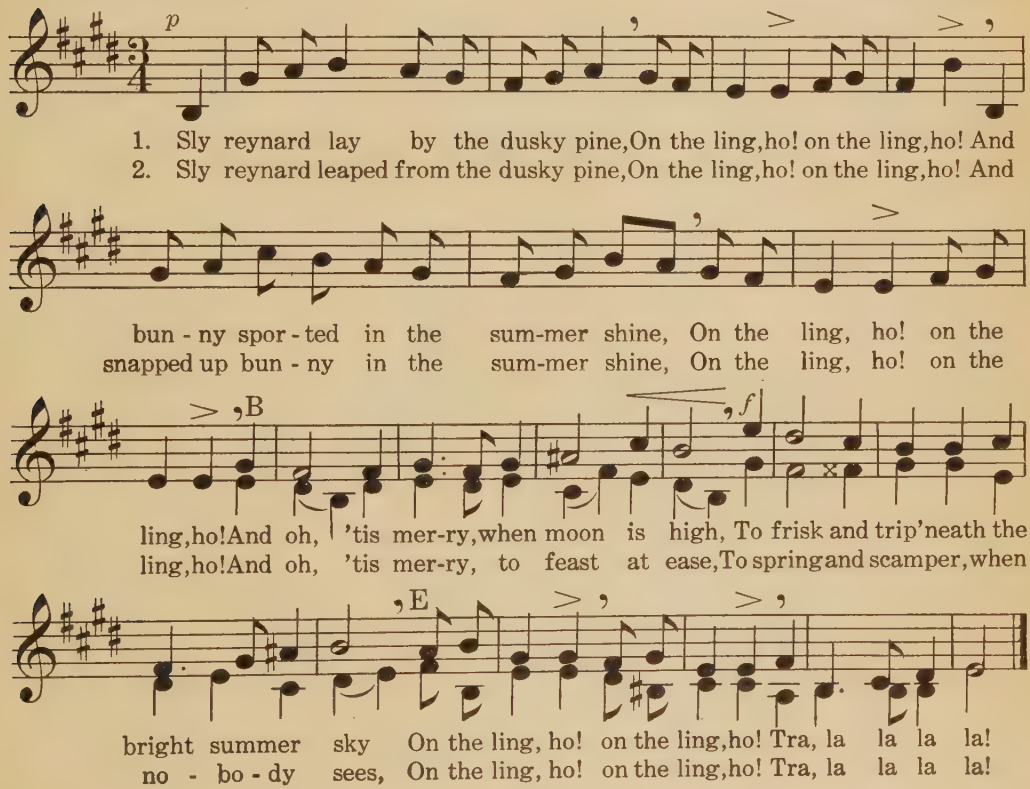



1. Clang! Clang! Clang! The an - vil sounding; Clang! Clang! Clang! The forge fire glows. Clang! Clang! Clang! The hammer pounding, Clang! Clang! Clang! With shaping blows.
2. Clang! Clang! Clang! Resounds the hammer. Clang! Clang! Clang! The flame as - cends. Clang! Clang! Clang! A migh-ty clam-or! Clang! Clang! Clang! The met-al bends.


D
Forge the met - al fas - ter and fas - ter! Mak - ing man the migh - ty
Beat the sword to hap - pi - er us - es; Haste the end of war's a -
D.C.
master; Round the world to brace it the stronger, Pow'r of steel and i - ron goes.
buses; Forge the plow, the ship, and the railroad, Peaceful bonds that make all friends.

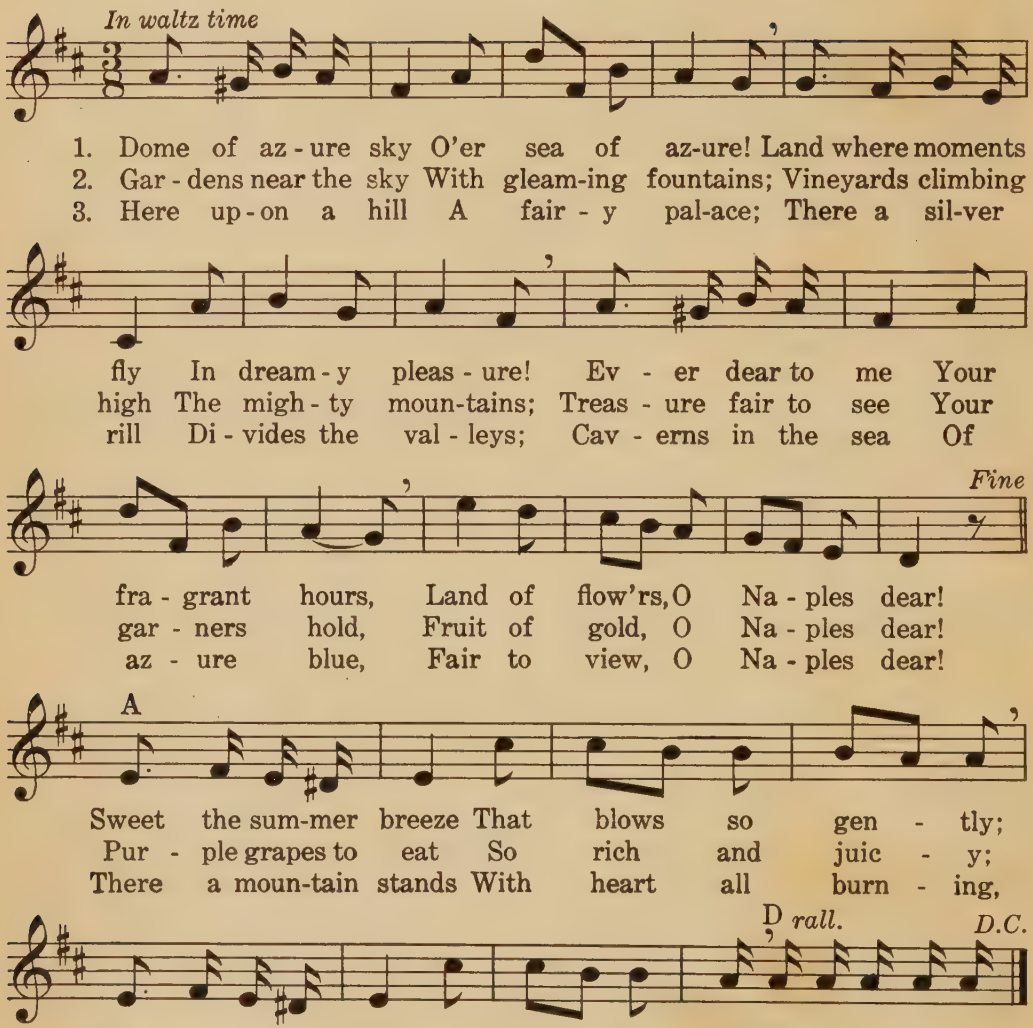
# On the Ling, Ho!

Björnstjerne Björnson — Halfdan Kjerulf


p
1. Sly reynard lay by the dusky pine, On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And
2. Sly reynard leaped from the dusky pine, On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! And
bun - ny spor - ted in the sum-mer shine, On the ling, ho! on the
snapped up bun - ny in the sum-mer shine, On the ling, ho! on the
B
f
ling, ho! And oh, 'tis mer-ry, when moon is high, To frisk and trip 'neath the
ling, ho! And oh, 'tis mer-ry, to feast at ease, To spring and scamper, when
E
bright summer sky On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! Tra, la la la la!
no - bo - dy sees, On the ling, ho! on the ling, ho! Tra, la la la la!

# Naples

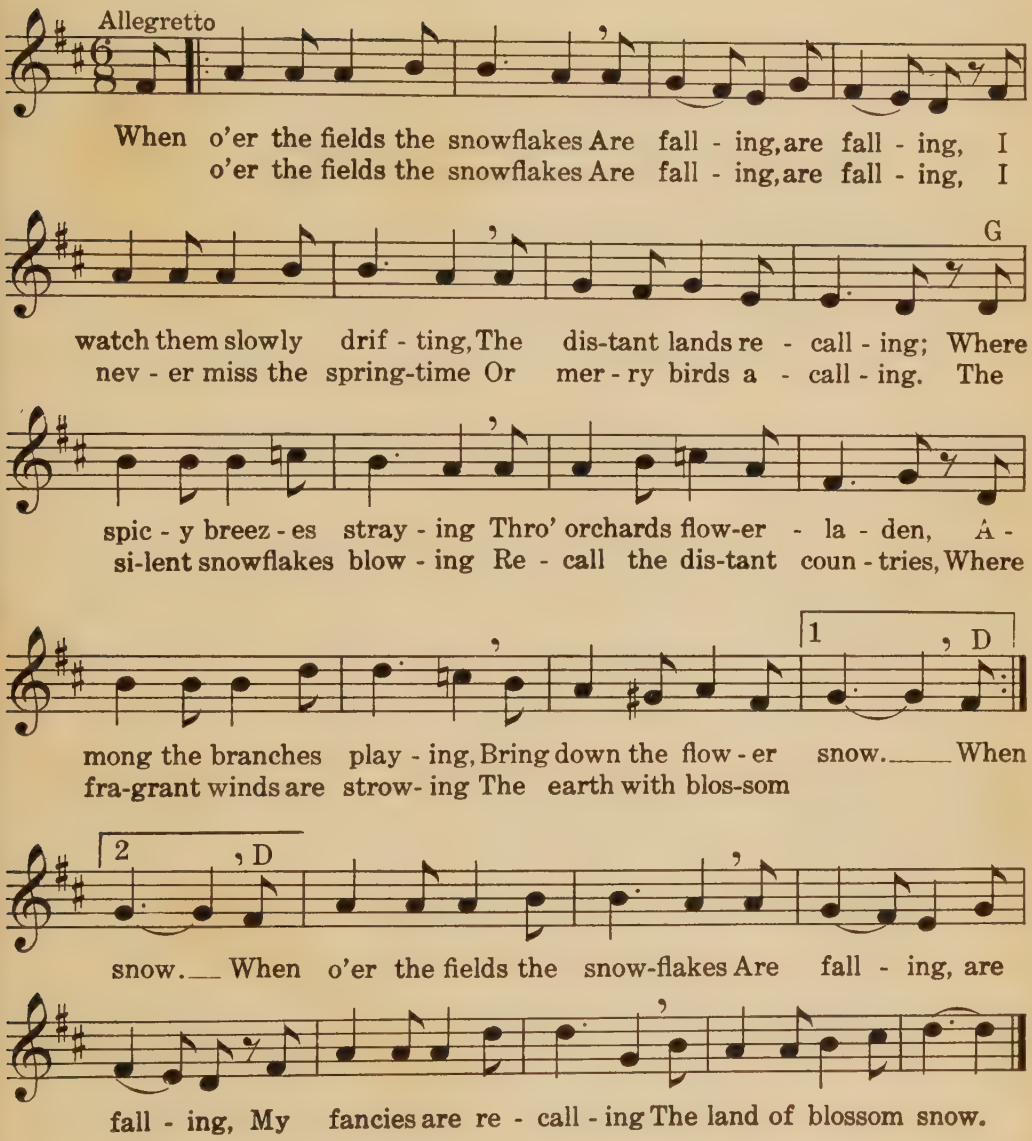
Abbie Farwell Brown
*From the Italian*

Italian Folk Song

In waltz time
1. Dome of az - ure sky O'er sea of az-ure! Land where moments
2. Gar - dens near the sky With gleam-ing fountains; Vineyards climbing
3. Here up - on a hill A fair - y pal-ace; There a sil-ver
fly In dream - y pleas - ure! Ev - er dear to me Your
high The migh - ty moun-tains; Treas - ure fair to see Your
rill Di - vides the val - leys; Cav - erns in the sea Of
Fine
fra - grant hours, Land of flow'rs, O Na - ples dear!
gar - ners hold, Fruit of gold, O Na - ples dear!
az - ure blue, Fair to view, O Na - ples dear!
A
Sweet the sum-mer breeze That blows so gen - tly;
Pur - ple grapes to eat So rich and juic - y;
There a moun-tain stands With heart all burn - ing,
D
rall.
D.C.
Soft the hum of bees In or - ange bow'rs. Tra la la la la!
Figs and al-monds sweet, A store un - told. Tra la la la la!
Guar-dian of the lands, So bright of hue. Tra la la la la!

# The Snowflakes

Wilbur Weeks

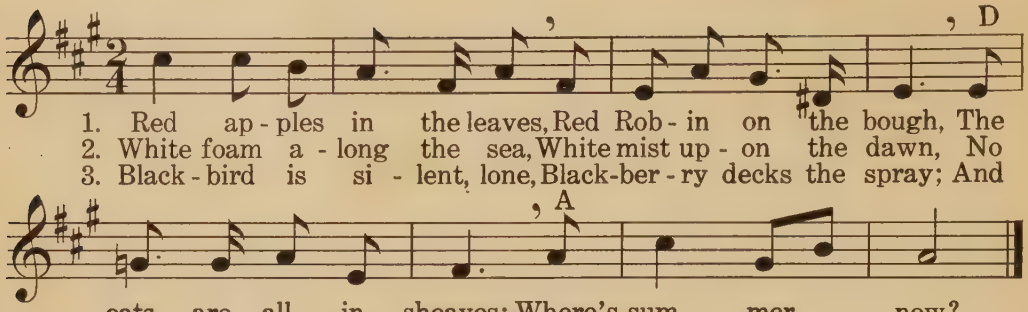
Neapolitan Song


Allegretto
When o'er the fields the snowflakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I
o'er the fields the snowflakes Are fall - ing, are fall - ing, I
G
watch them slowly drif - ting, The dis-tant lands re - call - ing; Where
nev - er miss the spring-time Or mer - ry birds a - call - ing. The
spic - y breez - es stray - ing Thro' orchards flow-er - la - den, A -
si-lent snowflakes blow - ing Re - call the dis-tant coun - tries, Where
1
D
mong the branches play - ing, Bring down the flow - er snow. When
fra-grant winds are strow- ing The earth with blos-som
2
D
snow. When o'er the fields the snow-flakes Are fall - ing, are
fall - ing, My fancies are re - call - ing The land of blossom snow.

# Near Autumn

Laurence Alma-Tadema

Horatio Parker
*Composed for this Series*



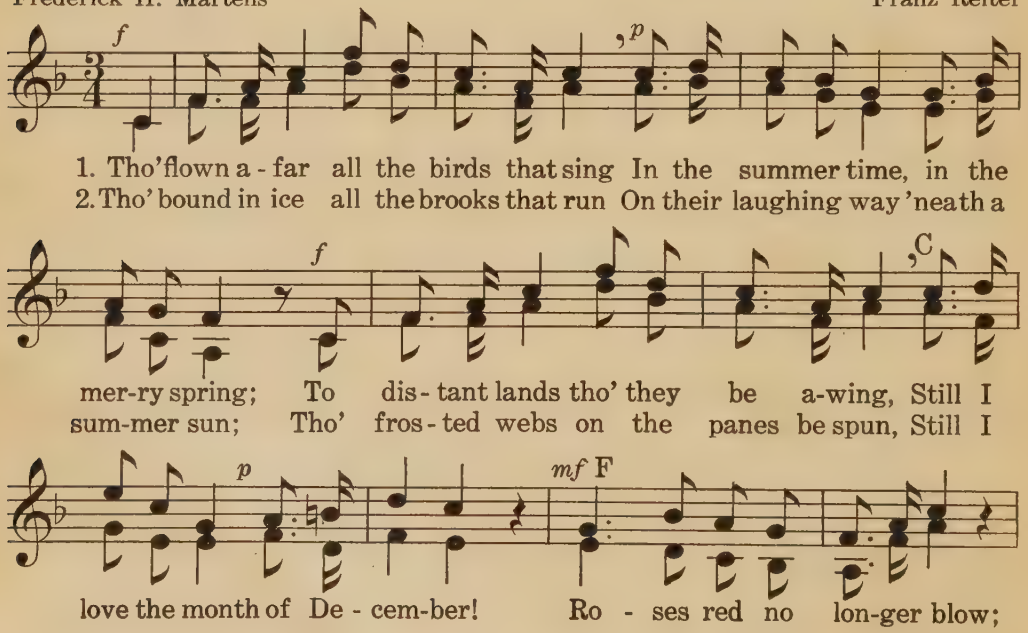

1. Red ap - ples in the leaves, Red Rob - in on the bough, The
2. White foam a - long the sea, White mist up - on the dawn, No
3. Black - bird is si - lent, lone, Black-ber - ry decks the spray; And

oats are all in sheaves; Where's sum - mer ____ now?
flow - er for the bee; 'Tis sum - mer ____ gone.
au-tumn's breath has blown Up - on the ____ day.

# The Month of December

Frederick H. Martens

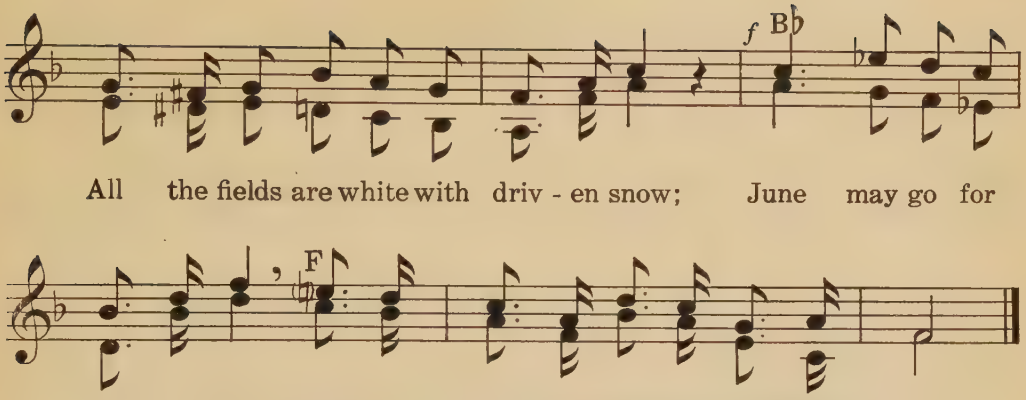
Franz Reiter




1. Tho' flown a - far all the birds that sing In the summer time, in the
2. Tho' bound in ice all the brooks that run On their laughing way 'neath a

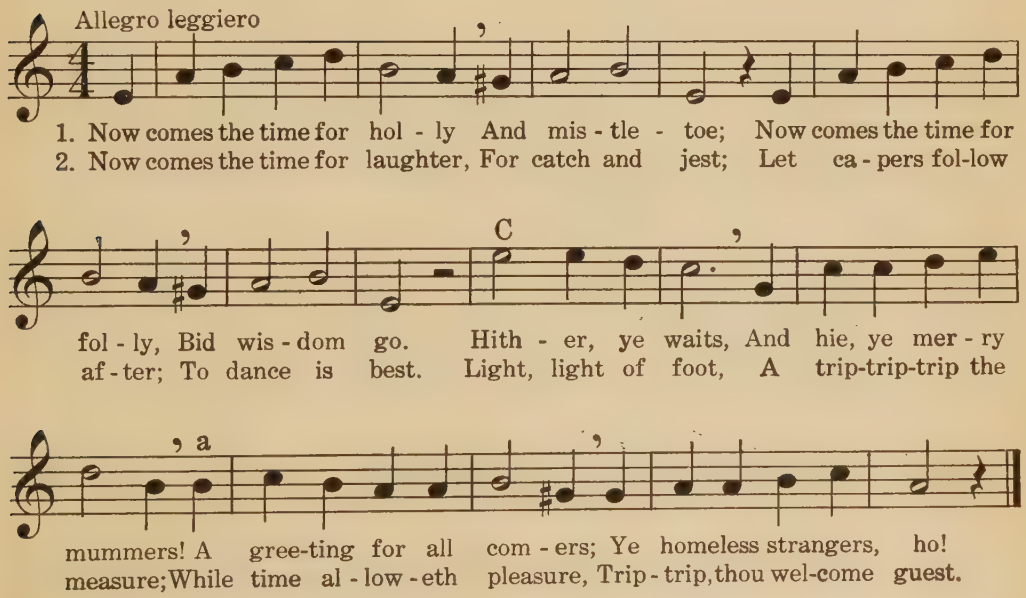
mer-ry spring; To dis - tant lands tho' they be a-wing, Still I
sum-mer sun; Tho' fros - ted webs on the panes be spun, Still I

love the month of De - cem-ber! Ro - ses red no lon-ger blow;




# Ye Olden Christmas

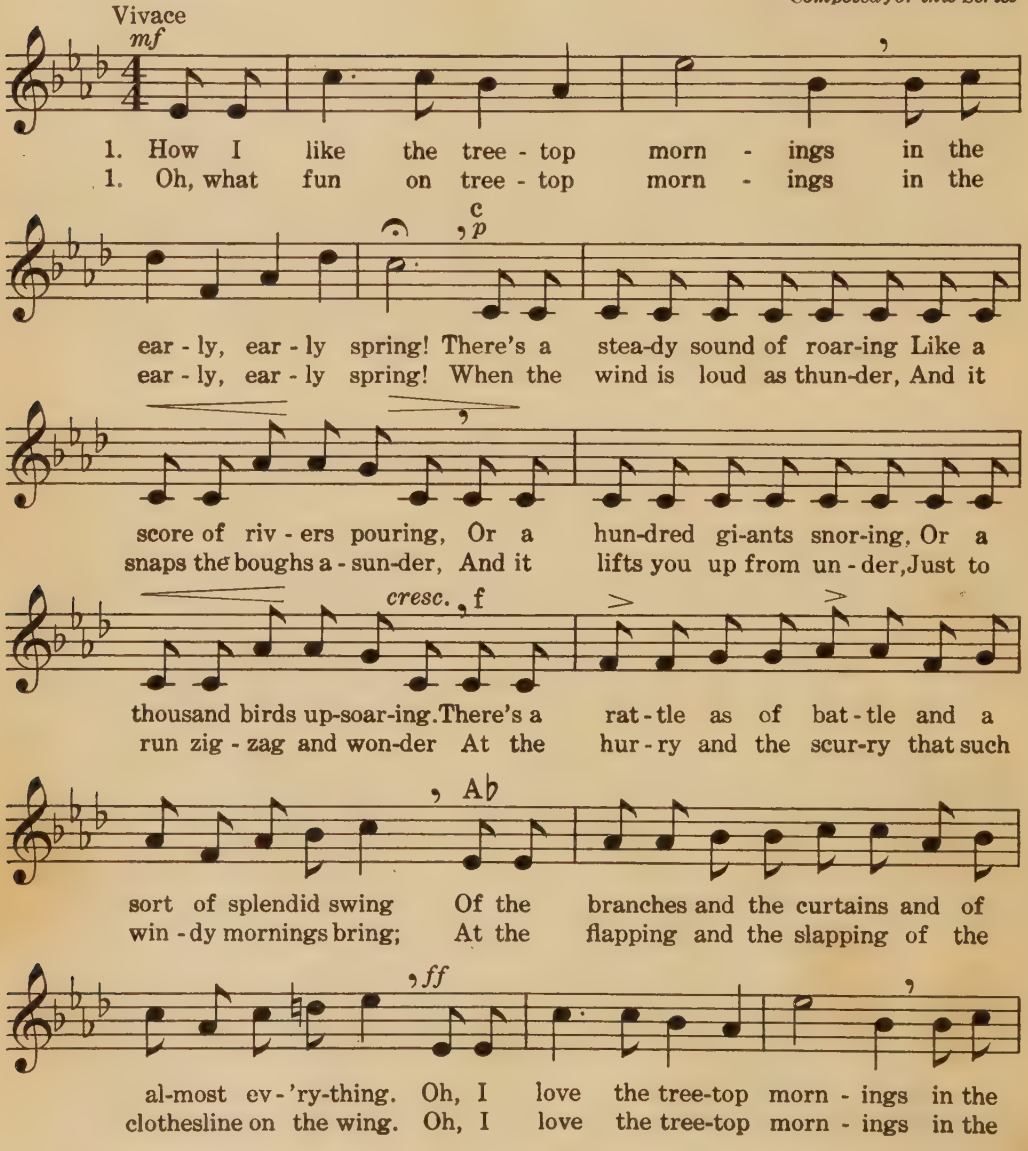
Seymour Barnard — French Christmas Carol

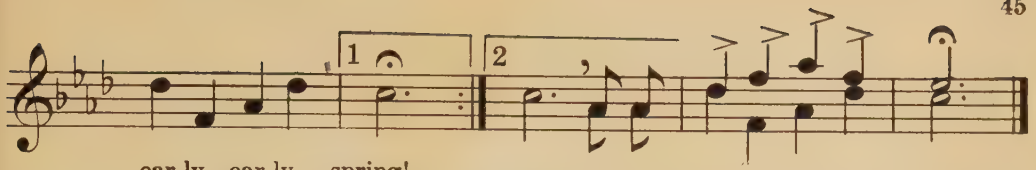

Allegro leggiero
1. Now comes the time for hol - ly And mis - tle - toe; Now comes the time for
2. Now comes the time for laughter, For catch and jest; Let ca - pers fol-low
C
fol - ly, Bid wis - dom go. Hith - er, ye waits, And hie, ye mer - ry
af - ter; To dance is best. Light, light of foot, A trip-trip-trip the
a
mummers! A gree-ting for all com - ers; Ye homeless strangers, ho!
measure; While time al - low - eth pleasure, Trip - trip, thou wel-come guest.

# Tree-Top Mornings

Ethelwyn Wetherald

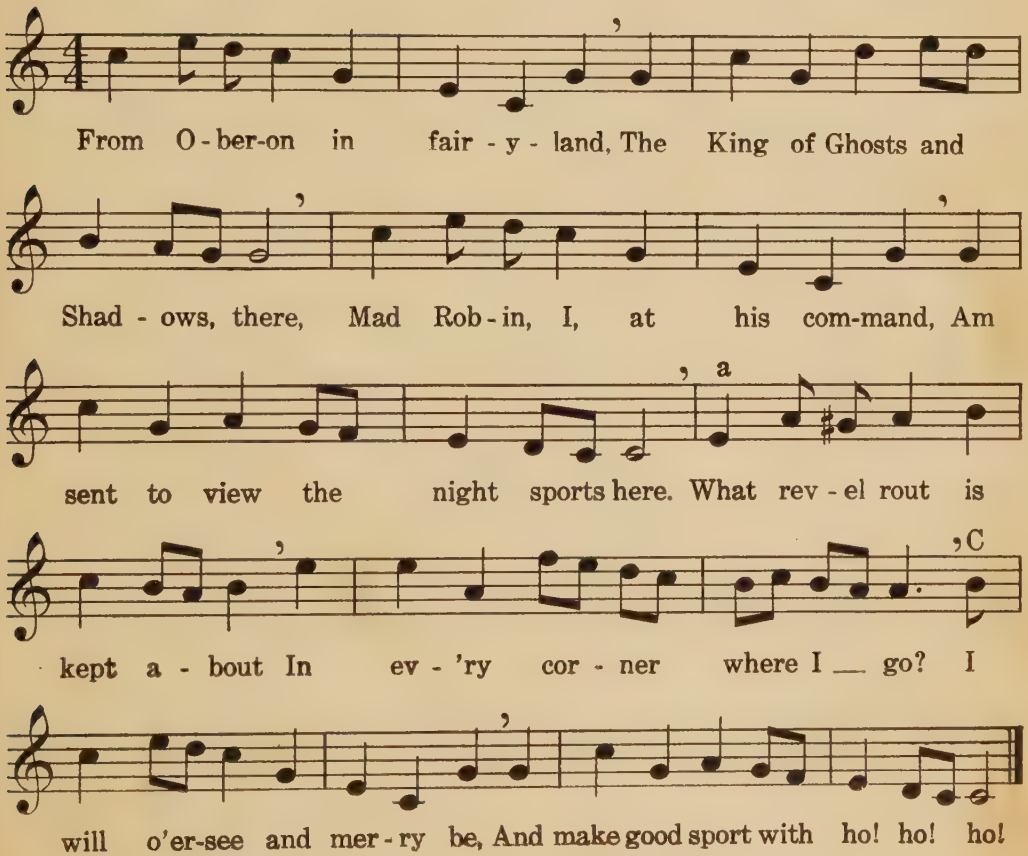
Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*


Vivace
mf
1. How I like the tree - top morn - ings in the
1. Oh, what fun on tree - top morn - ings in the
c
p
ear - ly, ear - ly spring! There's a stea-dy sound of roar-ing Like a
ear - ly, ear - ly spring! When the wind is loud as thun-der, And it
score of riv - ers pouring, Or a hun-dred gi-ants snor-ing, Or a
snaps the boughs a - sun-der, And it lifts you up from un - der, Just to
cresc.
f
thousand birds up-soar-ing. There's a rat - tle as of bat - tle and a
run zig - zag and won-der At the hur - ry and the scur-ry that such
Ab
sort of splendid swing Of the branches and the curtains and of
win - dy mornings bring; At the flapping and the slapping of the
ff
al-most ev - 'ry-thing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn - ings in the
clothesline on the wing. Oh, I love the tree-top morn - ings in the




# Robin Goodfellow

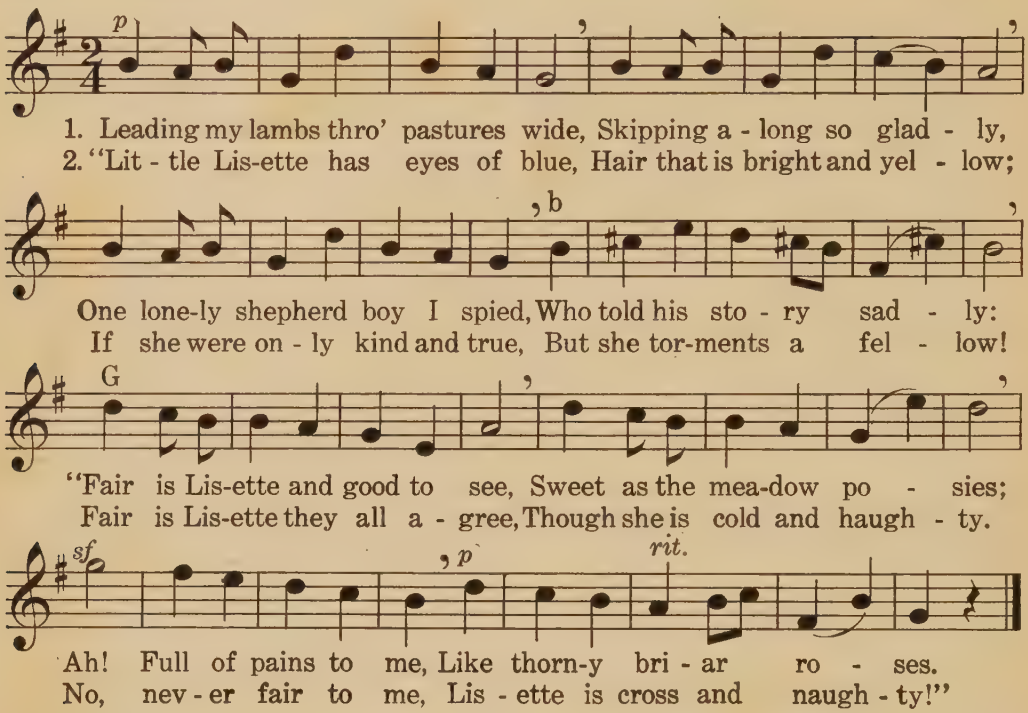
Ancient English Song


From O - ber-on in fair - y - land, The King of Ghosts and
Shad - ows, there, Mad Rob - in, I, at his com-mand, Am
a
sent to view the night sports here. What rev - el rout is
C
kept a - bout In ev - 'ry cor - ner where I go? I
will o'er-see and mer - ry be, And make good sport with ho! ho! ho!

# Naughty Lisette

Abbie Farwell Brown
*From the French*

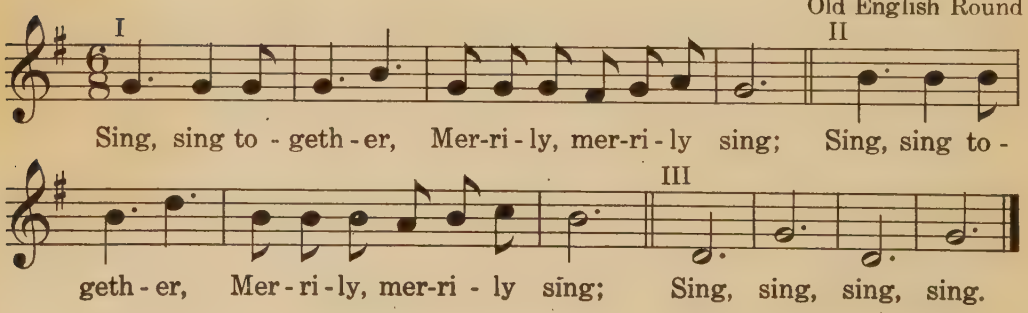
French Folk Song


p
1. Leading my lambs thro' pastures wide, Skipping a - long so glad - ly,
2. "Lit - tle Lis-ette has eyes of blue, Hair that is bright and yel - low;
b
One lone-ly shepherd boy I spied, Who told his sto - ry sad - ly:
If she were on - ly kind and true, But she tor-ments a fel - low!
G
"Fair is Lis-ette and good to see, Sweet as the mea-dow po - sies;
Fair is Lis-ette they all a - gree, Though she is cold and haugh - ty.
sf
p
rit.
Ah! Full of pains to me, Like thorn-y bri - ar ro - ses.
No, nev - er fair to me, Lis - ette is cross and naugh - ty!"

# Sing Together

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round



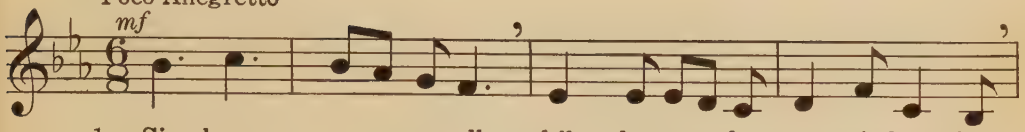
# The Fisherman's Prayer

Louise M. Bray
*From the Swedish*

A. M. Myrberg

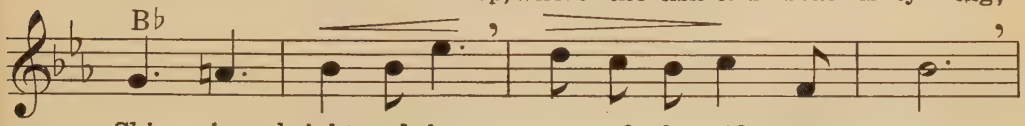
Poco Allegretto

*mf*



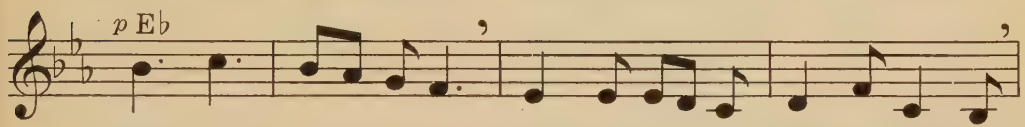
1. Si - lence o - ver all, while the moon her course is keep-ing,
2. Si - lence on the deep, where the fish-er's boat is ly - ing;

B♭



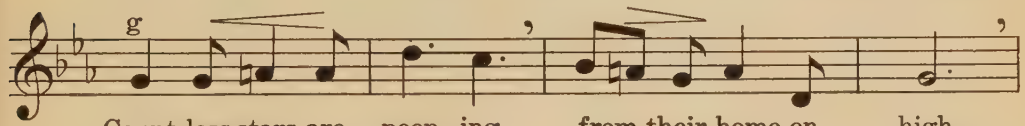
Shi - ning bright and clear out of the mid - night sky;
Wave - lets lap her keel, ligh - tly they sink to rest.

*p* E♭



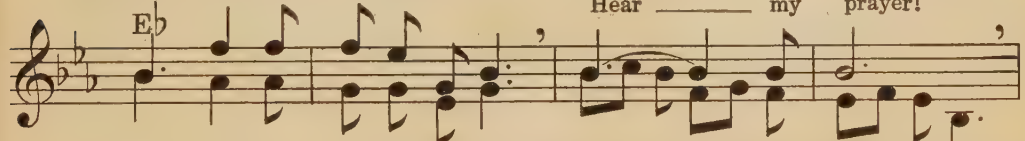
Moth - er Earth be - low, 'neath the heav'n-ly blue is sleep-ing;
Sit - ting calm - ly there, gaz - ing in - to space and sigh-ing,

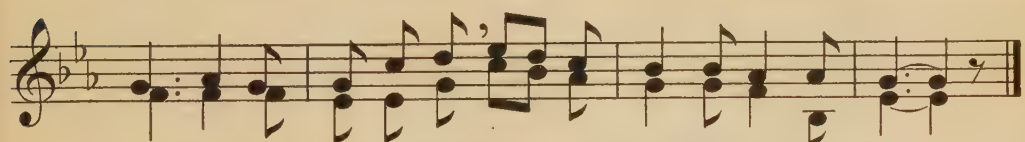
g



Count-less stars are peep - ing from their home on high.
Swee - tly sings the boat-man, lulled on o - cean's breast.

Hear ____ my prayer!

E♭

Hear, ho - ly Father, my prayer! Ho - ly Fa - ther, hear my prayer!

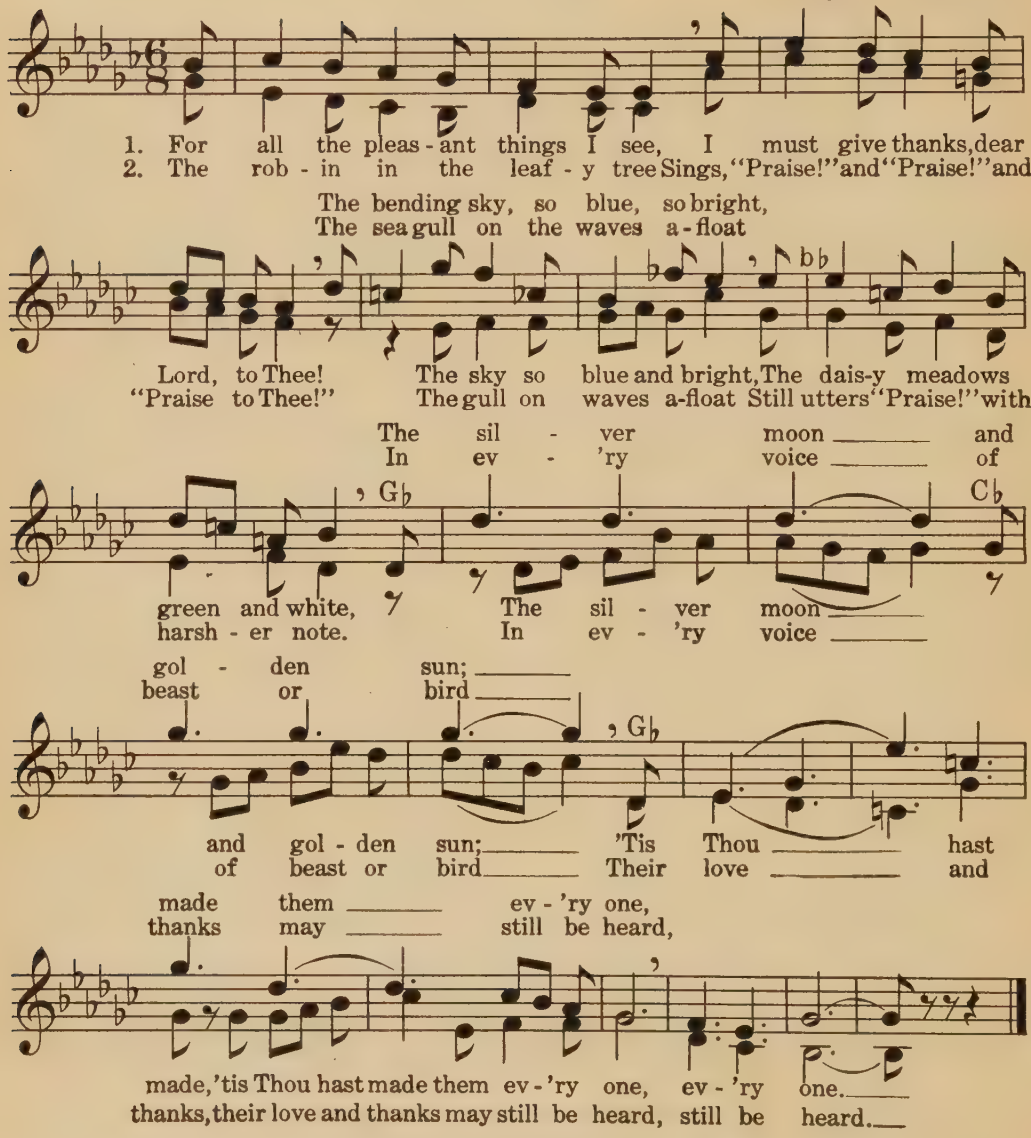


Fa - ther of fish - er folk, keep me 'neath Thy shelt'ring care.

# A Hymn

Laura E. Richards

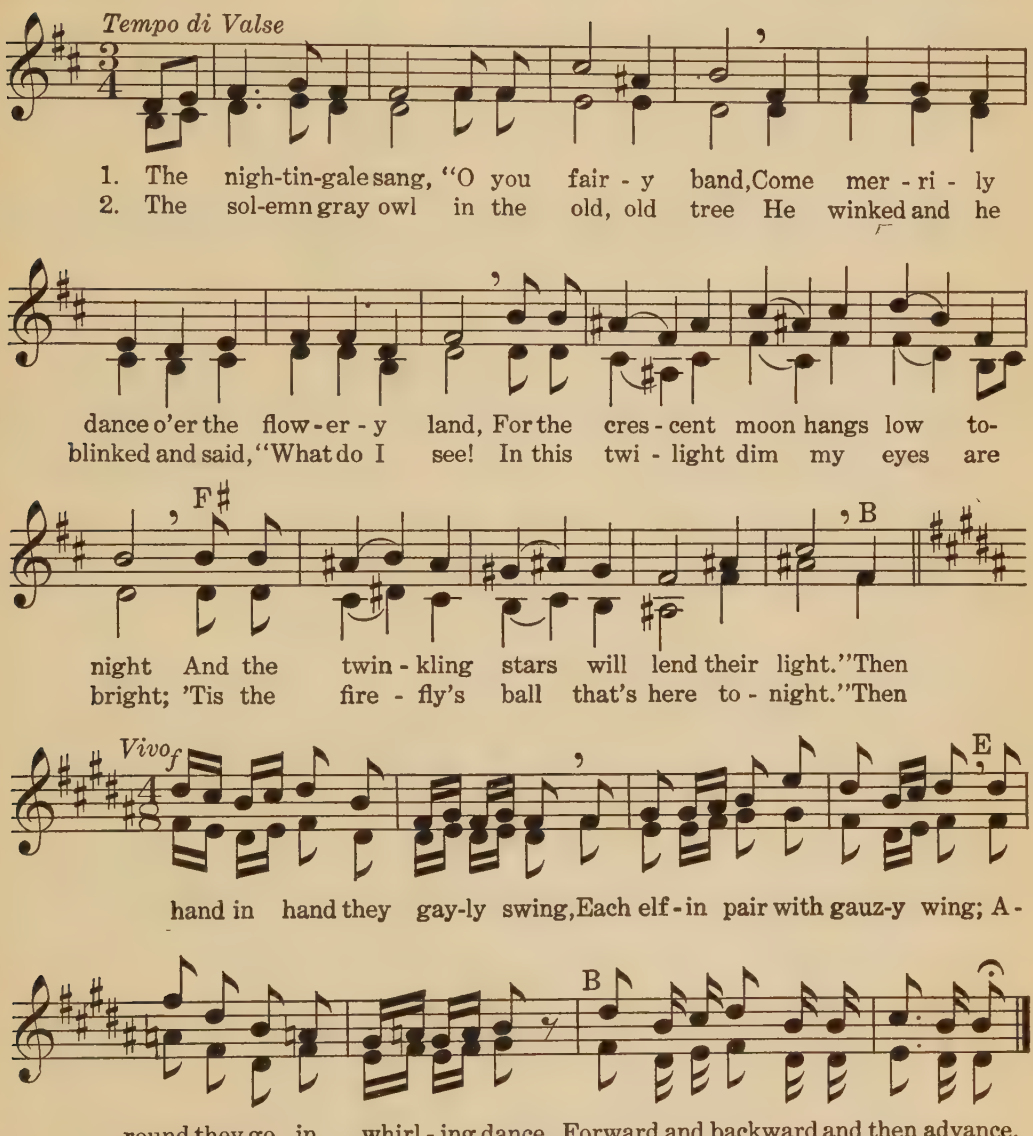
Horatio Parker

*Composed for this Series*

1. For all the pleas - ant things I see, I must give thanks, dear
2. The rob - in in the leaf - y tree Sings, "Praise!" and "Praise!" and
The bending sky, so blue, so bright,
The sea gull on the waves a - float
Lord, to Thee! The sky so blue and bright, The dais-y meadows
"Praise to Thee!" The gull on waves a-float Still utters "Praise!" with
The sil - ver moon and
In ev - 'ry voice of
Gb
Cb
green and white, The sil - ver moon
harsh - er note. In ev - 'ry voice
gol - den sun;
beast or bird
Gb
and gol - den sun; 'Tis Thou hast
of beast or bird Their love and
made them ev - 'ry one,
thanks may still be heard,
made, 'tis Thou hast made them ev - 'ry one, ev - 'ry one.
thanks, their love and thanks may still be heard, still be heard.

# The Dance of the Fairies

Ella Broes van Heekern

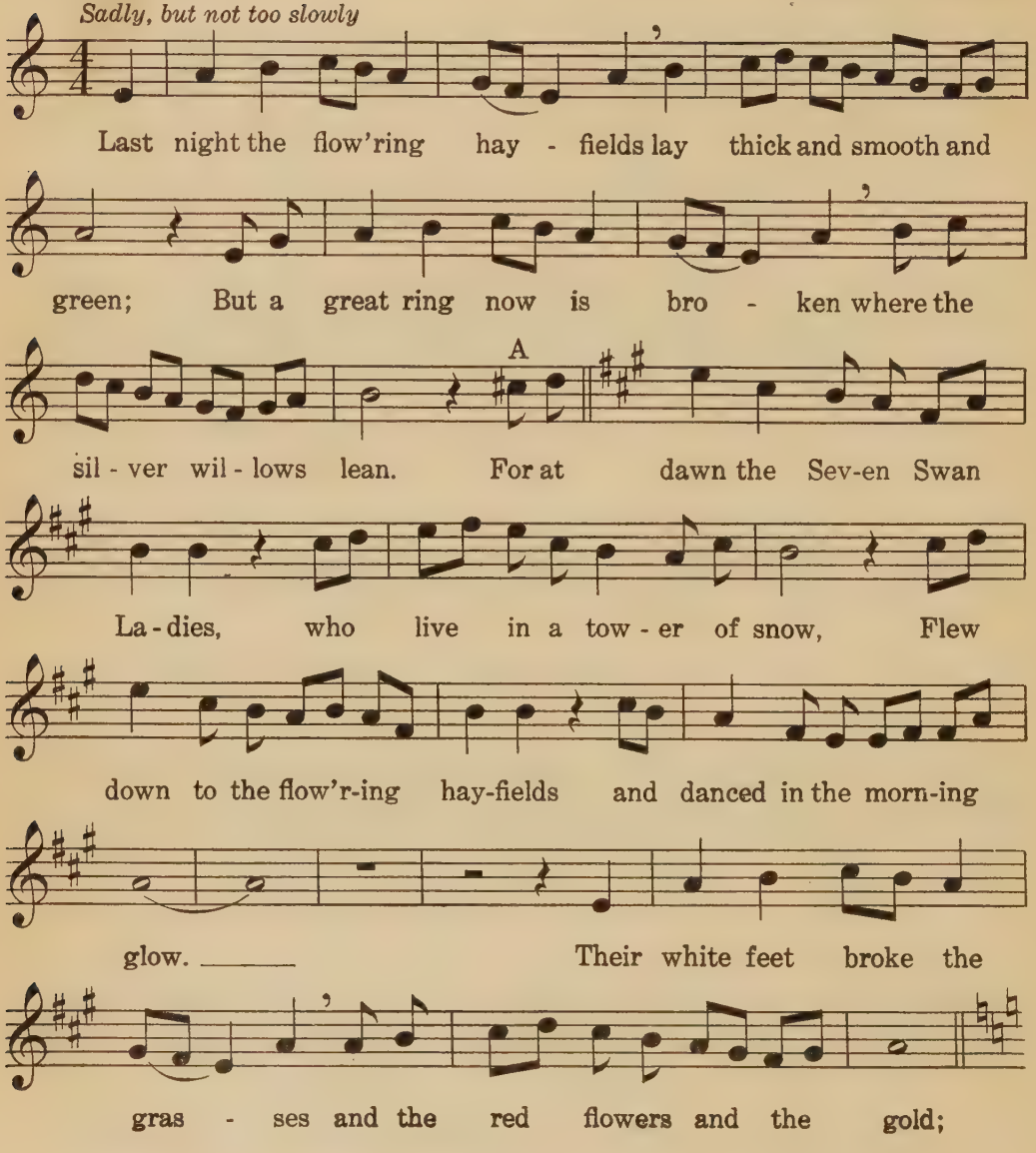
E. R. Kroeger
*Composed for this Series*

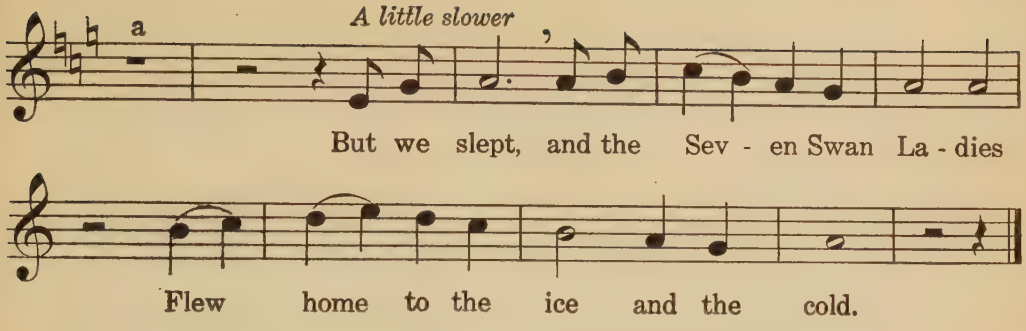

Tempo di Valse
1. The nigh-tin-gale sang, "O you fair - y band, Come mer - ri - ly
2. The sol-emn gray owl in the old, old tree He winked and he
dance o'er the flow-er - y land, For the cres - cent moon hangs low to-
blinked and said, "What do I see! In this twi - light dim my eyes are
F♯
B
night And the twin - kling stars will lend their light." Then
bright; 'Tis the fire - fly's ball that's here to - night." Then
Vivo
f
E
hand in hand they gay-ly swing, Each elf - in pair with gauz-y wing; A -
B
round they go in whirl - ing dance, Forward and backward and then advance.

# The Seven Swan Ladies

Richard Aldington

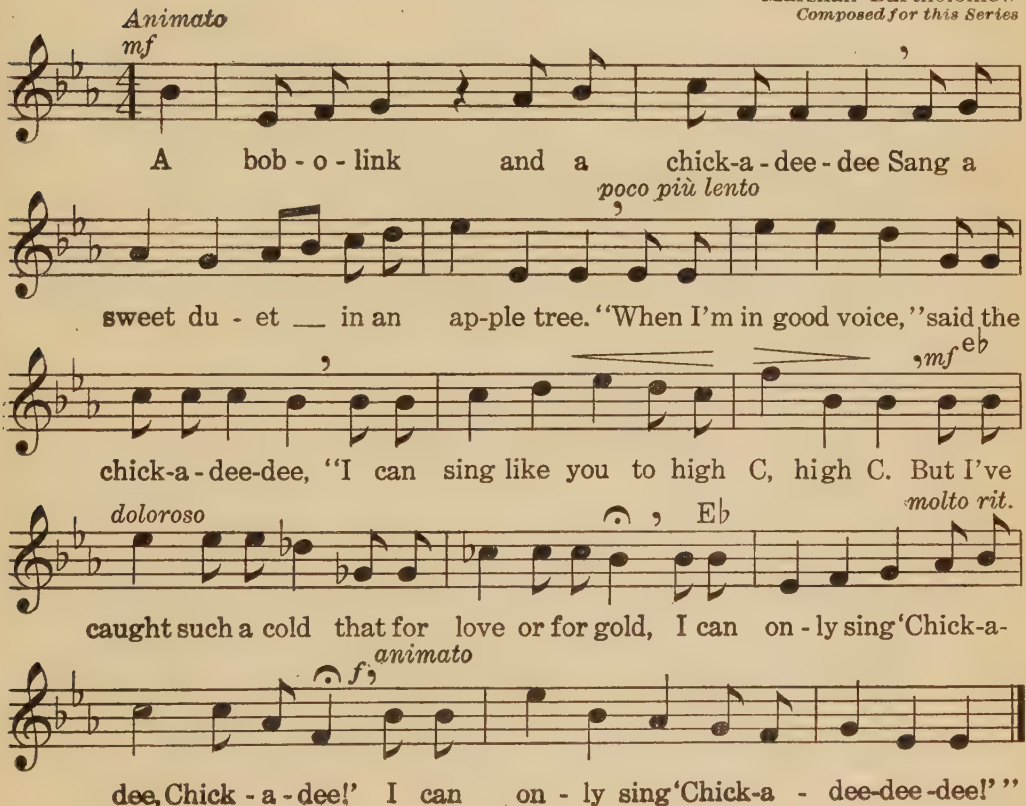
Walter Morse Rummel
*Composed for this Series*


Sadly, but not too slowly
Last night the flow'ring hay - fields lay thick and smooth and
green; But a great ring now is bro - ken where the
A
sil - ver wil - lows lean. For at dawn the Sev-en Swan
La - dies, who live in a tow - er of snow, Flew
down to the flow'r-ing hay-fields and danced in the morn-ing
glow. Their white feet broke the
gras - ses and the red flowers and the gold;

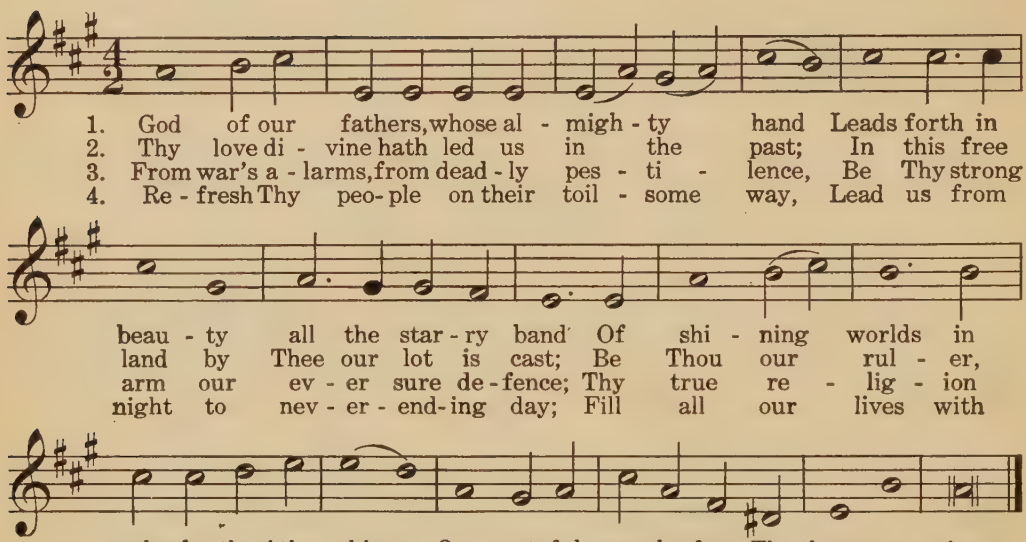



# A Tree-Top Duet

Marshall Bartholomew
*Composed for this Series*

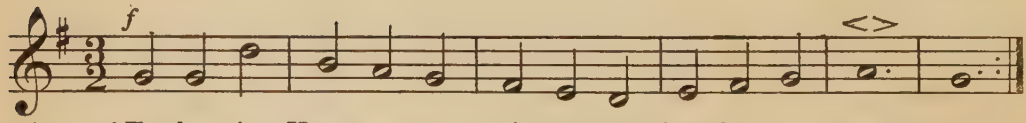

Animato
mf
A bob - o - link and a chick-a - dee - dee Sang a
poco più lento
sweet du - et ___ in an ap-ple tree. "When I'm in good voice," said the
mf
chick-a - dee-dee, "I can sing like you to high C, high C. But I've
doloroso
Eb
molto rit.
caught such a cold that for love or for gold, I can on - ly sing 'Chick-a-
animato
f
dee, Chick - a - dee!' I can on - ly sing 'Chick-a - dee-dee-dee!'"

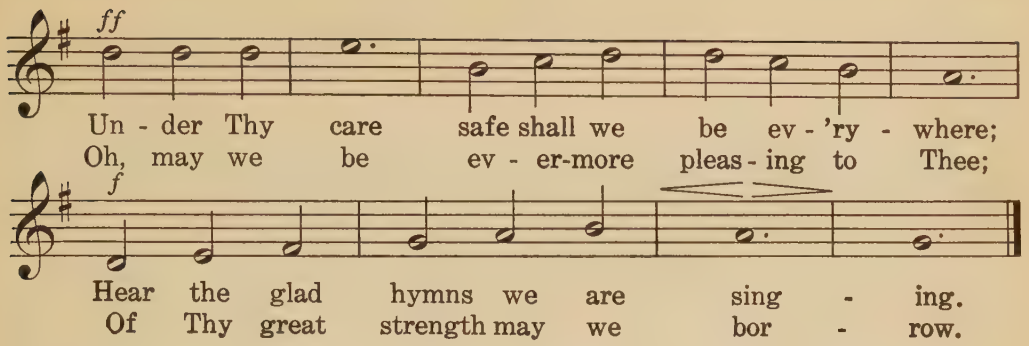
# National Hymn

D. C. Roberts — Horatio Parker

1. God of our fathers, whose al - migh - ty hand Leads forth in
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past; In this free
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence, Be Thy strong
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way, Lead us from
beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shi - ning worlds in
land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,
arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion
night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with
splendor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs be-fore Thy throne a - rise.
guardian, guide, and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
in our hearts in - crease, Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, laud, and praise be ev - er Thine.

# Evening Hymn

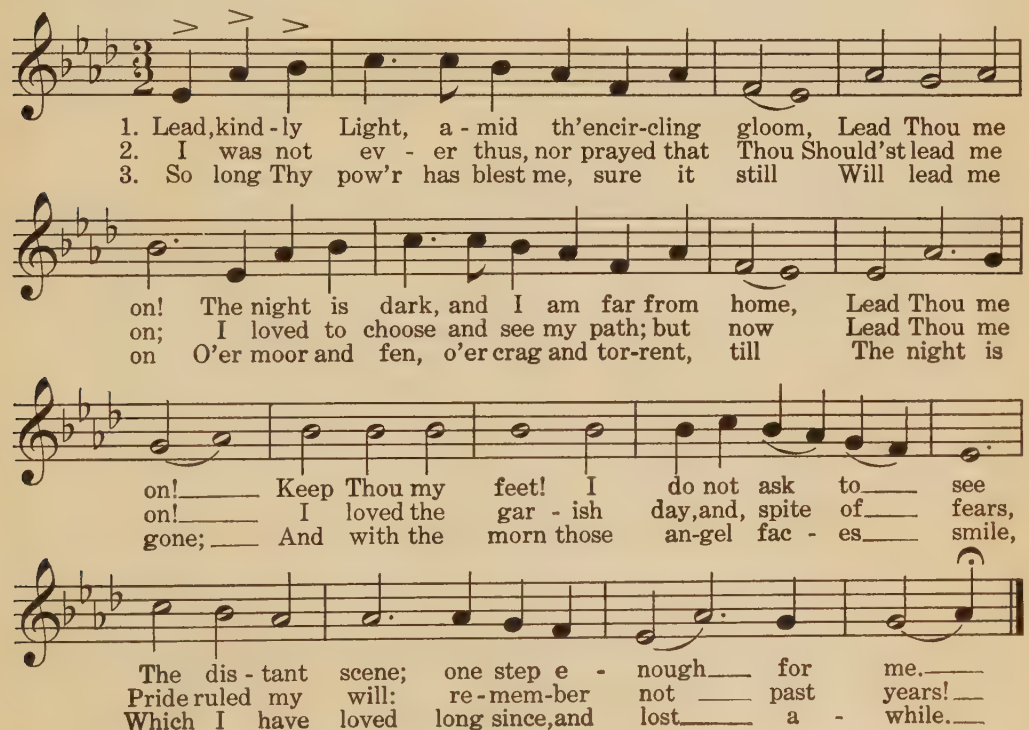
Nellie Poorman — J. Neander


f
1. Fa-ther in Heav-en, our voic - es are joy - ful - ly ring - ing,
For all Thy kind-ness our thanks we are grateful - ly bring - ing;
2. Give us, O Fa-ther, the will to do right on the mor - row,
Thoughtful and lov - ing, may we bring our comrades no sor - row.


ff
Un - der Thy care safe shall we be ev - 'ry - where;
Oh, may we be ev - er-more pleas - ing to Thee;
f
Hear the glad hymns we are sing - ing.
Of Thy great strength may we bor - row.

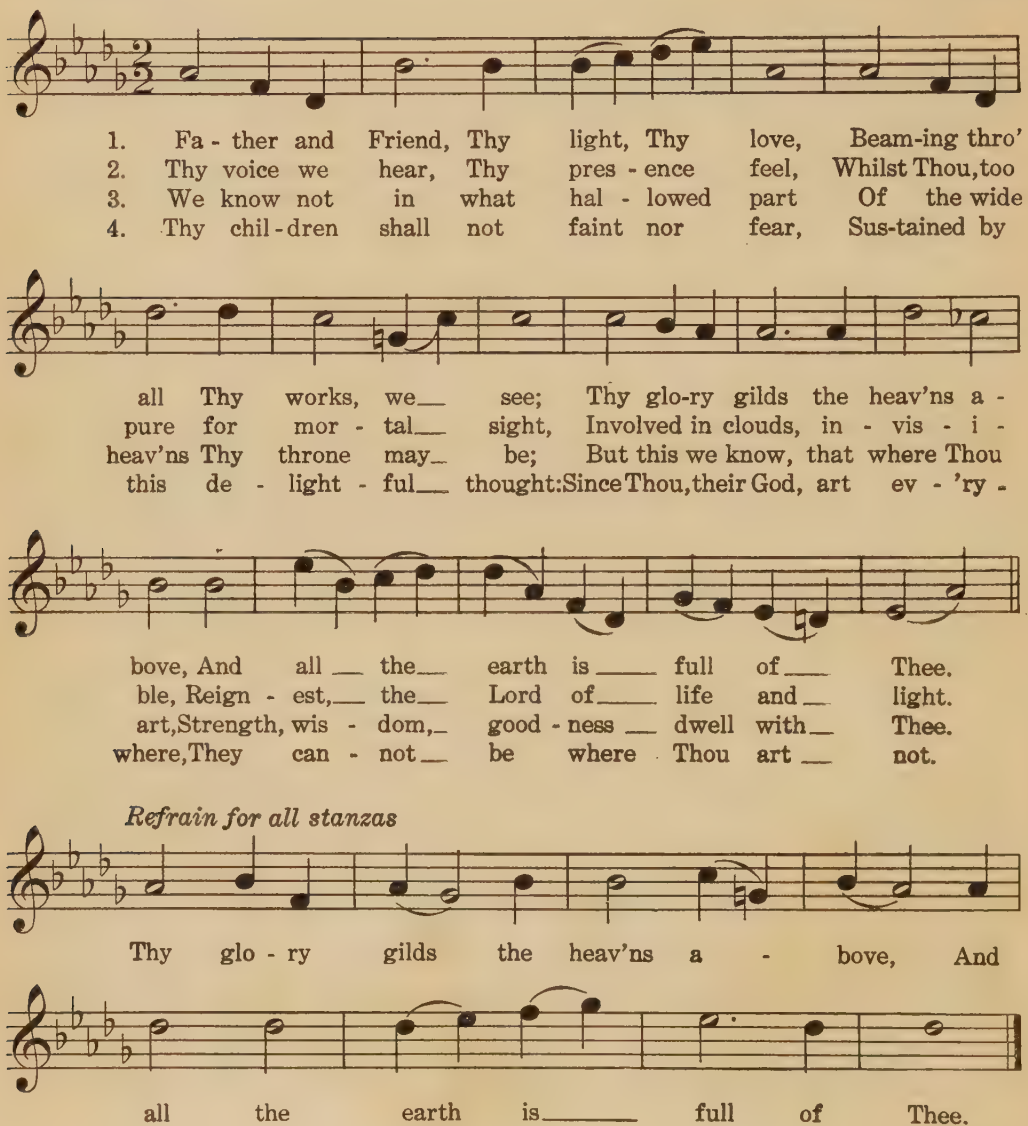
# Lead, Kindly Light

John Henry Newman — John B. Dykes


1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'encir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Should'st lead me
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me
on! The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me
on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me
on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is
on! Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,
gone; And with the morn those an-gel fac - es smile,
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will: re - mem-ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

# Father and Friend

John Bowring — Horatio Parker

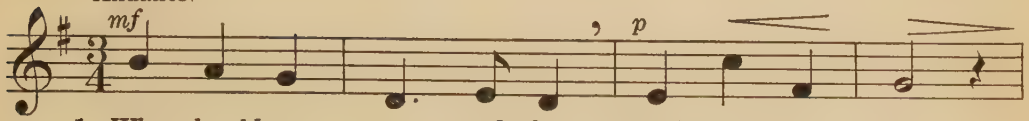

1. Fa - ther and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beam-ing thro'
2. Thy voice we hear, Thy pres - ence feel, Whilst Thou, too
3. We know not in what hal - lowed part Of the wide
4. Thy chil - dren shall not faint nor fear, Sus-tained by
all Thy works, we see; Thy glo-ry gilds the heav'ns a -
pure for mor - tal sight, Involved in clouds, in - vis - i -
heav'ns Thy throne may be; But this we know, that where Thou
this de - light - ful thought: Since Thou, their God, art ev - 'ry -
bove, And all the earth is full of Thee.
ble, Reign - est, the Lord of life and light.
art, Strength, wis - dom, good - ness dwell with Thee.
where, They can - not be where Thou art not.
*Refrain for all stanzas*
Thy glo - ry gilds the heav'ns a - bove, And
all the earth is full of Thee.

# Kathleen Aroon

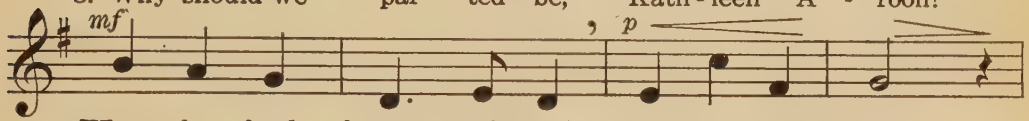
Mrs. Crawford

Franz Abt

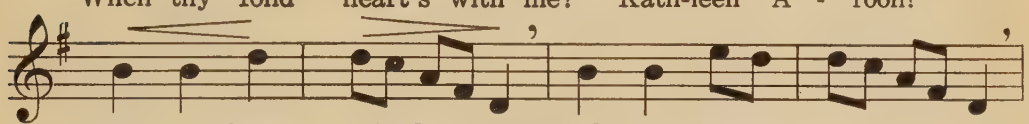
Andante



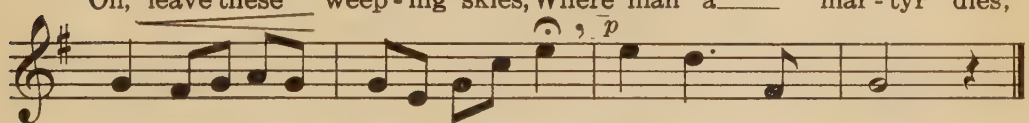

1. Why should we par - ted be, Kath - leen A - roon!
2. Give me thy gen - tle hand, Kath - leen A - roon!
3. Why should we par - ted be, Kath - leen A - roon!




When thy fond heart's with me? Kath-leen A - roon!
Come to the hap - py land, Kath-leen A - roon!
When thy fond heart's with me? Kath-leen A - roon!



Come to those gol - den skies; Bright days for__ us may rise;
Come o'er the waves with me; These hands shall toil for thee;
Oh, leave these weep - ing skies, Where man a___ mar - tyr dies;

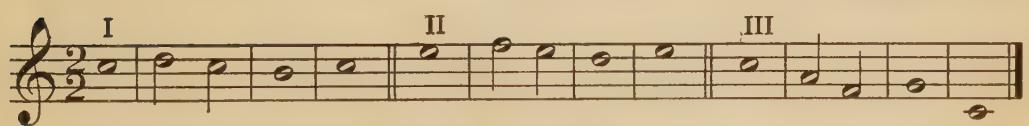



Oh, dry those tear - ful eyes, Kath-leen A - roon!
This heart will faith - ful be, Kath-leen A - roon!
Come, dry those weep - ing eyes, Kath-leen A - roon!

# White Sand and Gray

THREE-PART ROUND

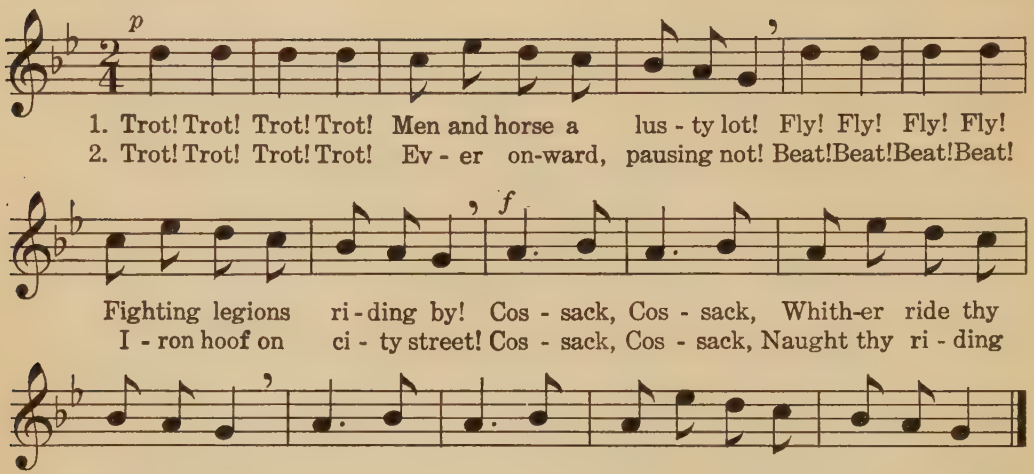
Old English Round




White sand and gray sand; Who'll buy my gray sand? Who'll buy my white sand?

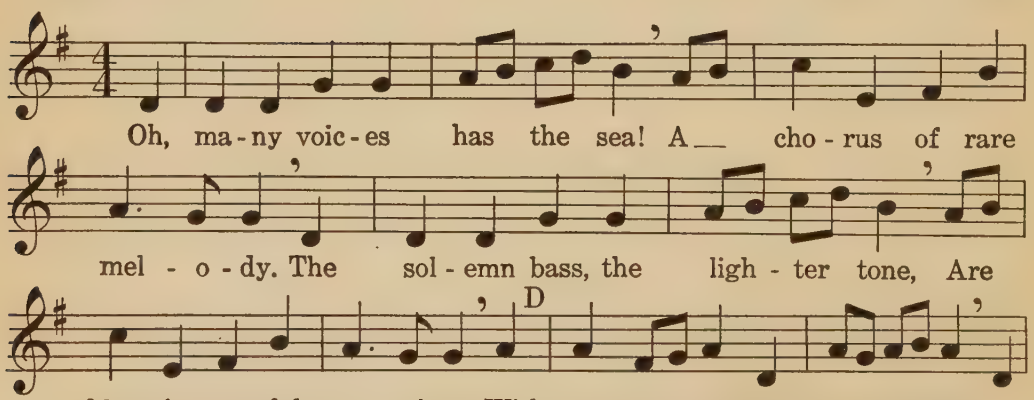
# Cossack Song

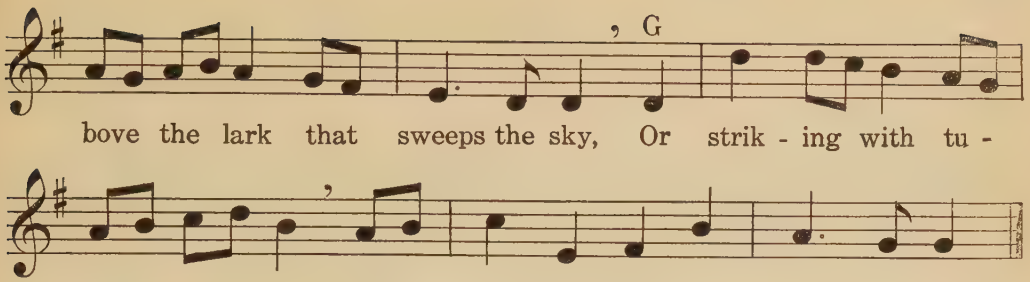
Seymour Barnard — Russian Folk Song


p
1. Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot! Men and horse a lus - ty lot! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!
2. Trot! Trot! Trot! Trot! Ev - er on-ward, pausing not! Beat! Beat! Beat! Beat!
f
Fighting legions ri - ding by! Cos - sack, Cos - sack, Whith-er ride thy
I - ron hoof on ci - ty street! Cos - sack, Cos - sack, Naught thy ri - ding
hordes a - way? Ev - er on - ward, Ev - er on - ward, night and day!
hosts can stay, Rush - ing on - ward, Ev - er on - ward, far a - way!

# The Singers of the Sea

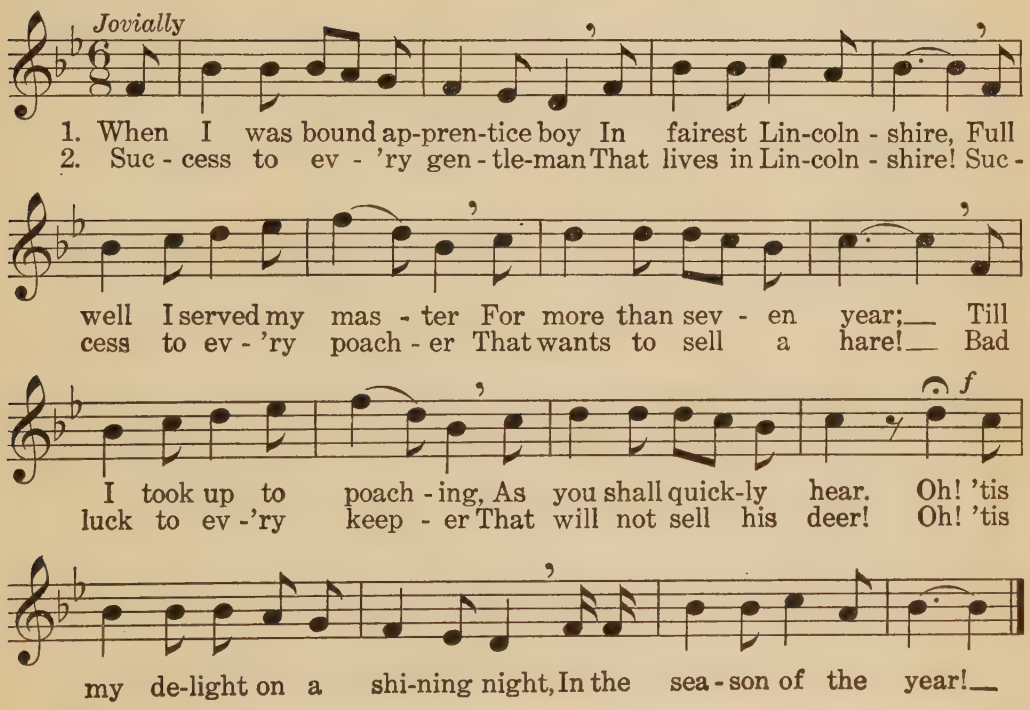
Josephine Pollard — English Folk Song


Oh, ma - ny voic - es has the sea! A cho - rus of rare
mel - o - dy. The sol - emn bass, the ligh - ter tone, Are
D
blent in tune-ful u - ni-son, With - out a discord; sounding high A -




# The Lincolnshire Poacher

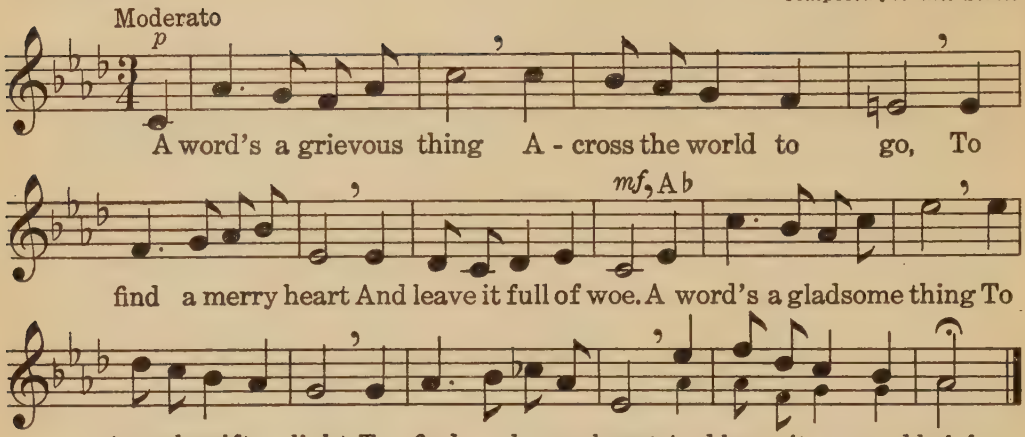
Traditional — English Folk Song


Jovially
1. When I was bound ap-pren-tice boy In fairest Lin-coln - shire, Full
2. Suc - cess to ev - 'ry gen - tle-man That lives in Lin-coln - shire! Suc -
well I served my mas - ter For more than sev - en year;— Till
cess to ev - 'ry poach - er That wants to sell a hare!— Bad
f
I took up to poach - ing, As you shall quick-ly hear. Oh! 'tis
luck to ev -'ry keep - er That will not sell his deer! Oh! 'tis
my de-light on a shi-ning night, In the sea - son of the year!—

# A Word

May Morgan

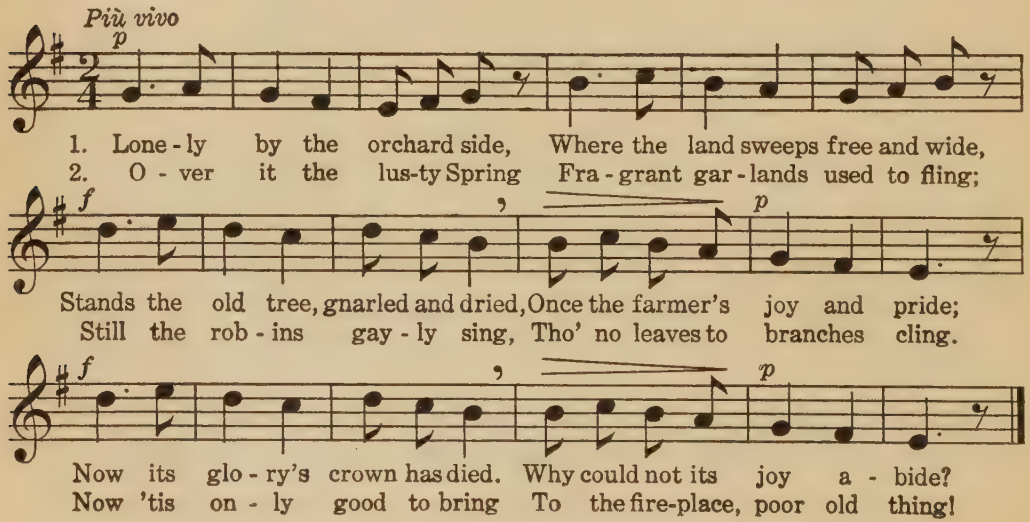
Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*


Moderato
p
A word's a grievous thing A - cross the world to go, To
mf, A♭
find a merry heart And leave it full of woe. A word's a gladsome thing To
travel swift as light, To find a heavy heart And leave it gay and bright.

# The Old Apple Tree

Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song

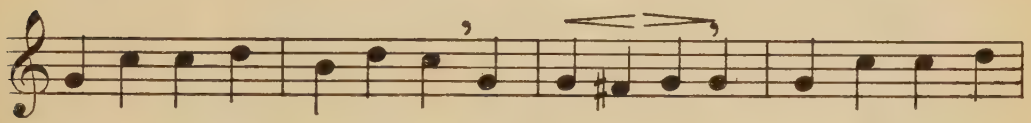

Più vivo
p
1. Lone - ly by the orchard side, Where the land sweeps free and wide,
2. O - ver it the lus-ty Spring Fra - grant gar - lands used to fling;
f
p
Stands the old tree, gnarled and dried, Once the farmer's joy and pride;
Still the rob - ins gay - ly sing, Tho' no leaves to branches cling.
f
p
Now its glo - ry's crown has died. Why could not its joy a - bide?
Now 'tis on - ly good to bring To the fire-place, poor old thing!

# The Nightingale

Traditional

English Folk Song

1. My love he was a far-mer's son, hm, hm, hm, hm, When
2. His fa-ther did con-trive it so, hm, hm, hm, hm, That
3. The four-teenth of No-vem-ber last, hm, hm, hm, hm, The
4. The ve-ry night my love was lost, hm, hm, hm, hm, Ap-
5. "O love-ly Nan-cy, cease sur-prise, hm, hm, hm, hm; In
6. I raised my head with star-tled cry, hm, hm, hm, hm; His
7. My fa-ther's dwell-ing I'll for-sake, hm, hm, hm, hm, And

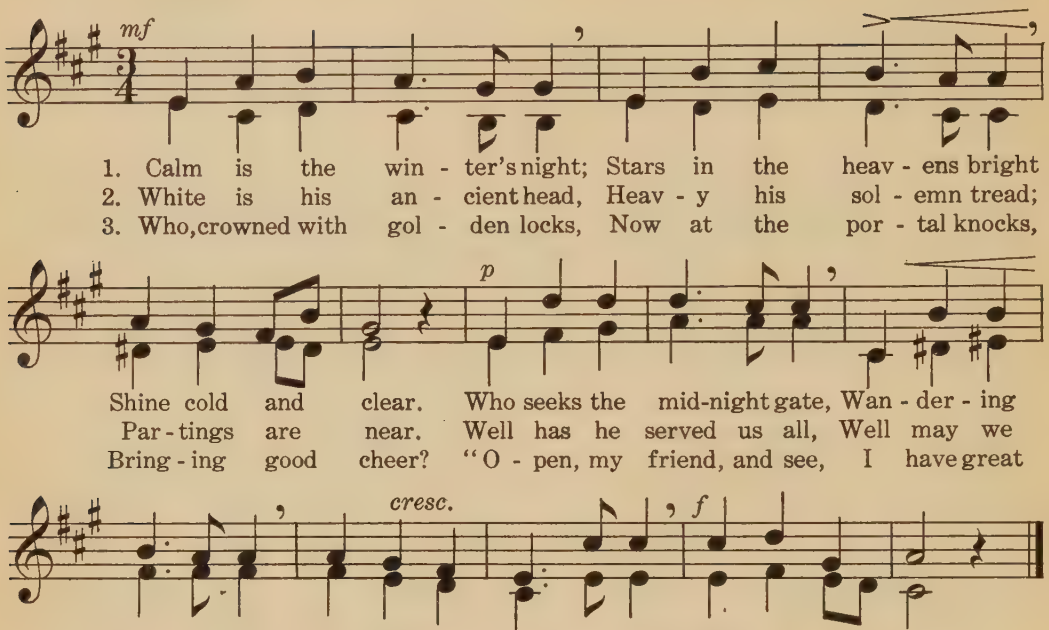


first my ten-der heart he won, hm, hm, hm, hm; His love to me he
this young lad to sea should go, hm, hm, hm, hm; He told the press-gang
wind it blew a bit-ter blast, hm, hm, hm, hm; My love was in the
peared to me his dead-ly ghost, hm, hm, hm, hm, In sail-or's dress and
Biscay's Bay my bo-dy lies, hm, hm, hm, hm, With all my mates who
pal-lid ghost from me did fly, hm, hm, hm, hm; I lit-tle tho't when
far a-way my way I'll take, hm, hm, hm, hm; By lonesome wood or

did re-veal, hm, hm, hm, hm, But lit-tle tho't of the Nigh-tin-gale.
not to fail, hm, hm, hm, hm, To press my love for the Nigh-tin-gale.
dreadful gale, hm, hm, hm, hm, And he went down in the Nigh-tin-gale.
vis-age pale, hm, hm, hm, hm, And told his fate in the Nigh-tin-gale.
once set sail, hm, hm, hm, hm, On board the ill-fa-ted Nigh-tin-gale."
he set sail, hm, hm, hm, hm, He'd end his days in the Nigh-tin-gale.
dis-tant vale, hm, hm, hm, hm, I'll mourn his fate in the Nigh-tin-gale.

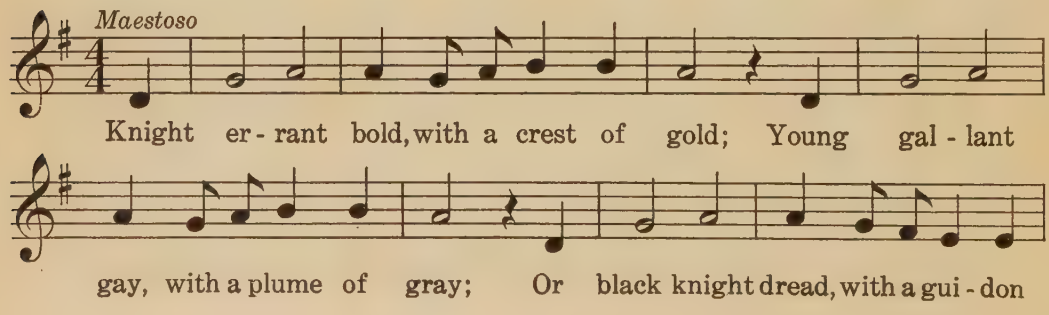
# New Year's Song

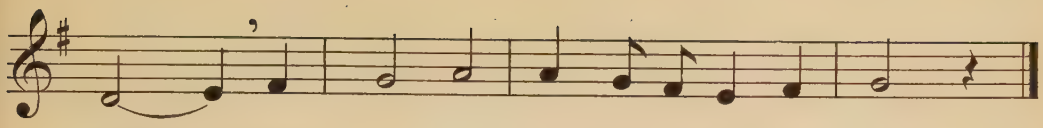
Kate Louise Brown — C. Meister


mf
1. Calm is the win - ter's night; Stars in the heav - ens bright
2. White is his an - cient head, Heav - y his sol - emn tread;
3. Who, crowned with gol - den locks, Now at the por - tal knocks,
p
Shine cold and clear. Who seeks the mid-night gate, Wan - der - ing
Par - tings are near. Well has he served us all, Well may we
Bring - ing good cheer? "O - pen, my friend, and see, I have great
cresc.
f
far and late? No lon - ger can he wait, Wea - ry Old Year.
fond - ly call, "Blessings up - on thee fall, Faith - ful Old Year."
gifts for thee; O - pen and wel-come me, Hap - py New Year."

# In the Lists

Seymour Barnard — Ancient Gaelic Song


Maestoso
Knight er - rant bold, with a crest of gold; Young gal - lant
gay, with a plume of gray; Or black knight dread, with a gui - don

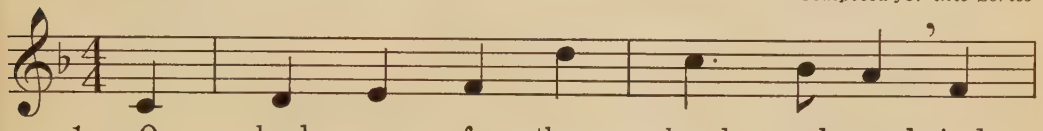


red; ___ Who'll vic - tor be in the lists to - day?

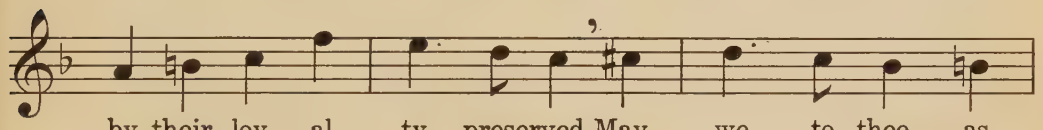
# Patriotic Hymn

May Morgan

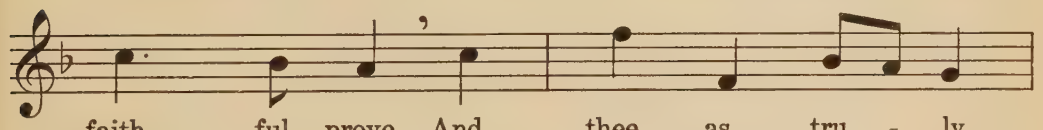
W. Otto Miessner
*Composed for this Series*



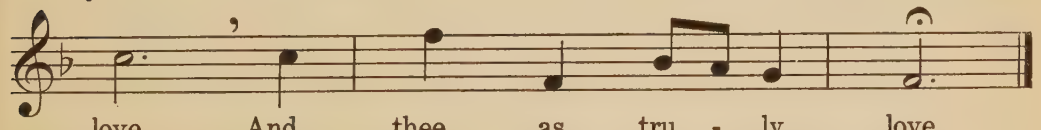
1. O land our fa - thers loved and served, And
2. With fer - vor deep and joy - ous praise, Un -
3. May jus - tice be thy con - stant guide, And
4. From foes with - out and foes with - in, From



by their loy - al - ty preserved, May we to thee as
to our fa - thers' God we raise A prayer that thou mayst
pu - ri - ty with thee a - bide; May peace and plen - ty
lust of pow'r and se - cret sin, God keep thee safe from



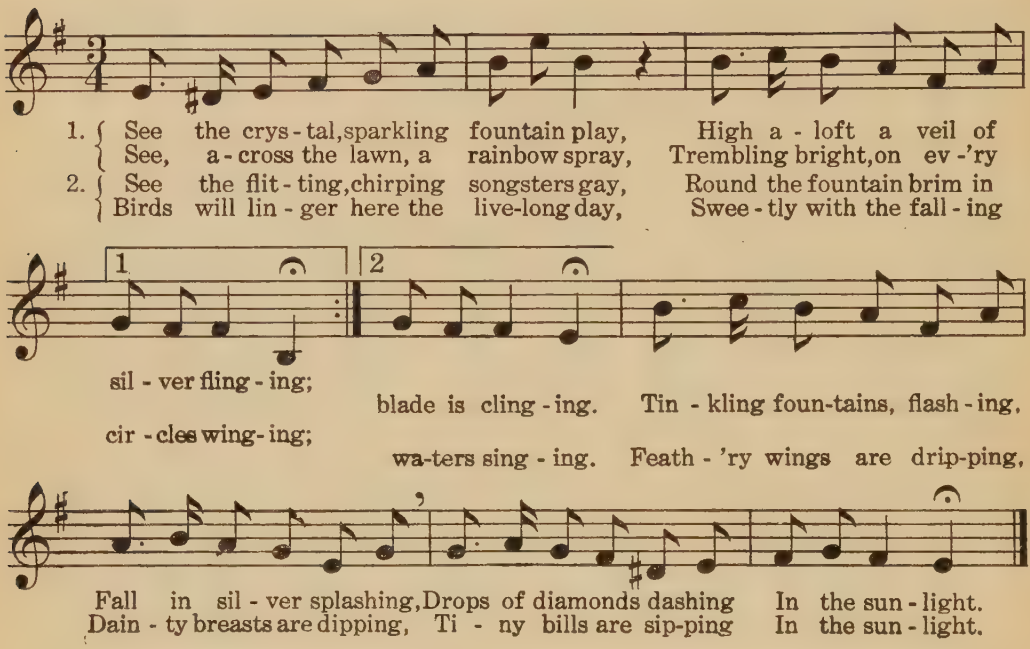
faith - ful prove And thee as tru - ly
ev - er be A ref - uge for the
ev - er - more On thee their bless - ings
year to year, O Fa - ther - land most



love, And thee as tru - ly love
free, A ref - uge for the free.
pour, On thee their bless - ings pour.
dear, O Fa - ther - land most dear.

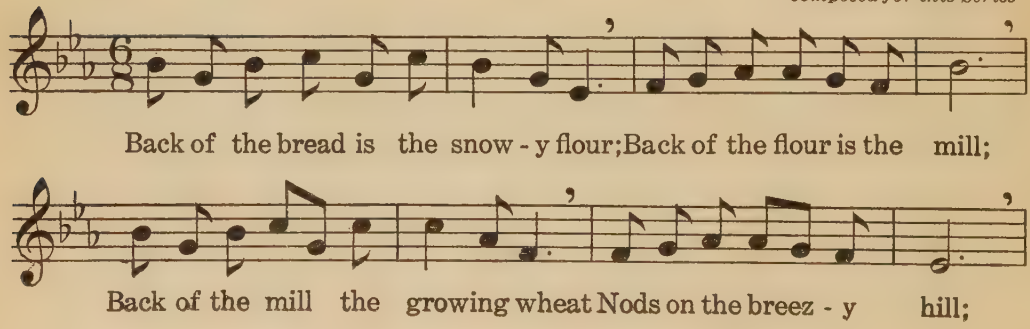
# The Fountain and the Birds

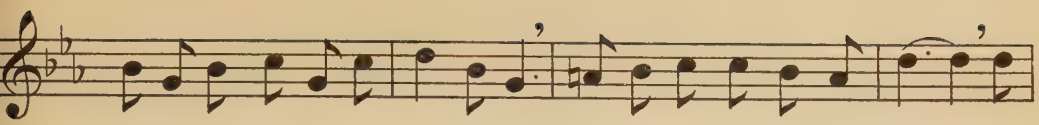
Ethel B. Howard — Swedish Folk Song

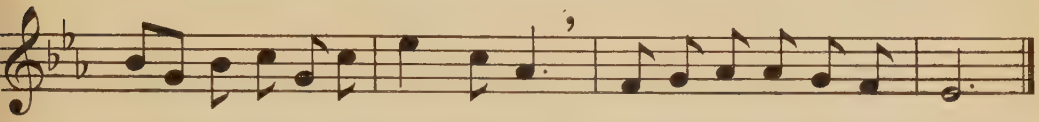

1. See the crys-tal, sparkling fountain play, High a-loft a veil of
See, a-cross the lawn, a rainbow spray, Trembling bright, on ev-'ry
2. See the flit-ting, chirping songsters gay, Round the fountain brim in
Birds will lin-ger here the live-long day, Swee-tly with the fall-ing
1
2
sil-ver fling-ing;
blade is cling-ing. Tin-kling foun-tains, flash-ing,
cir-cles wing-ing;
wa-ters sing-ing. Feath-'ry wings are drip-ping,
Fall in sil-ver splashing, Drops of diamonds dashing In the sun-light.
Dain-ty breasts are dipping, Ti-ny bills are sip-ping In the sun-light.

# Back of the Bread

Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*



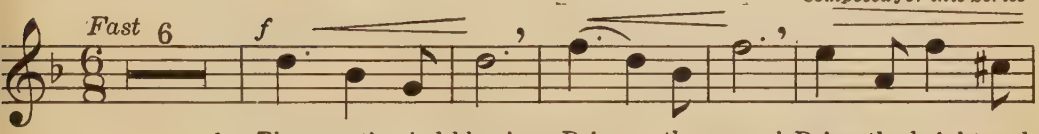


O-ver the wheat is the glowing sun, Rip'ning the heart of the grain; A-

bove the sun is the gracious God, Sending the sunlight and rain.

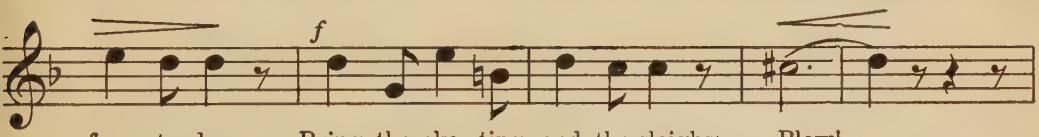
# Song of the Winds

May Morgan

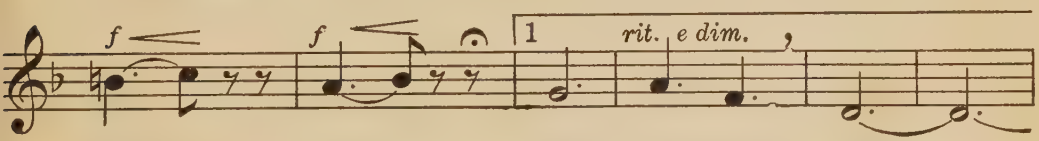
W. Otto Miessner
*Composed for this Series*



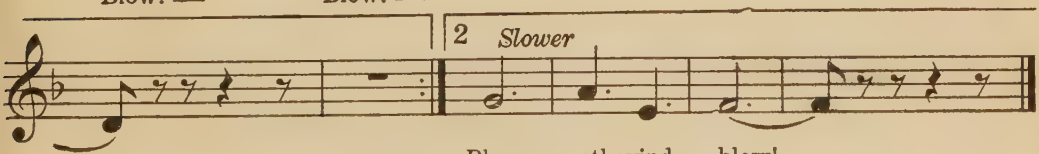

1. Blow, north wind, blow! Bring the snow! Bring the bright and
2. Blow, south wind, blow! Melt — the snow! Bring a - gain the




fros - ty days; Bring the ska - ting and the sleighs; Blow!—
humming bees; Bring the birds and budding trees; Blow!—

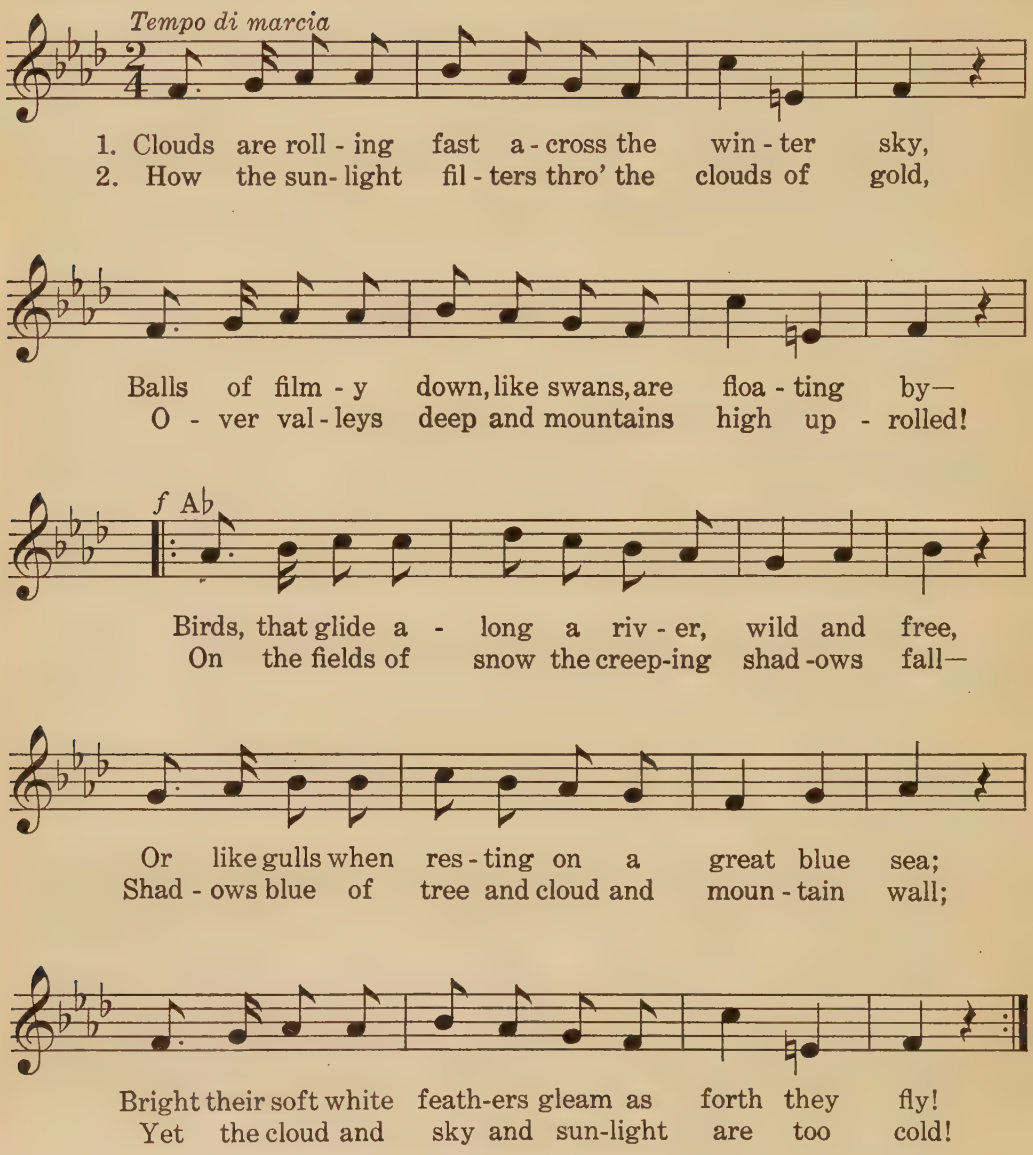



Blow! — Blow! — Blow, north wind, blow!—
Blow! — Blow! —




Blow, south wind, blow!—

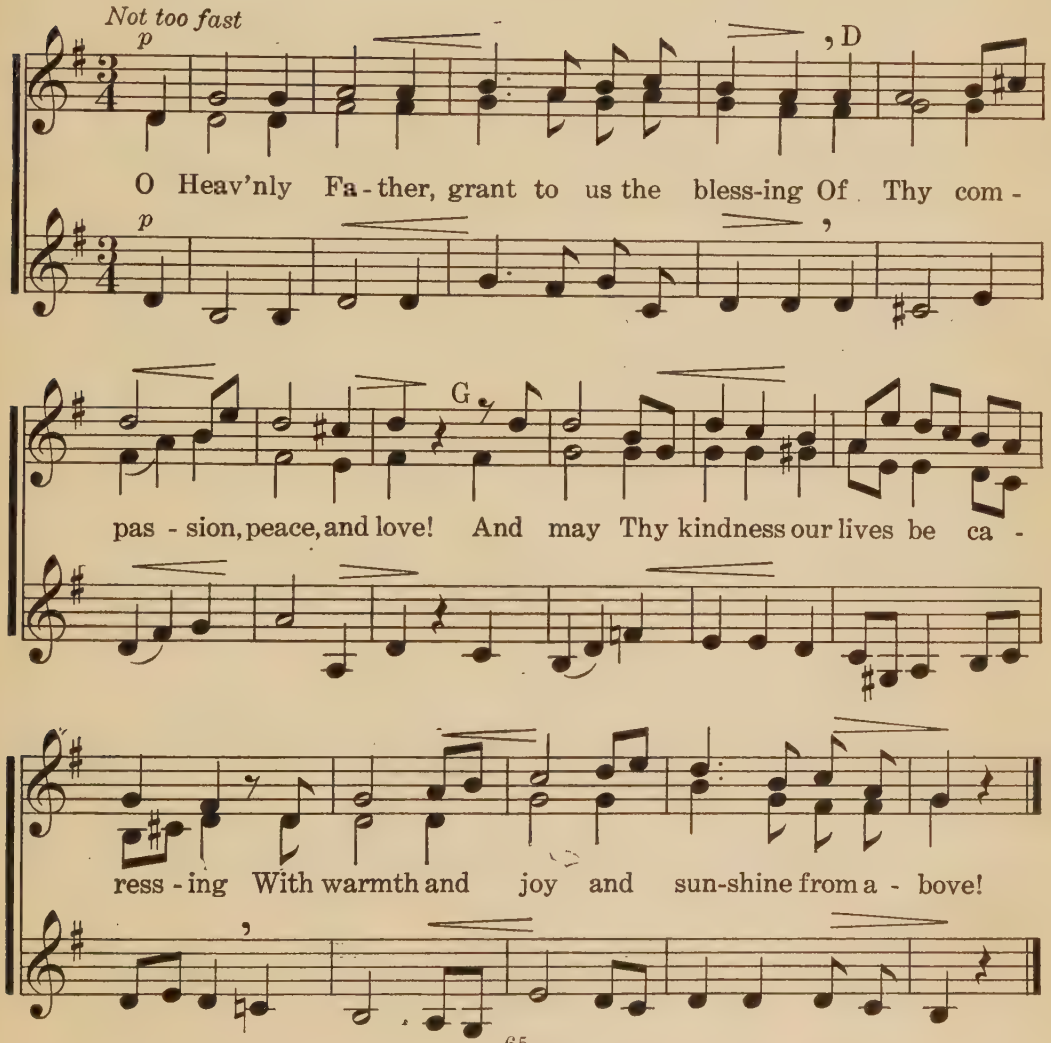
# Winter Clouds

Margaret Aliona Dole — Hungarian Folk Song

Tempo di marcia
1. Clouds are roll - ing fast a - cross the win - ter sky,
2. How the sun- light fil - ters thro' the clouds of gold,
Balls of film - y down, like swans, are floa - ting by—
O - ver val - leys deep and mountains high up - rolled!
f Ab
Birds, that glide a - long a riv - er, wild and free,
On the fields of snow the creep-ing shad -ows fall—
Or like gulls when res - ting on a great blue sea;
Shad - ows blue of tree and cloud and moun - tain wall;
Bright their soft white feath-ers gleam as forth they fly!
Yet the cloud and sky and sun-light are too cold!

# Prayer

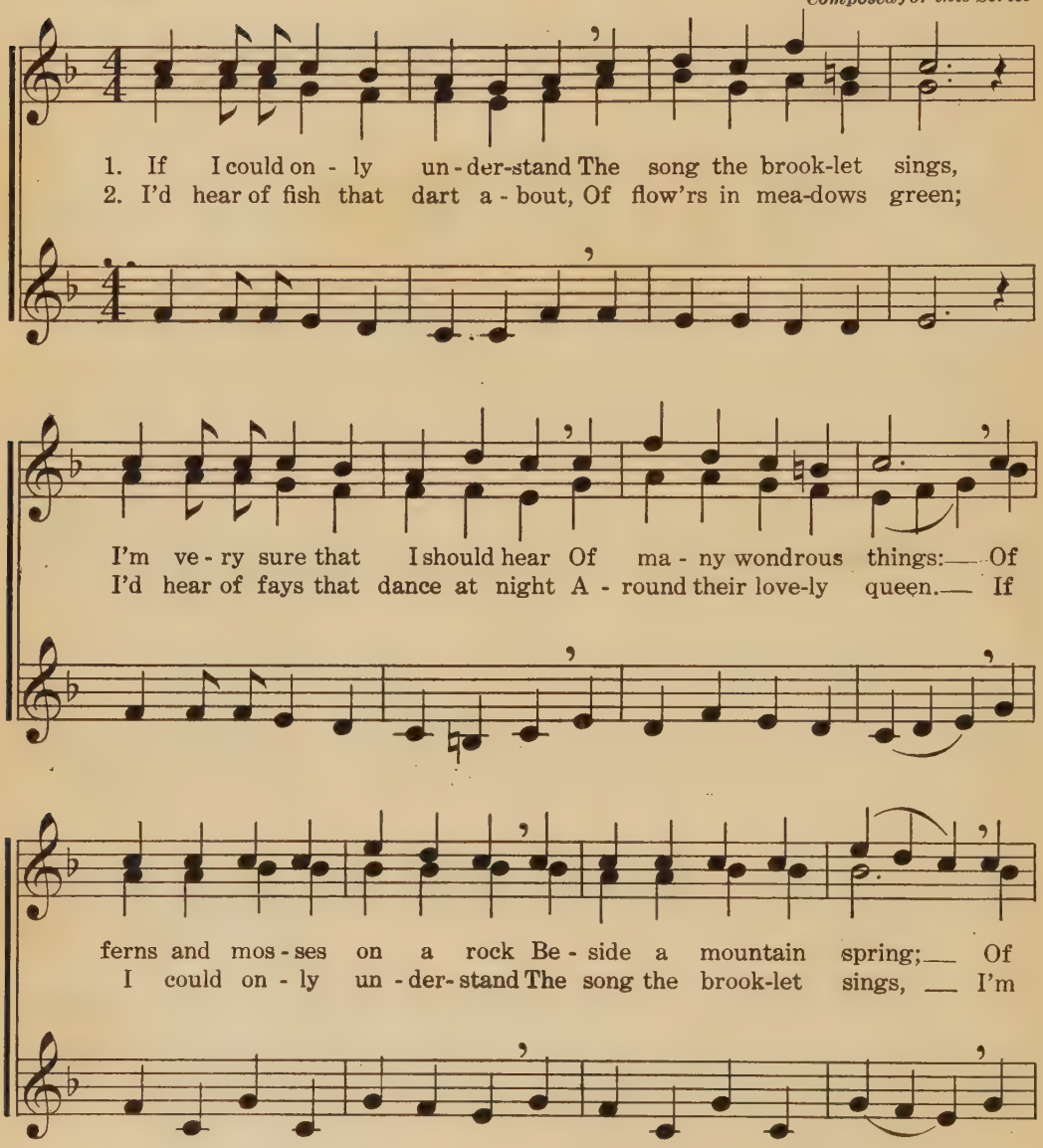
George Jay Smith
*From the German*

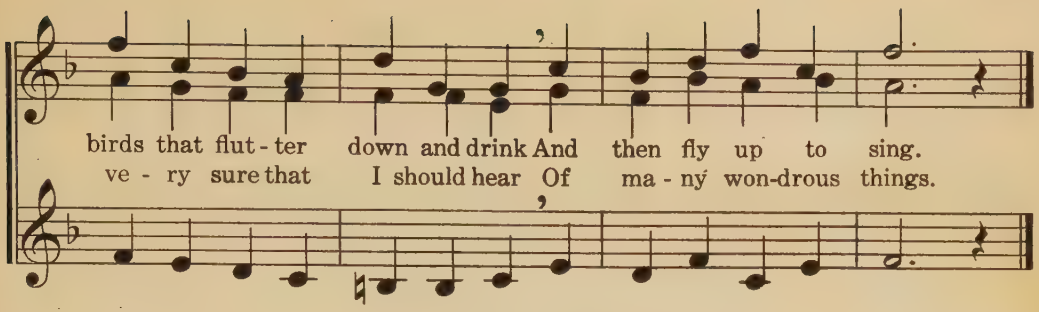
Ludwig van Beethoven


Not too fast
p
D
O Heav'nly Fa - ther, grant to us the bless-ing Of Thy com -
p
G
pas - sion, peace, and love! And may Thy kindness our lives be ca -
ress - ing With warmth and joy and sun-shine from a - bove!

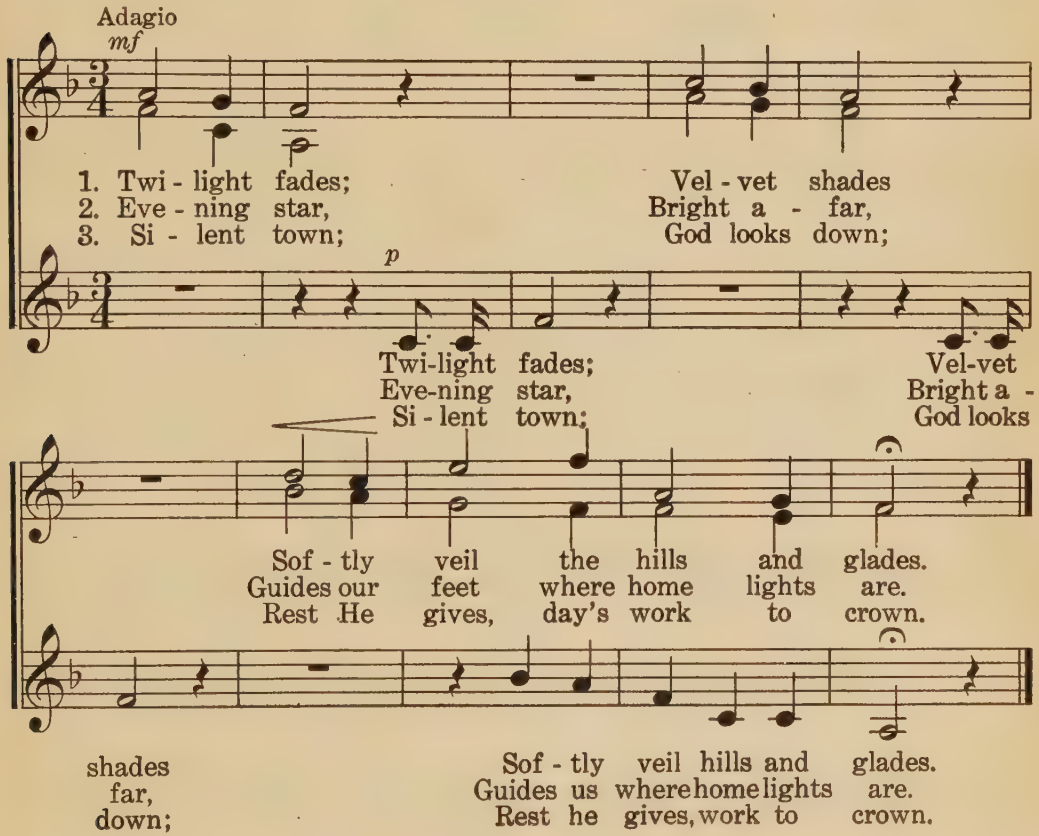
# Song of the Brook

May Morgan

Paul Bliss
*Composed for this Series*

1. If I could on - ly un - der-stand The song the brook-let sings,
2. I'd hear of fish that dart a - bout, Of flow'rs in mea-dows green;
I'm ve - ry sure that I should hear Of ma - ny wondrous things:— Of
I'd hear of fays that dance at night A - round their love-ly queen.— If
ferns and mos - ses on a rock Be - side a mountain spring;— Of
I could on - ly un - der- stand The song the brook-let sings, — I'm



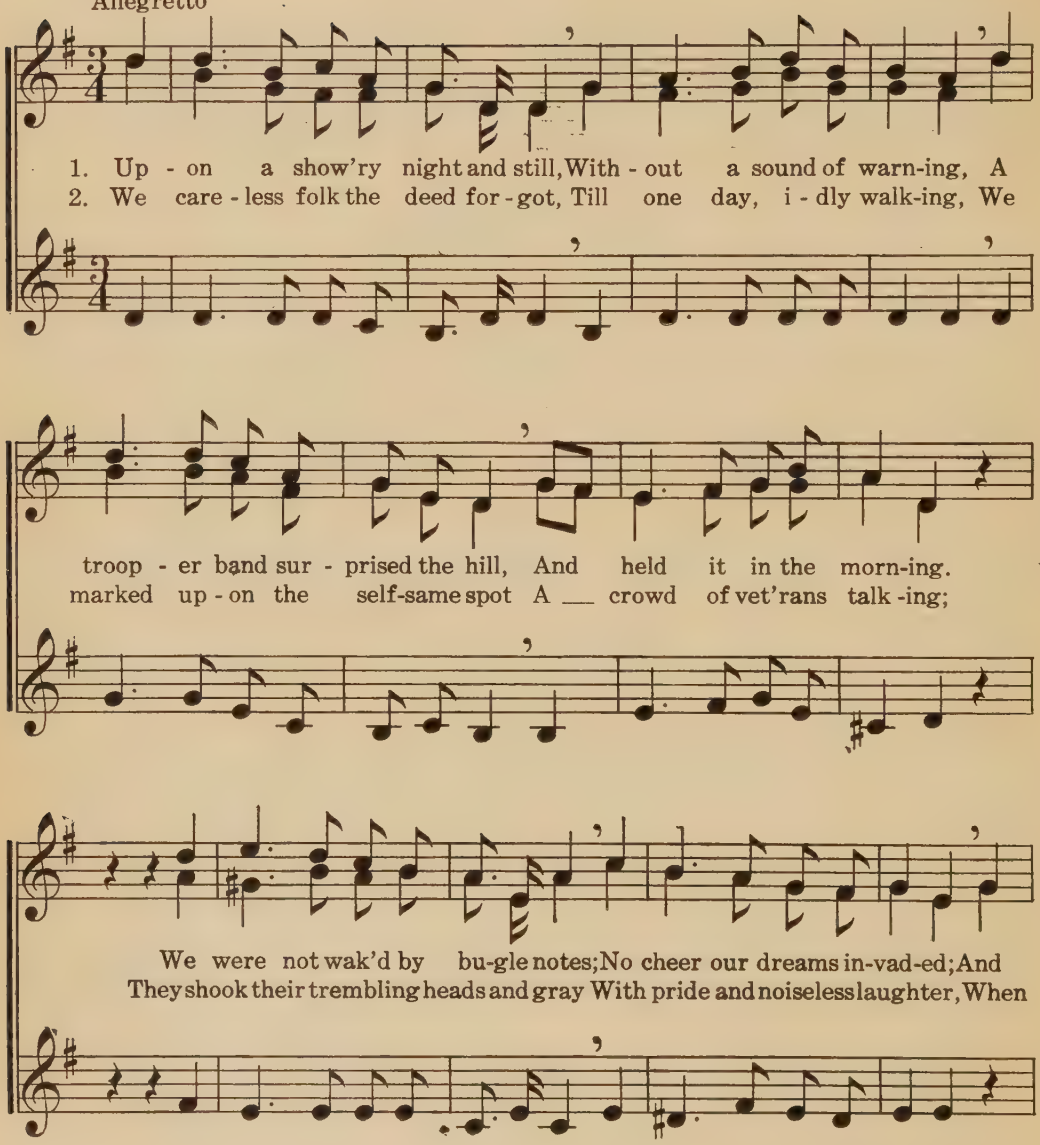

# Good Night

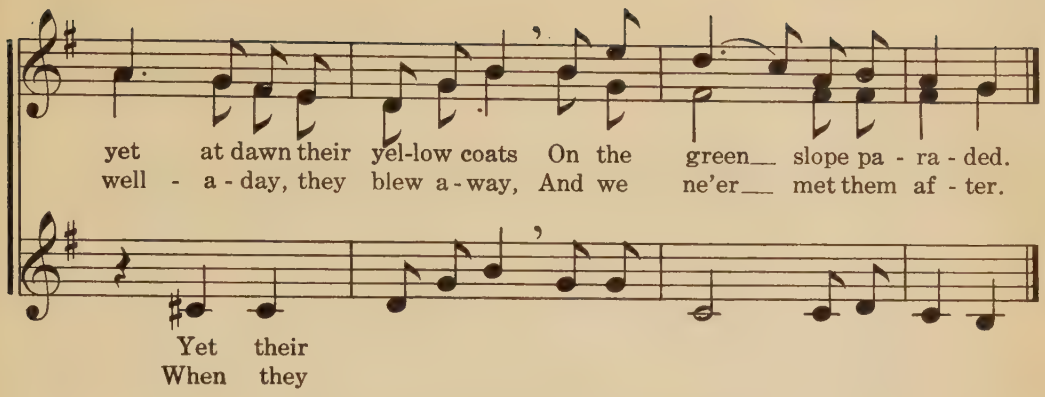
Ethel B. Howard H. J. Dryer

Adagio
mf
1. Twi - light fades; Vel - vet shades
2. Eve - ning star, Bright a - far,
3. Si - lent town; God looks down;
p
Twi-light fades; Vel-vet
Eve-ning star, Bright a -
Si - lent town; God looks
Sof - tly veil the hills and glades.
Guides our feet where home lights are.
Rest He gives, day's work to crown.
shades Sof - tly veil hills and glades.
far, Guides us where home lights are.
down; Rest he gives, work to crown.

# The Dandelions

Helen Gray Cone

George W. Chadwick
*Composed for this Series*

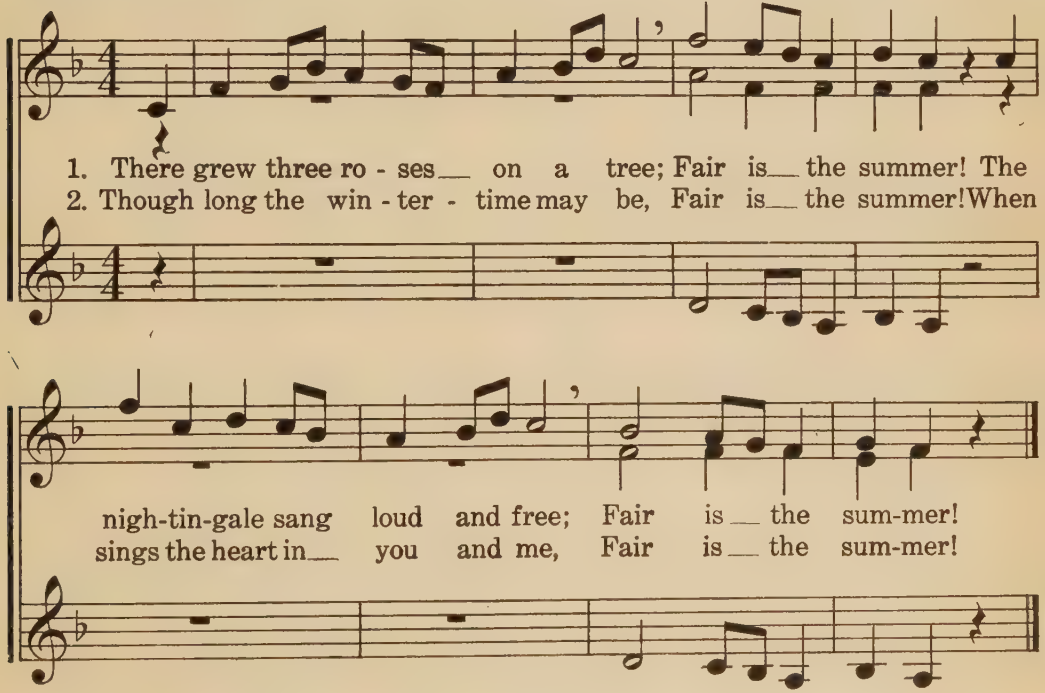
Allegretto

1. Up - on a show'ry night and still, With - out a sound of warn-ing, A
troop - er band sur - prised the hill, And held it in the morn-ing.
2. We care - less folk the deed for - got, Till one day, i - dly walk-ing, We
marked up - on the self-same spot A ___ crowd of vet'rans talk -ing;
We were not wak'd by bu-gle notes; No cheer our dreams in-vad-ed; And
They shook their trembling heads and gray With pride and noiseless laughter, When


yet at dawn their yel-low coats On the green slope pa - ra - ded.
well - a - day, they blew a - way, And we ne'er met them af - ter.
Yet their
When they

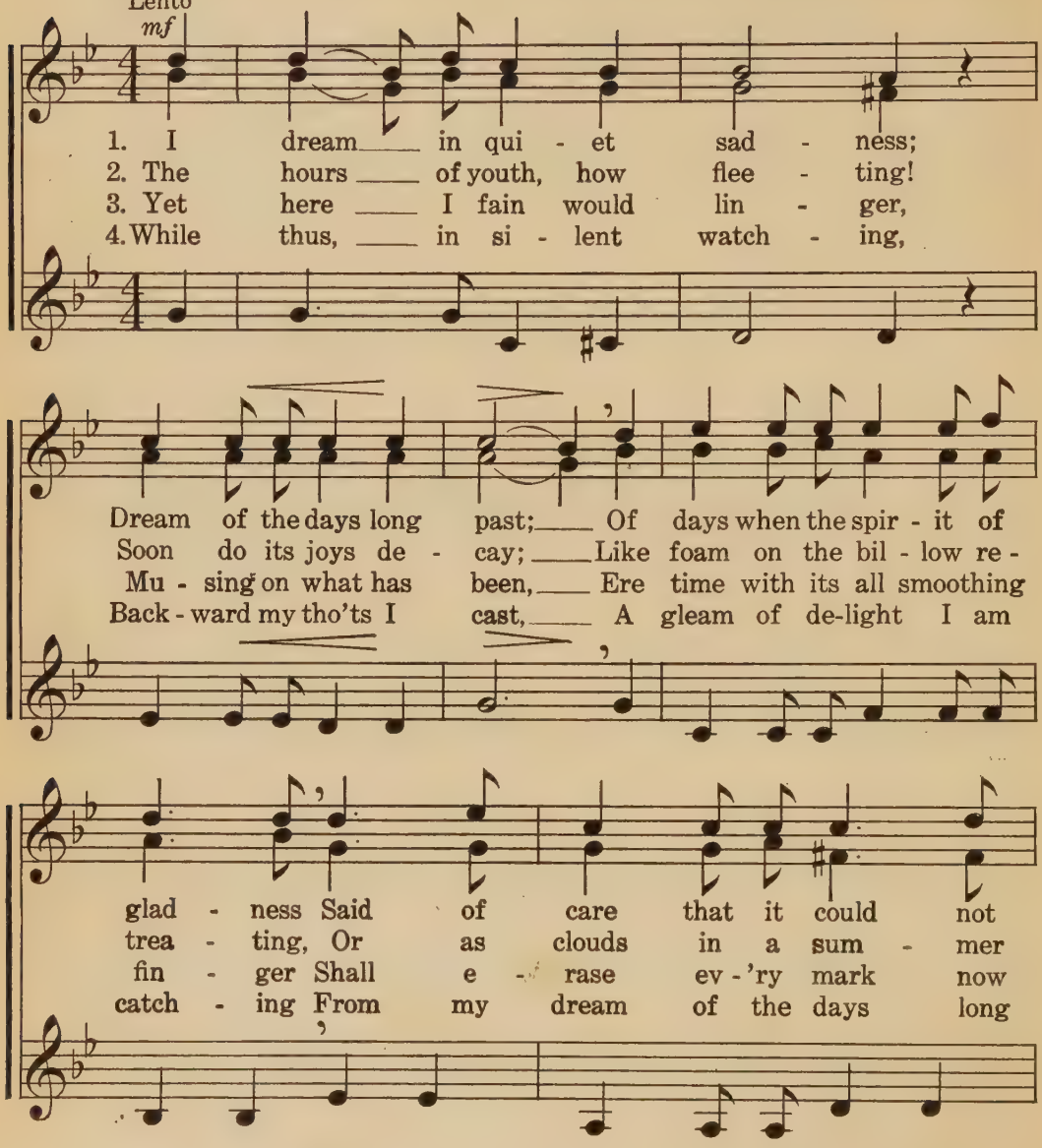
# Fair is the Summer

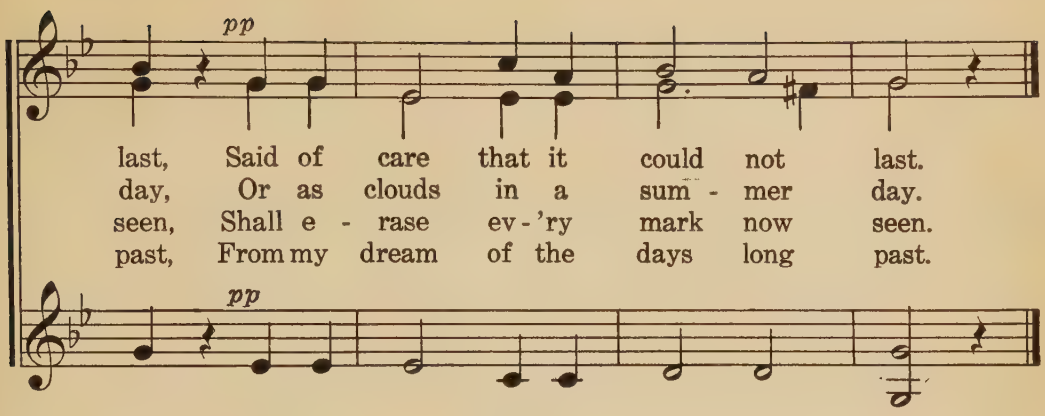
Abbie Farwell Brown
*From the German*

Old German Minnelied


1. There grew three ro - ses on a tree; Fair is the summer! The
2. Though long the win - ter - time may be, Fair is the summer! When
nigh-tin-gale sang loud and free; Fair is the sum-mer!
sings the heart in you and me, Fair is the sum-mer!

# I Dream in Quiet Sadness

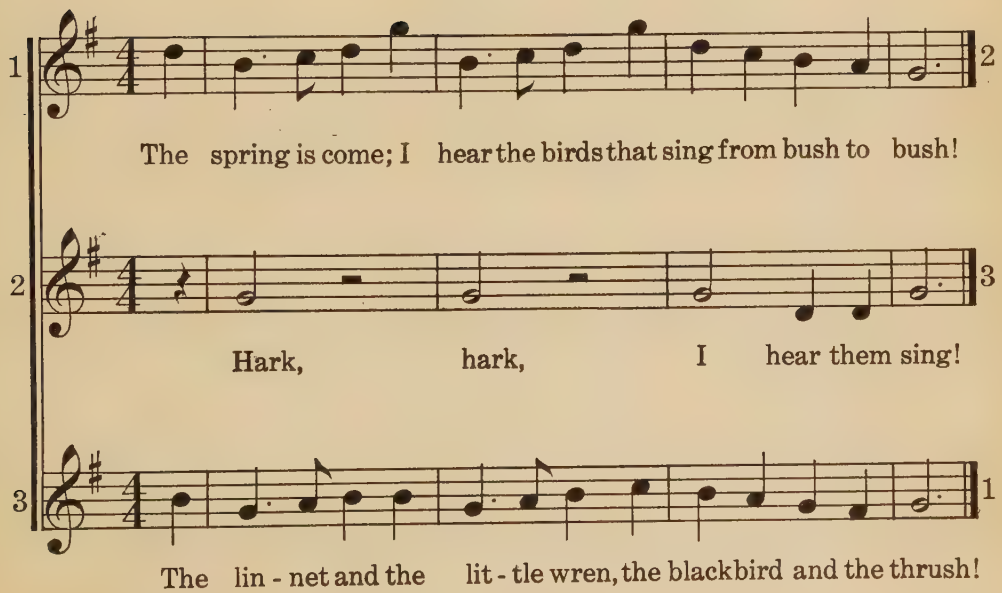
A. J. Foxwell — C. W. von Gluck

Lento
mf
1. I dream in qui - et sad - ness;
2. The hours of youth, how flee - ting!
3. Yet here I fain would lin - ger,
4. While thus, in si - lent watch - ing,
Dream of the days long past; Of days when the spir - it of
Soon do its joys de - cay; Like foam on the bil - low re -
Mu - sing on what has been, Ere time with its all smoothing
Back - ward my tho'ts I cast, A gleam of de-light I am
glad - ness Said of care that it could not
trea - ting, Or as clouds in a sum - mer
fin - ger Shall e - rase ev - 'ry mark now
catch - ing From my dream of the days long


pp
last, Said of care that it could not last.
day, Or as clouds in a sum - mer day.
seen, Shall e - rase ev-'ry mark now seen.
past, From my dream of the days long past.
pp

# The Spring

THREE-PART ROUND

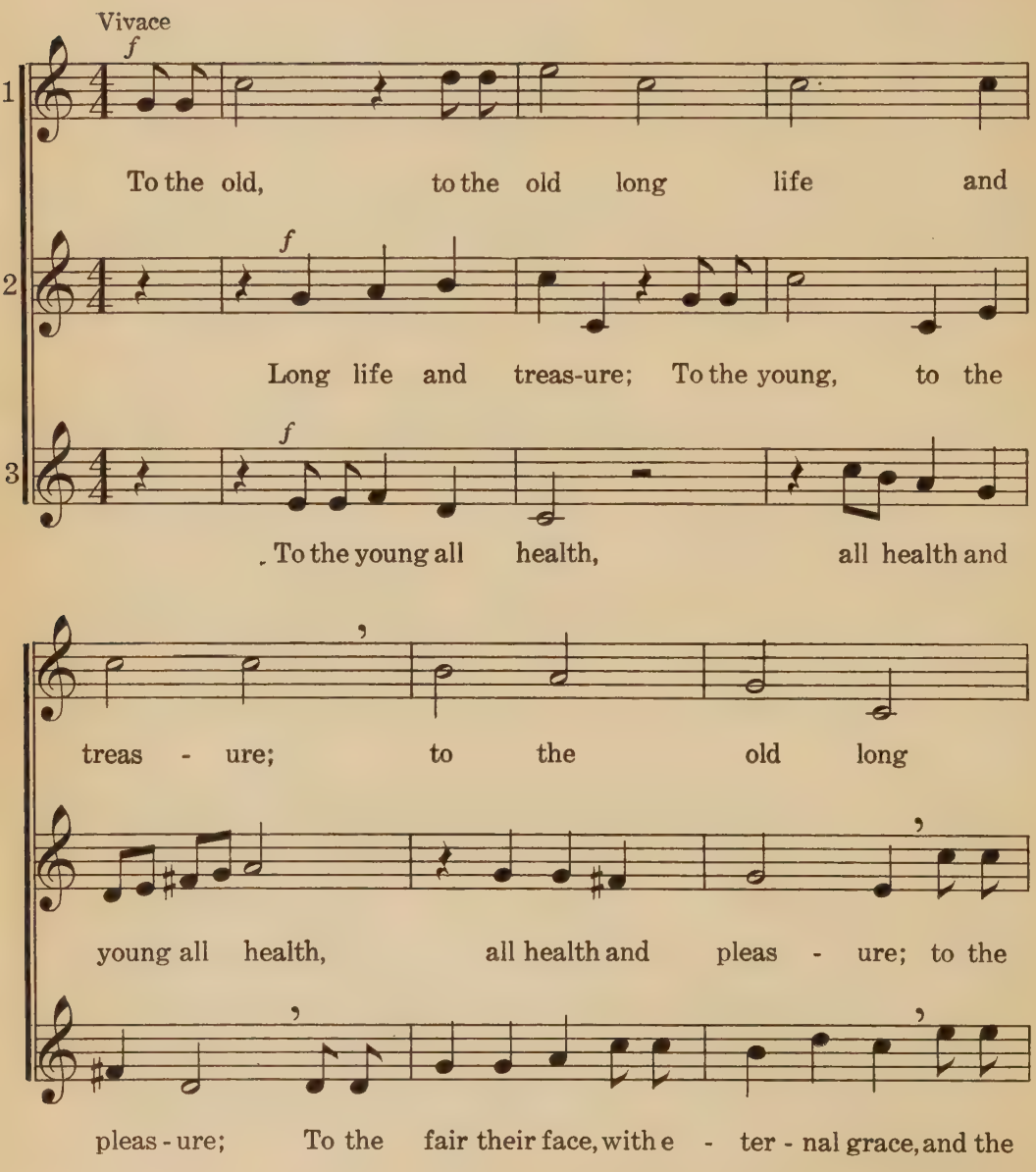
Dr. Hayes

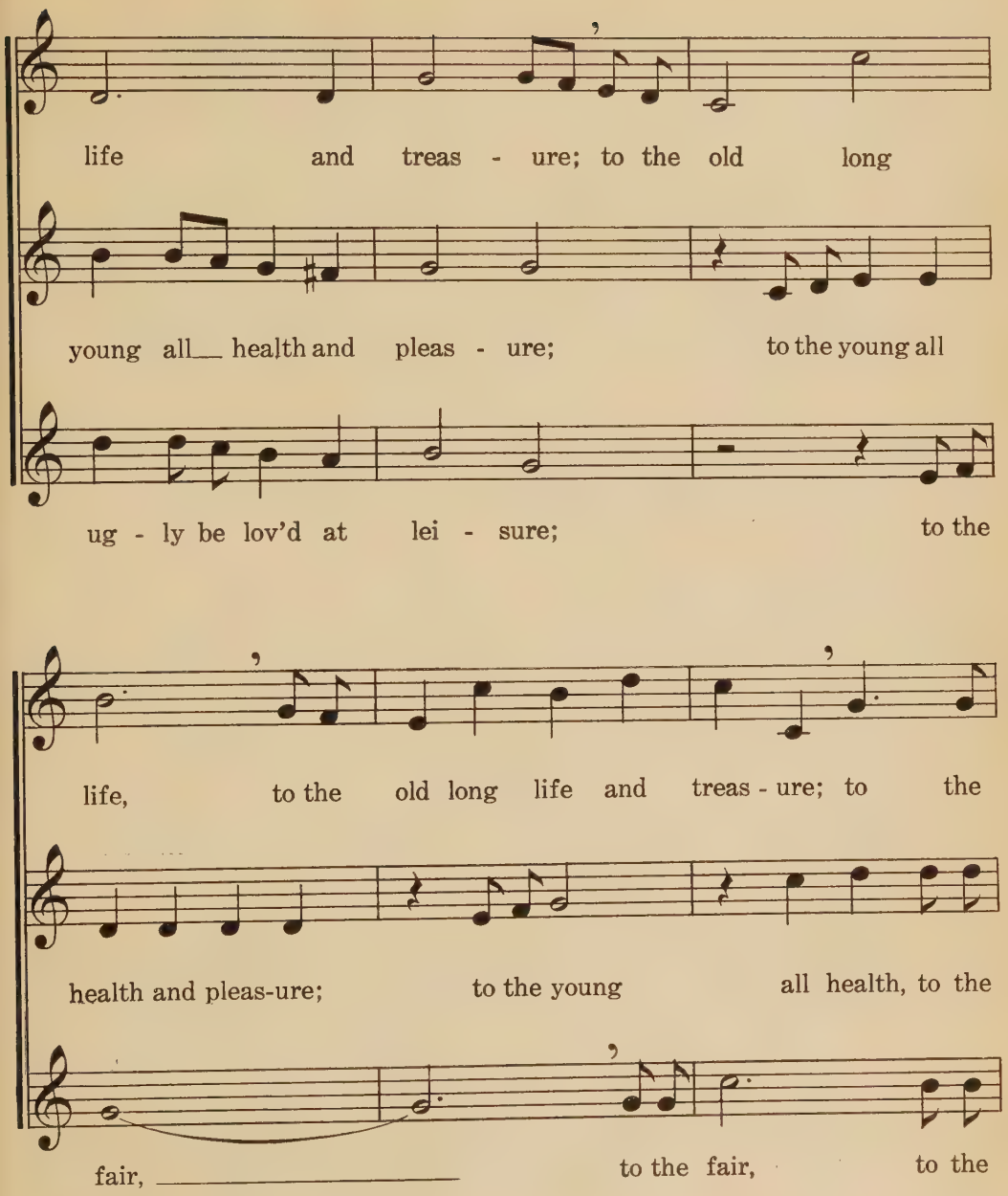

1
2
3
The spring is come; I hear the birds that sing from bush to bush!
Hark, hark, I hear them sing!
The lin - net and the lit - tle wren, the blackbird and the thrush!

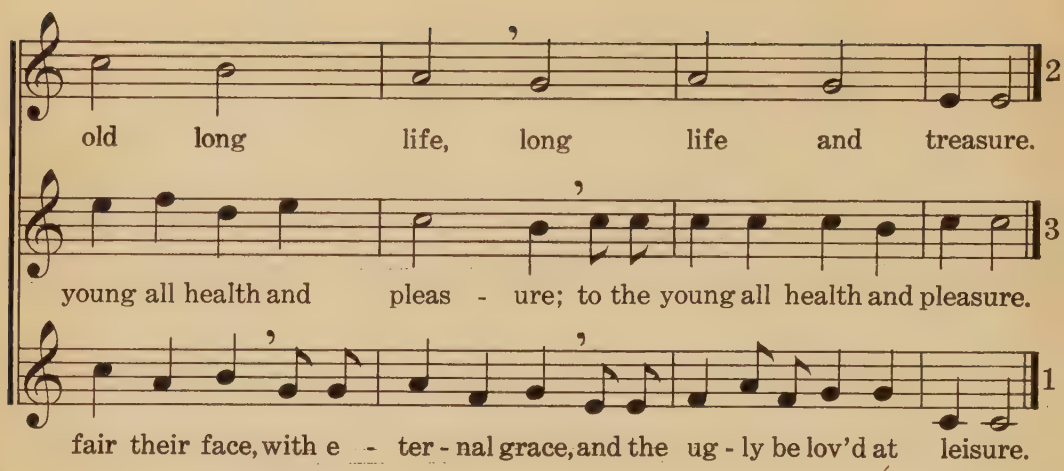
# To the Old Long Life

THREE-PART ROUND

Samuel Webbe


Vivace
f
1
To the old, to the old long life and
f
2
Long life and treas-ure; To the young, to the
f
3
To the young all health, all health and
treas - ure; to the old long
young all health, all health and pleas - ure; to the
pleas - ure; To the fair their face, with e - ter - nal grace, and the

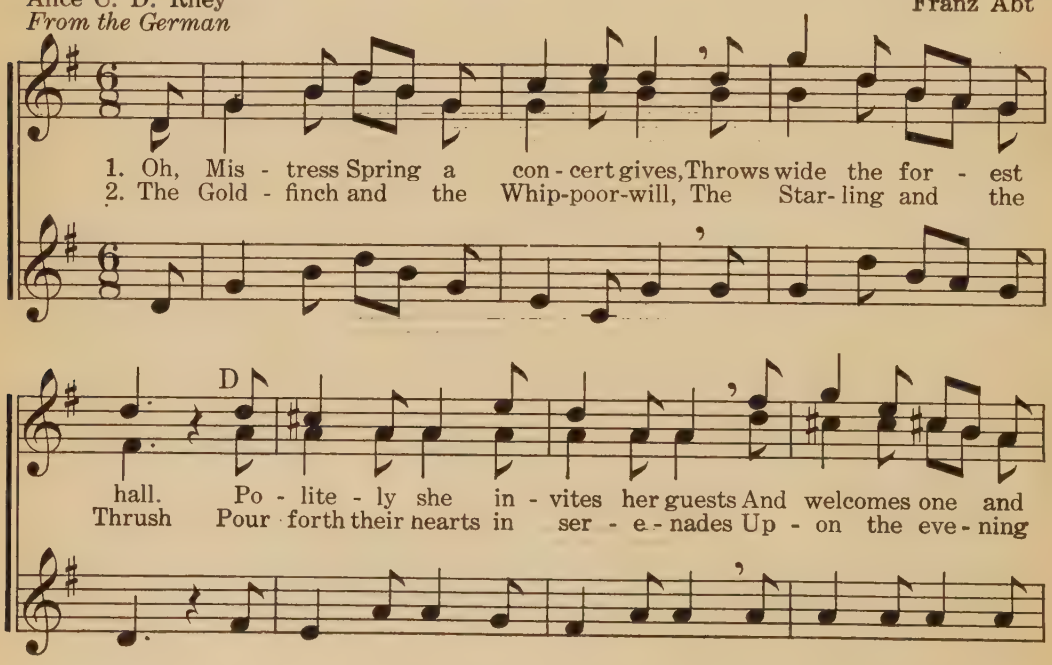

life and treas - ure; to the old long
young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all
ug - ly be lov'd at lei - sure; to the
life, to the old long life and treas - ure; to the
health and pleas-ure; to the young all health, to the
fair, to the fair, to the

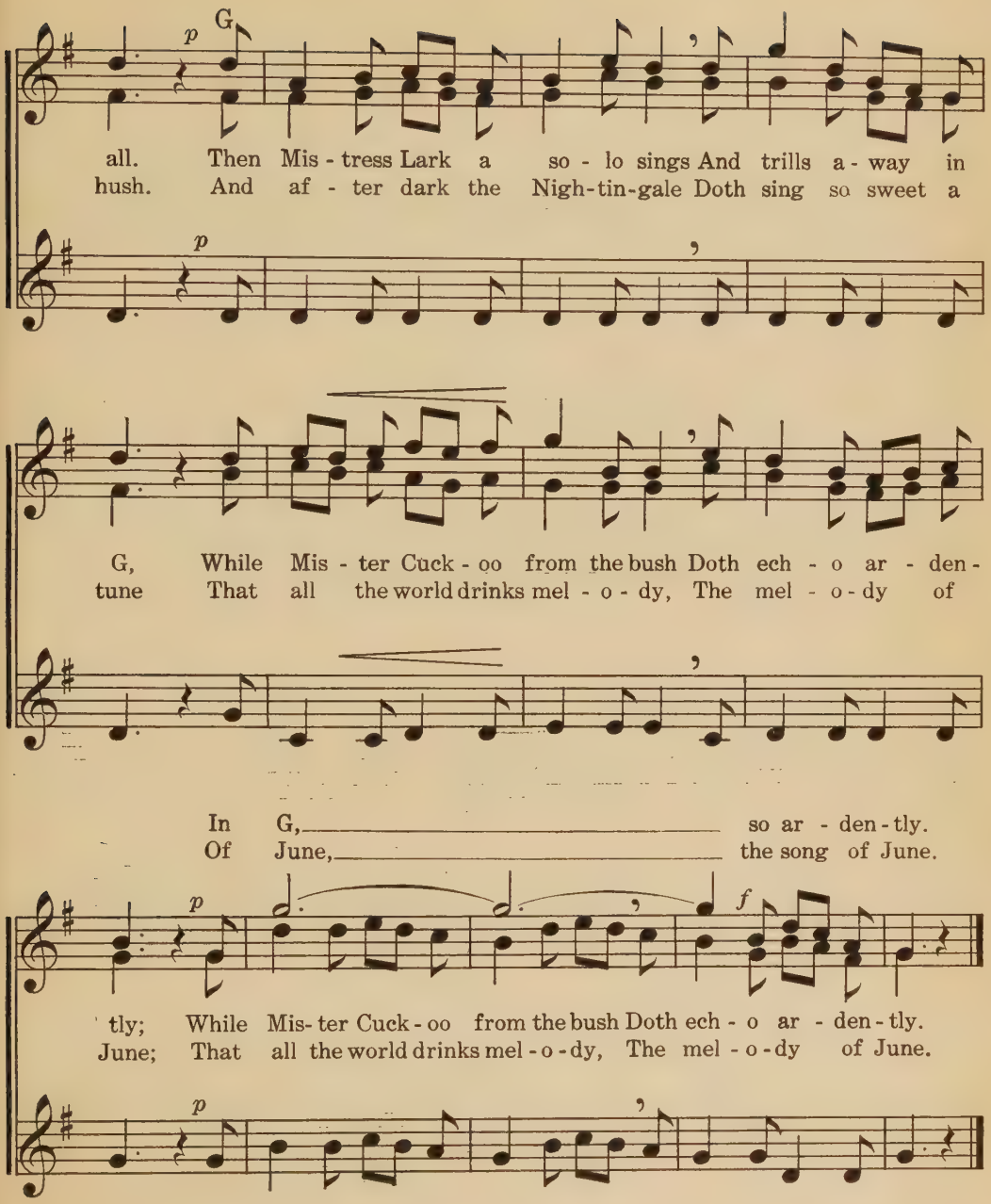

2
old long life, long life and treasure.
3
young all health and pleas - ure; to the young all health and pleasure.
1
fair their face, with e - ter - nal grace, and the ug - ly be lov'd at leisure.

# The Forest Concert

Alice C. D. Riley
*From the German*

Franz Abt

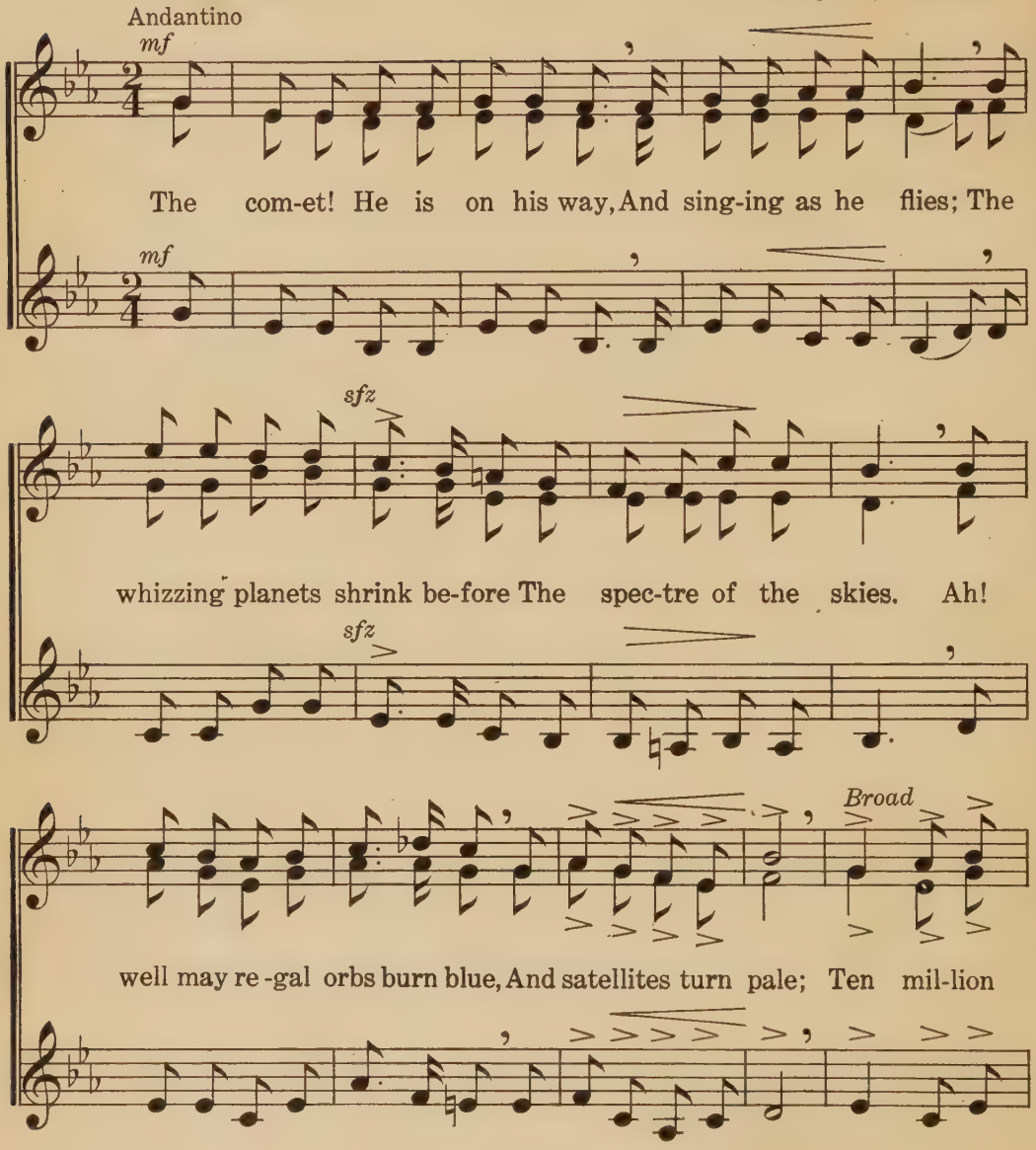

1. Oh, Mis - tress Spring a con - cert gives, Throws wide the for - est
2. The Gold - finch and the Whip-poor-will, The Star - ling and the
D
hall. Po - lite - ly she in - vites her guests And welcomes one and
Thrush Pour forth their hearts in ser - e - nades Up - on the eve - ning

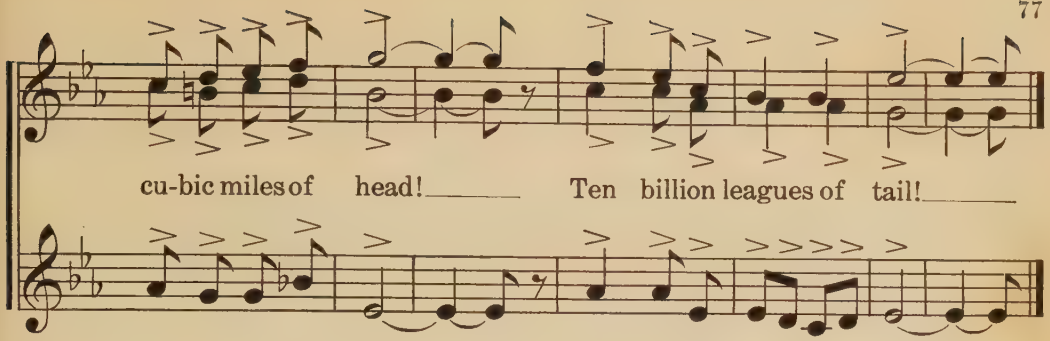

p
G
all. Then Mis - tress Lark a so - lo sings And trills a - way in
hush. And af - ter dark the Nigh-tin-gale Doth sing so sweet a
G, While Mis - ter Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den -
tune That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of
In G, so ar - den - tly.
Of June, the song of June.
p
f
tly; While Mis - ter Cuck - oo from the bush Doth ech - o ar - den - tly.
June; That all the world drinks mel - o - dy, The mel - o - dy of June.
p

# The Comet

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Margaret Ruthven Lang
*Composed for this Series*

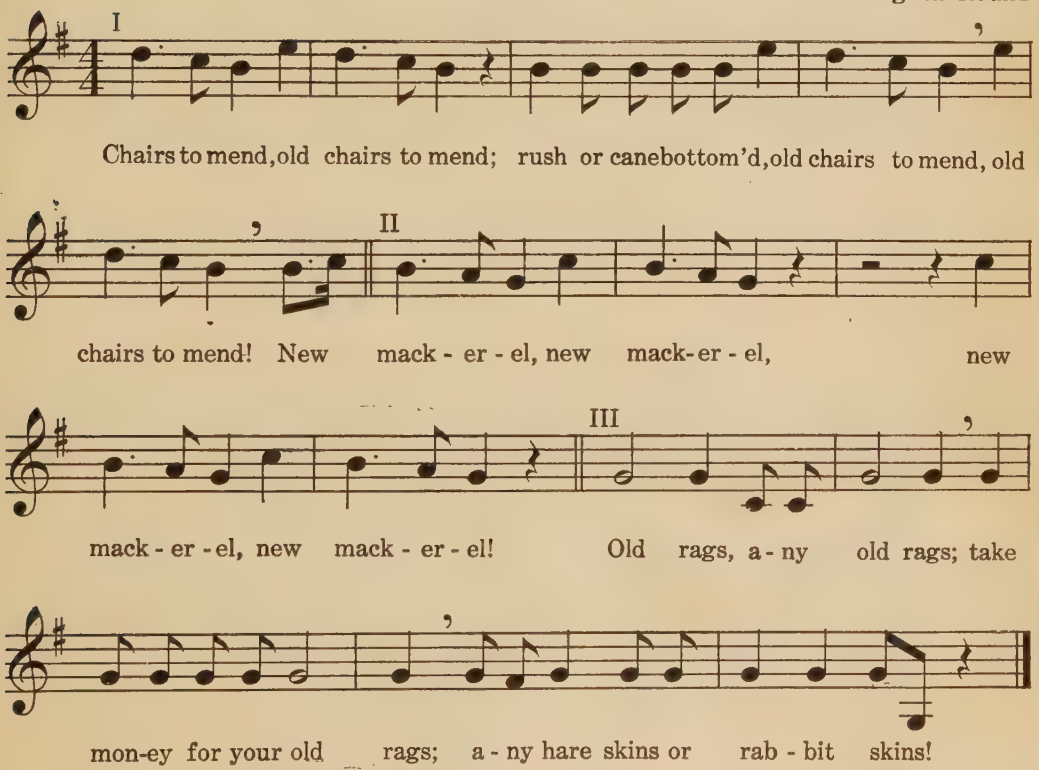

Andantino
mf
The com-et! He is on his way, And sing-ing as he flies; The
mf
sfz
whizzing planets shrink be-fore The spec-tre of the skies. Ah!
sfz
Broad
well may re-gal orbs burn blue, And satellites turn pale; Ten mil-lion




# Chairs to Mend

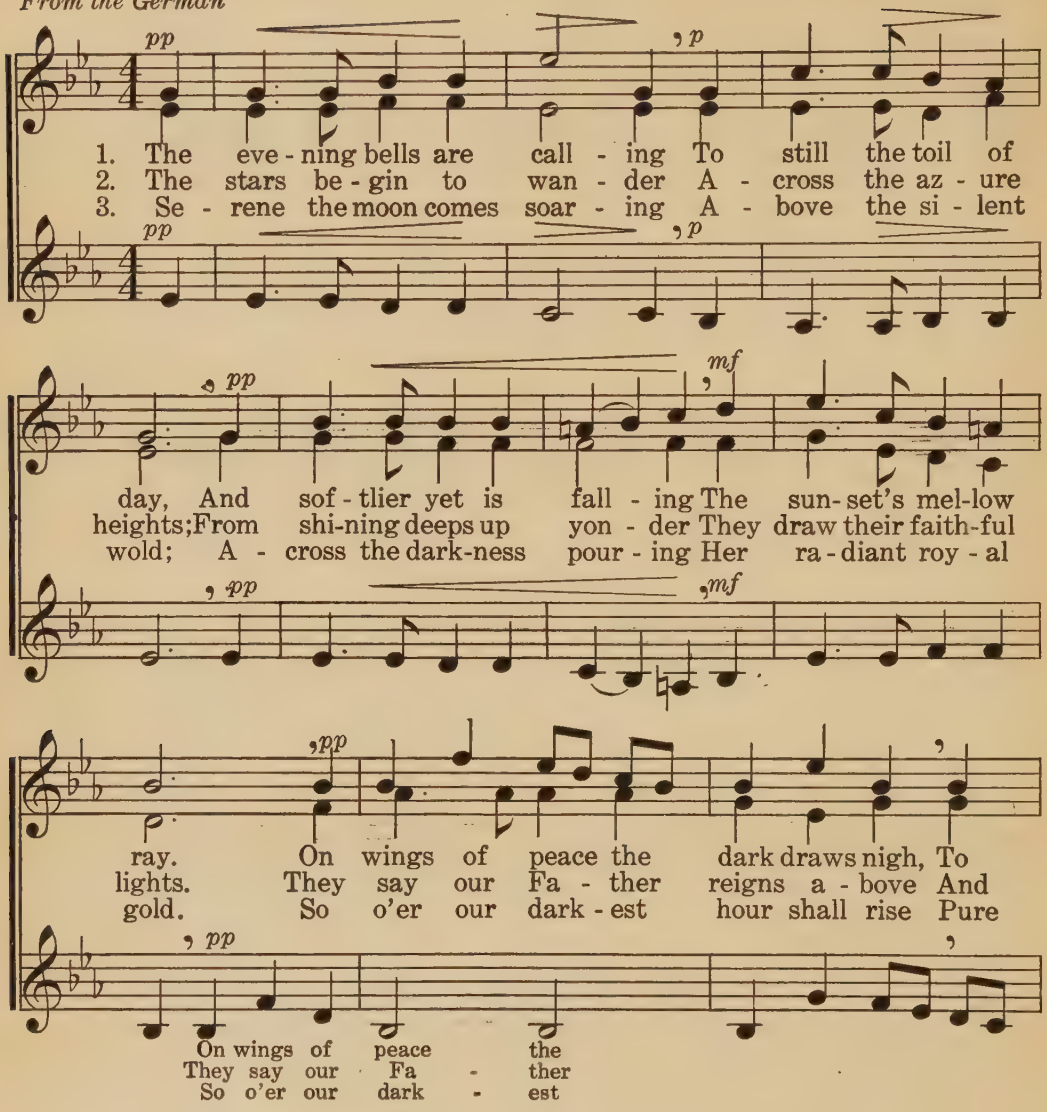
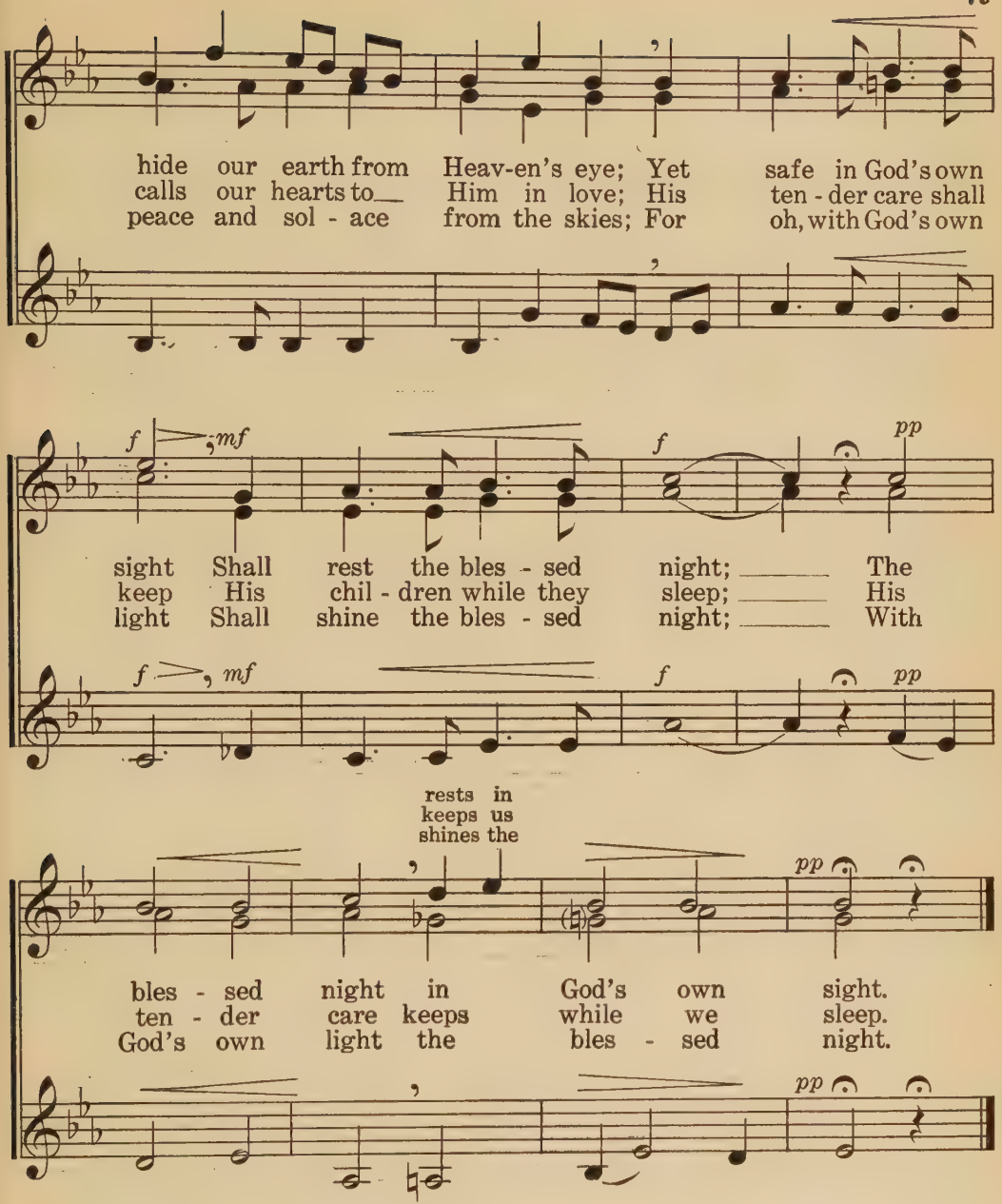
THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

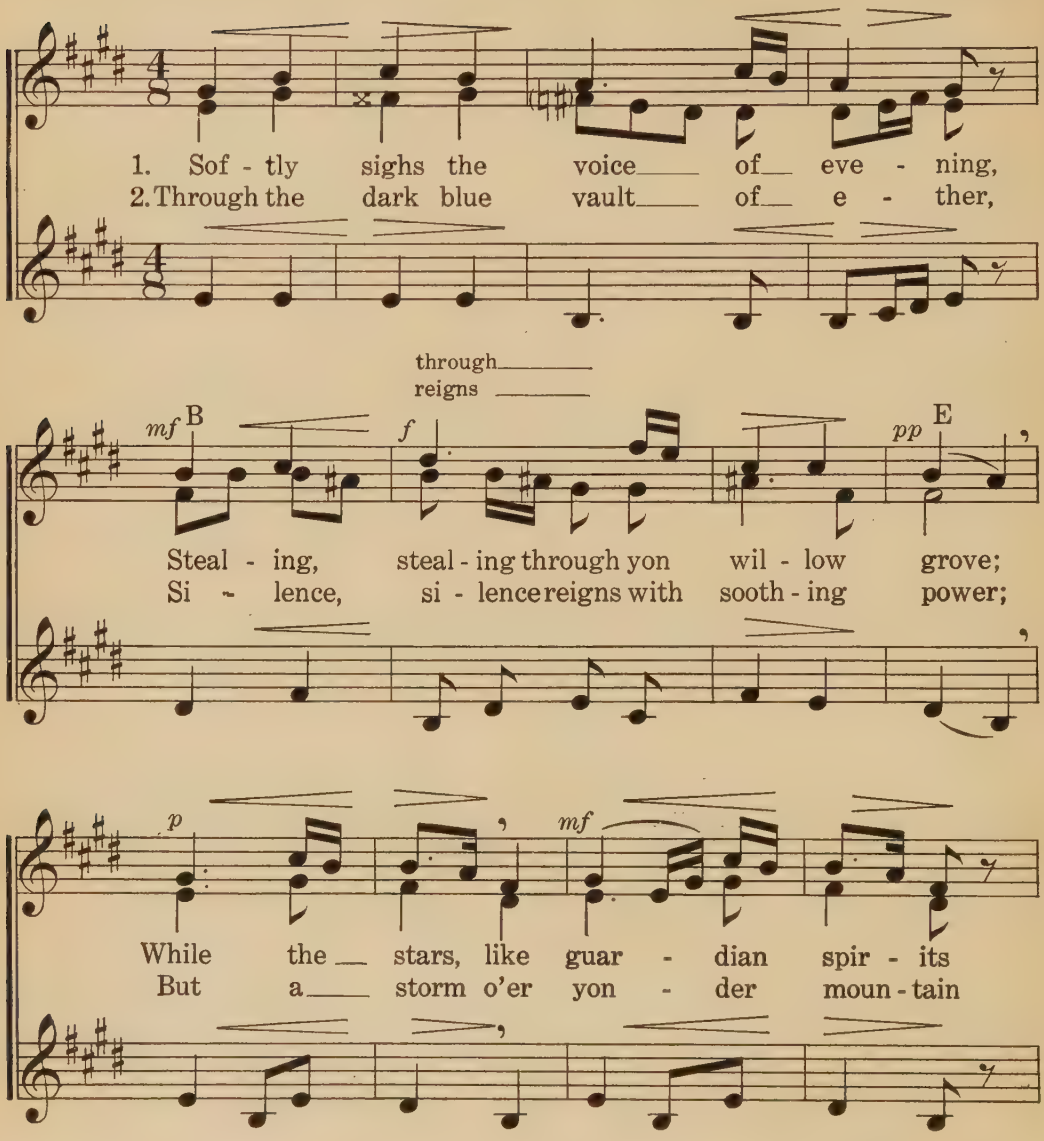

I
Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend; rush or canebottom'd, old chairs to mend, old
II
chairs to mend! New mack - er - el, new mack-er - el, new
III
mack - er - el, new mack - er - el! Old rags, a - ny old rags; take
mon-ey for your old rags; a - ny hare skins or rab - bit skins!

# The Evening Bells

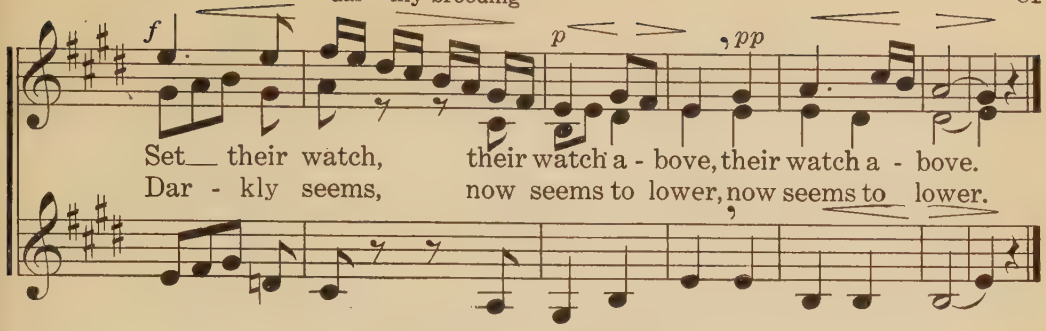
M. Louise Baum
*From the German*

Franz Abt

pp
p
1. The eve - ning bells are call - ing To still the toil of
2. The stars be - gin to wan - der A - cross the az - ure
3. Se - rene the moon comes soar - ing A - bove the si - lent
day, And sof - tlier yet is fall - ing The sun-set's mel-low
heights;From shi-ning deeps up yon - der They draw their faith-ful
wold; A - cross the dark-ness pour - ing Her ra - diant roy - al
mf
ray. On wings of peace the dark draws nigh, To
lights. They say our Fa - ther reigns a - bove And
gold. So o'er our dark - est hour shall rise Pure
On wings of peace the
They say our Fa - ther
So o'er our dark - est

hide our earth from Heav-en's eye; Yet safe in God's own
calls our hearts to Him in love; His ten - der care shall
peace and sol - ace from the skies; For oh, with God's own
f mf f pp
sight Shall rest the bles - sed night; The
keep His chil - dren while they sleep; His
light Shall shine the bles - sed night; With
f mf f pp
rests in
keeps us
shines the
pp
bles - sed night in God's own sight.
ten - der care keeps while we sleep.
God's own light the bles - sed night.
pp

# The Voice of Evening

C. M. von Weber

1. Sof - tly sighs the voice of eve - ning,
2. Through the dark blue vault of e - ther,
through
reigns
mf B
f
pp E
Steal - ing, steal - ing through yon wil - low grove;
Si - lence, si - lence reigns with sooth - ing power;
p
mf
While the stars, like guar - dian spir - its
But a storm o'er yon - der moun - tain

watch, their nightly
dar - kly brooding

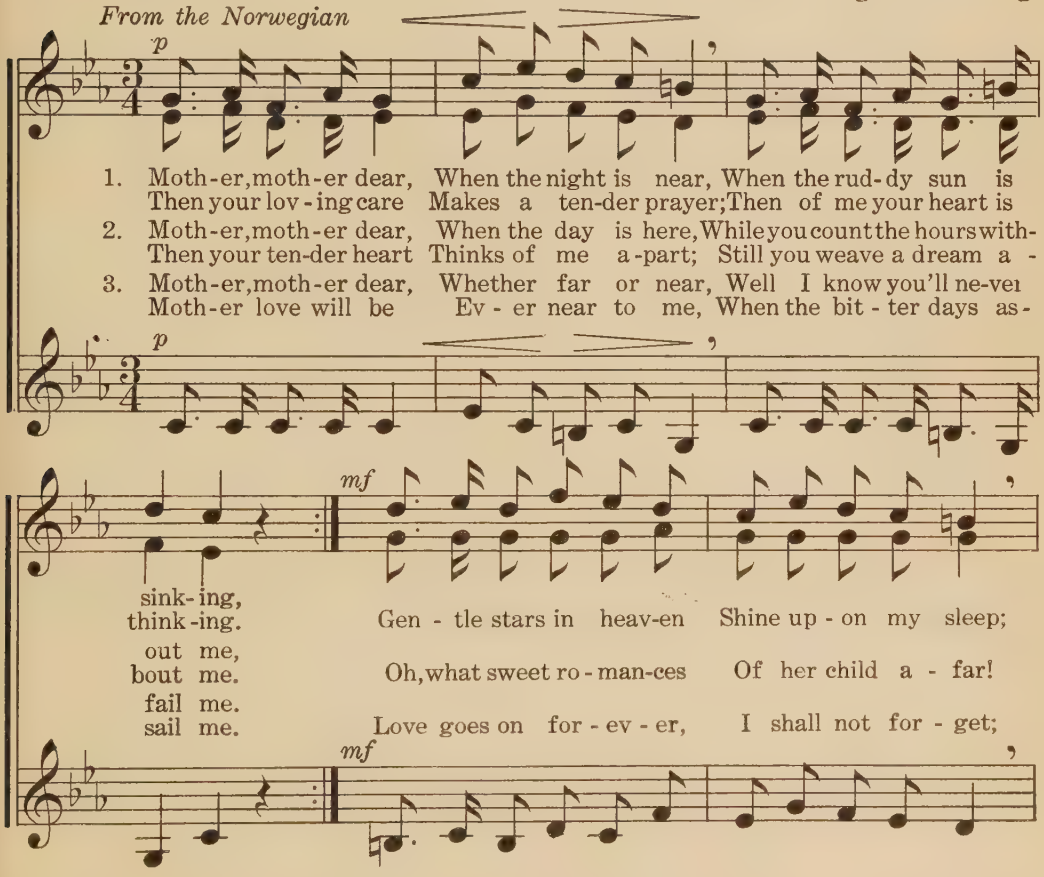


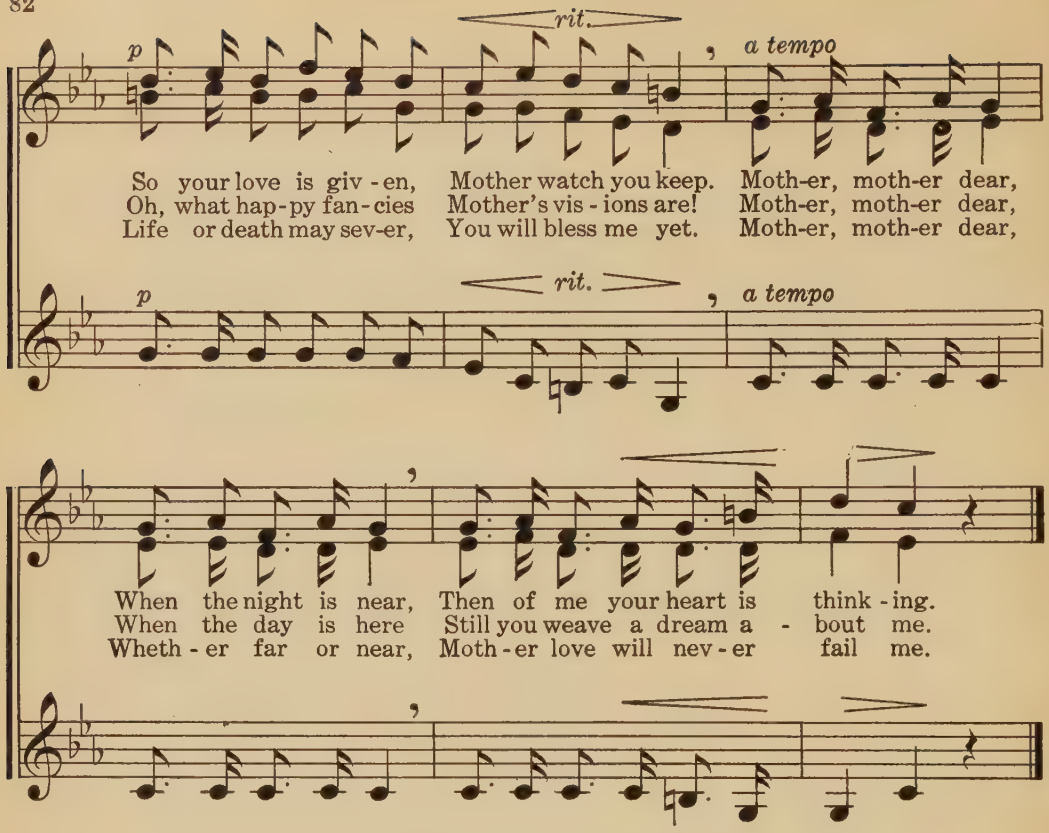

# Mother Dear

Abbie Farwell Brown

*From the Norwegian*

Norwegian Folk Song

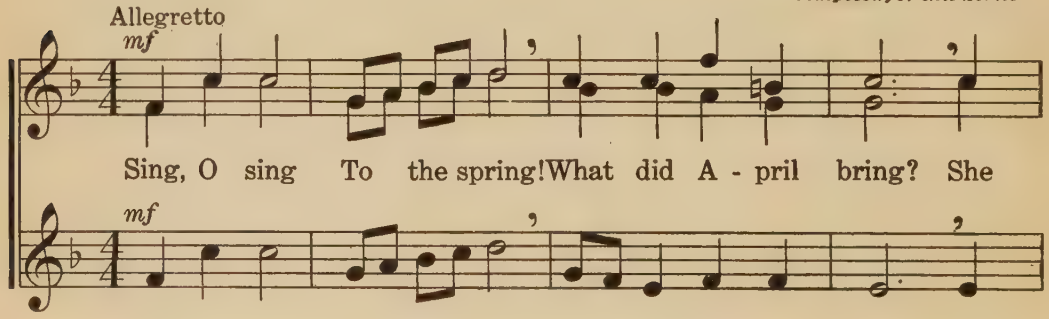

p
1. Moth-er, moth-er dear, When the night is near, When the rud-dy sun is
Then your lov-ing care Makes a ten-der prayer; Then of me your heart is
2. Moth-er, moth-er dear, When the day is here, While you count the hours with-
Then your ten-der heart Thinks of me a-part; Still you weave a dream a -
3. Moth-er, moth-er dear, Whether far or near, Well I know you'll ne-ver
Moth-er love will be Ev - er near to me, When the bit - ter days as -
p
sink-ing,
think-ing.
out me,
bout me.
fail me.
sail me.
mf
Gen - tle stars in heav-en Shine up - on my sleep;
Oh, what sweet ro-man-ces Of her child a - far!
Love goes on for - ev - er, I shall not for - get;
mf

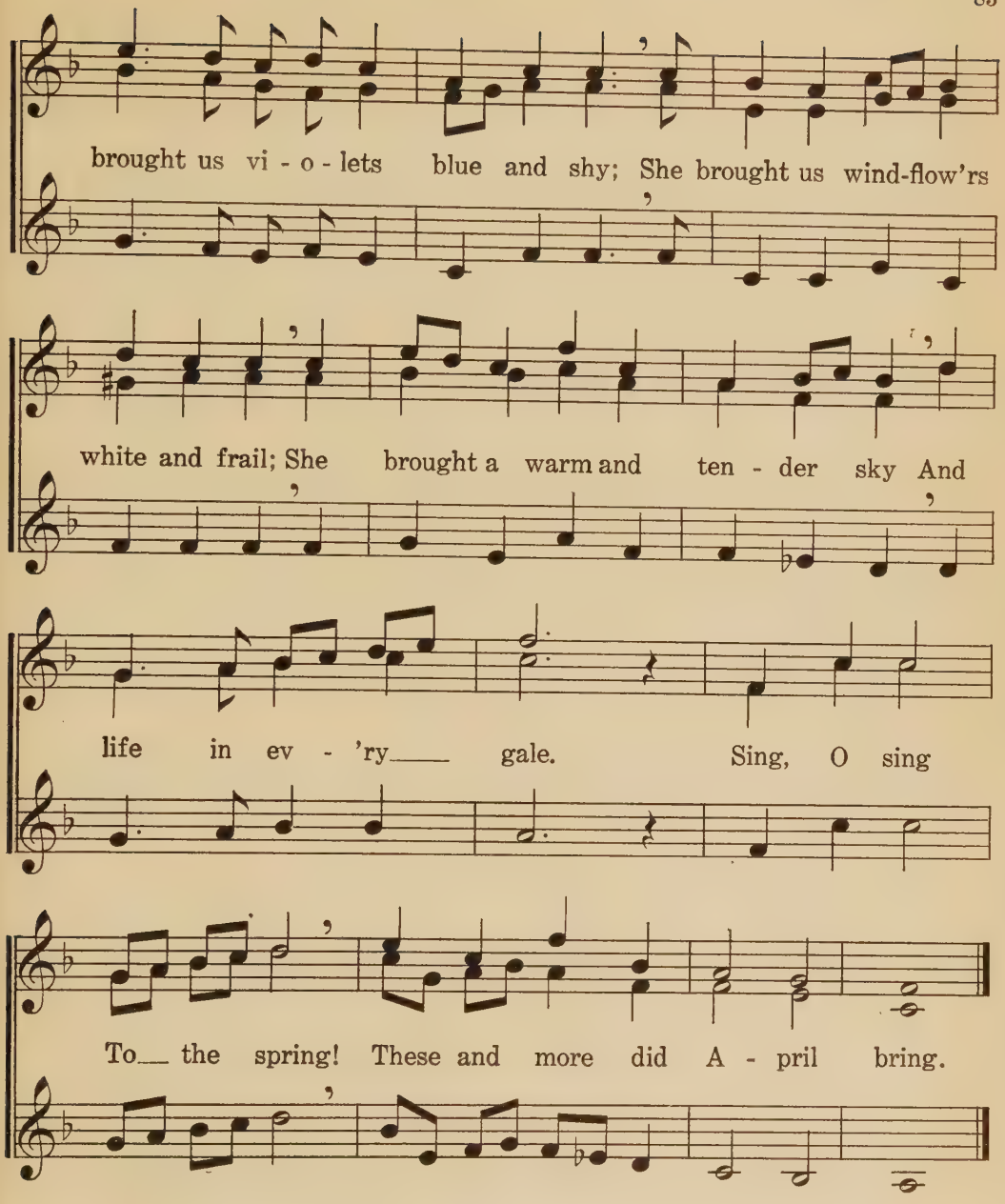

rit.
a tempo
p
So your love is giv - en, Mother watch you keep. Moth-er, moth-er dear,
Oh, what hap-py fan-cies Mother's vis - ions are! Moth-er, moth-er dear,
Life or death may sev-er, You will bless me yet. Moth-er, moth-er dear,
rit.
a tempo
p
When the night is near, Then of me your heart is think - ing.
When the day is here Still you weave a dream a - bout me.
Wheth - er far or near, Moth - er love will nev - er fail me.

# Sing, O Sing

Dora Read Goodale

Mary Turner Salter
*Composed for this Series*

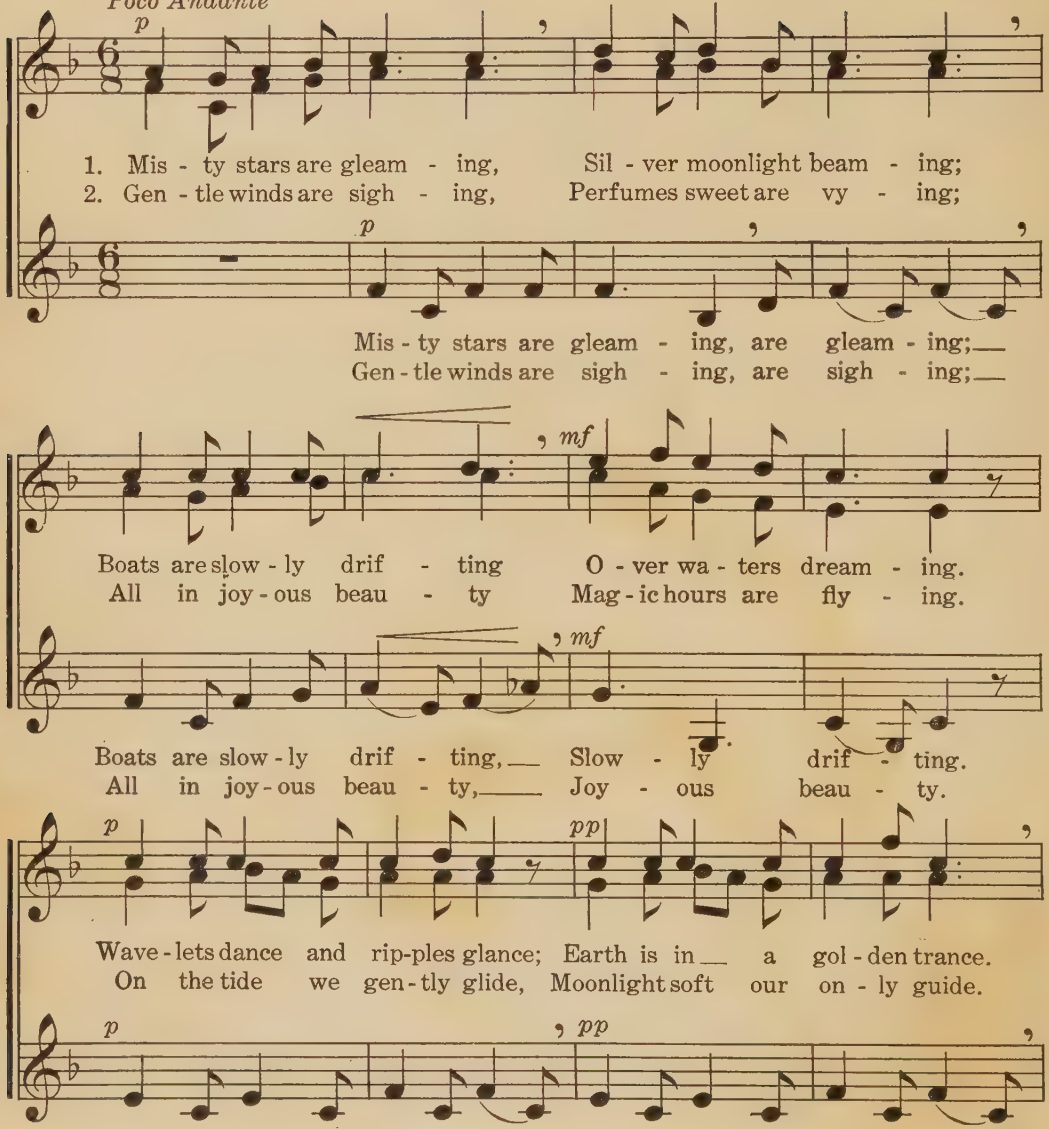


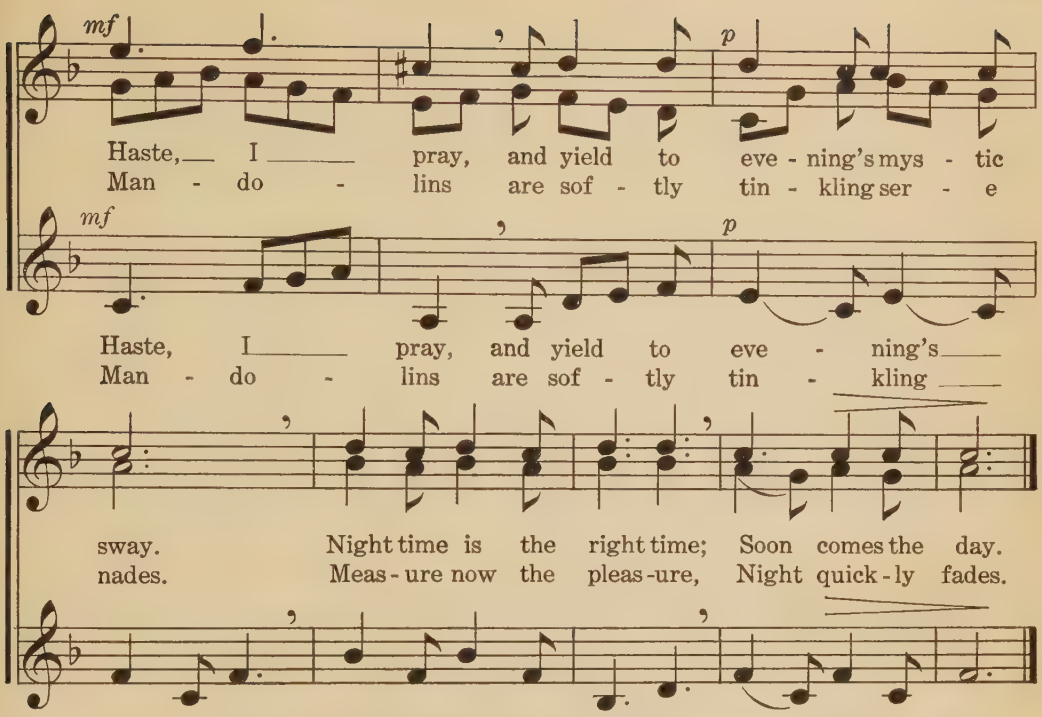

brought us vi - o - lets blue and shy; She brought us wind-flow'rs
white and frail; She brought a warm and ten - der sky And
life in ev - 'ry gale. Sing, O sing
To the spring! These and more did A - pril bring.

# Barcarolle

Nellie Poorman — Halfdan Kjerulf

*From the Norwegian*

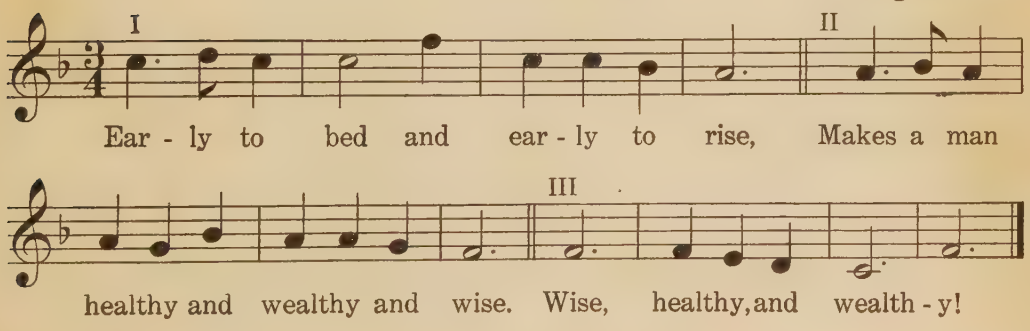
*Poco Andante*

p
1. Mis - ty stars are gleam - ing, Sil - ver moonlight beam - ing;
2. Gen - tle winds are sigh - ing, Perfumes sweet are vy - ing;
p
Mis - ty stars are gleam - ing, are gleam - ing;
Gen - tle winds are sigh - ing, are sigh - ing;
mf
Boats are slow - ly drif - ting O - ver wa - ters dream - ing.
All in joy - ous beau - ty Mag - ic hours are fly - ing.
mf
Boats are slow - ly drif - ting, Slow - ly drif - ting.
All in joy - ous beau - ty, Joy - ous beau - ty.
p
pp
Wave - lets dance and rip-ples glance; Earth is in a gol - den trance.
On the tide we gen - tly glide, Moonlight soft our on - ly guide.
p
pp


mf
p
Haste, I pray, and yield to eve - ning's mys - tic
Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin - kling ser - e
mf
p
Haste, I pray, and yield to eve - ning's
Man - do - lins are sof - tly tin - kling
sway. Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
nades. Meas - ure now the pleas - ure, Night quick - ly fades.
mys - tic sway. Night time is the right time; Soon comes the day.
ser - e - nades. Meas - ure now the pleas - ure, Night quick - ly fades.

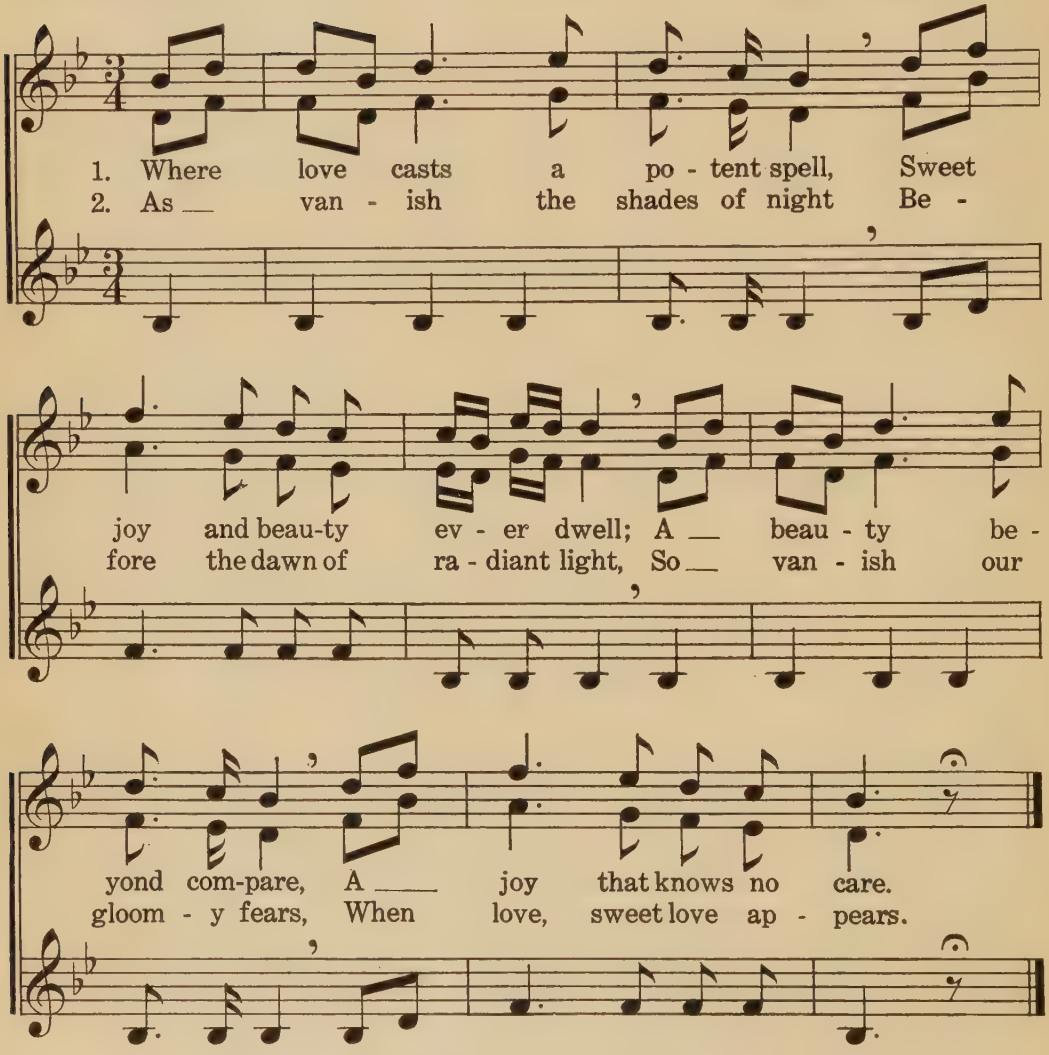
# Early to Bed

THREE-PART ROUND

Old English Round

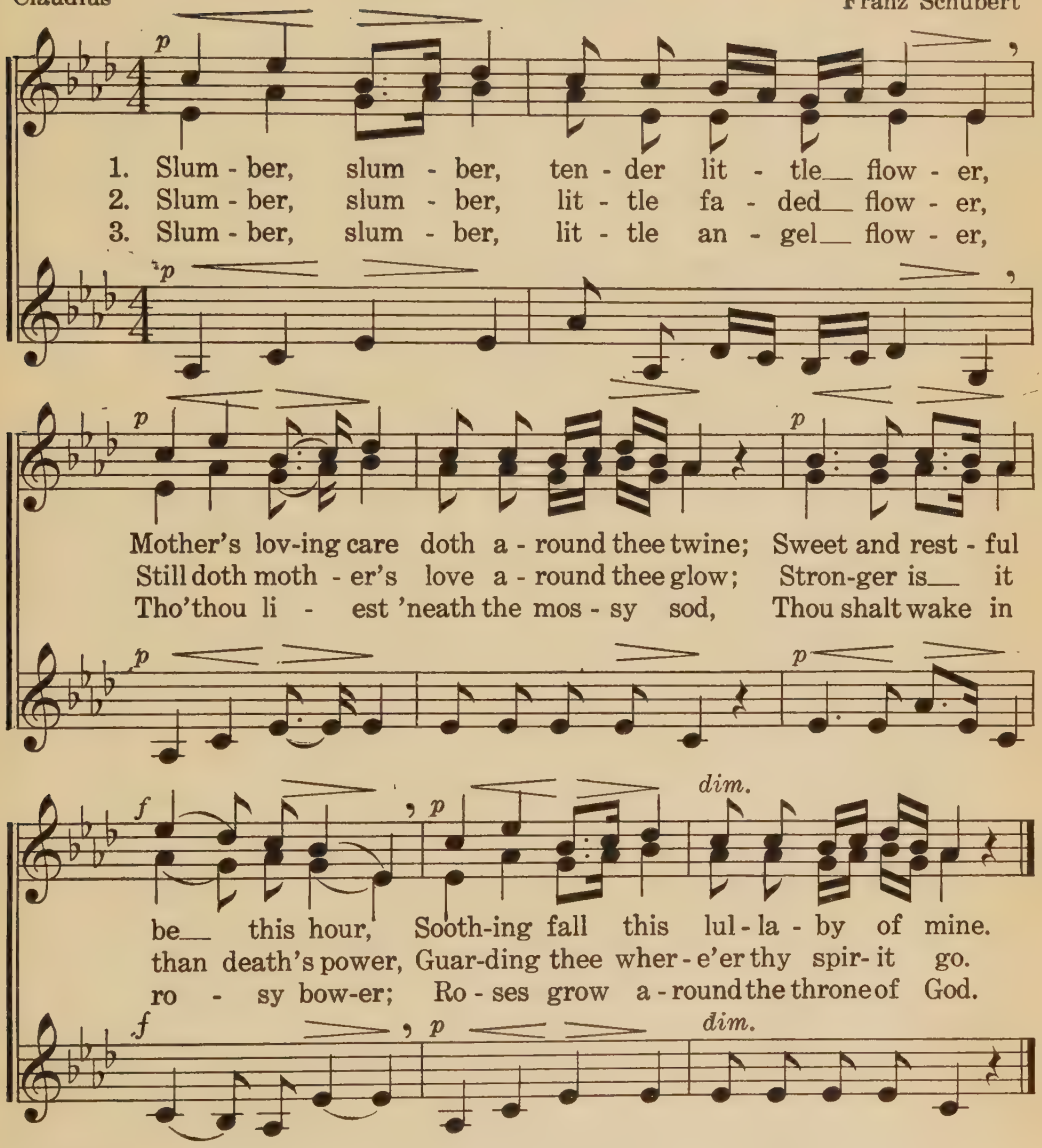


# Love's Power

Nellie Poorman — Johann Franz Herbeck

1. Where love casts a po - tent spell, Sweet
2. As van - ish the shades of night Be -
joy and beau-ty ev - er dwell; A beau - ty be -
fore the dawn of ra - diant light, So van - ish our
yond com-pare, A joy that knows no care.
gloom - y fears, When love, sweet love ap - pears.

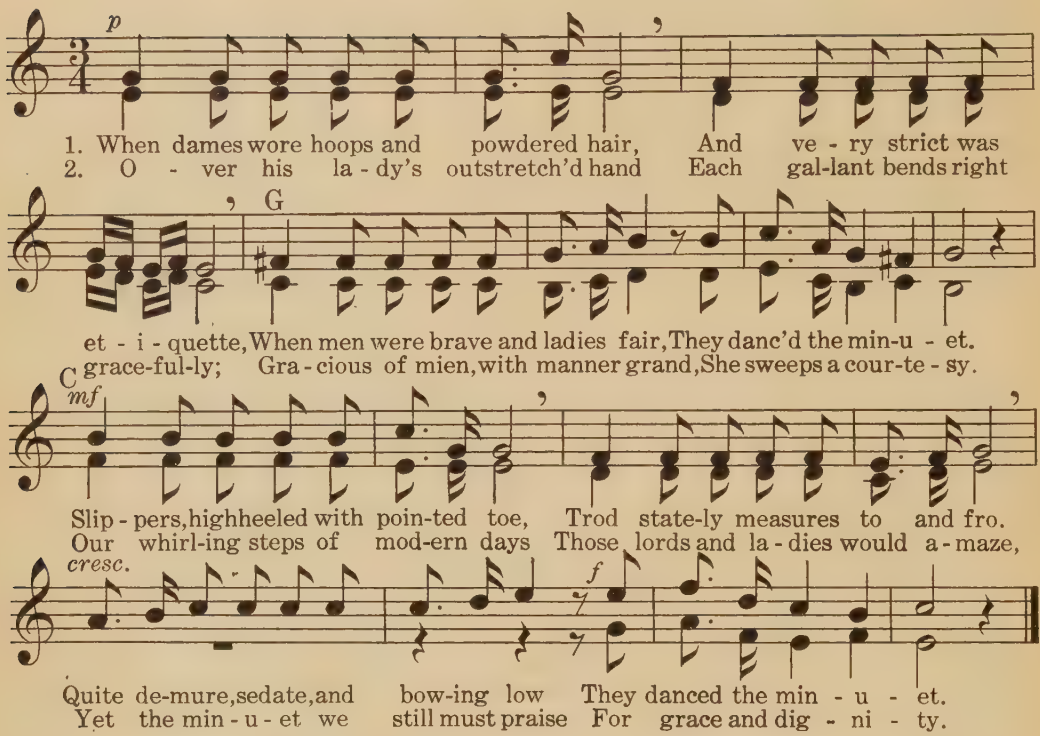
# Cradle Song

Claudius — Franz Schubert


1. Slum - ber, slum - ber, ten - der lit - tle flow - er,
2. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle fa - ded flow - er,
3. Slum - ber, slum - ber, lit - tle an - gel flow - er,
Mother's lov-ing care doth a - round thee twine; Sweet and rest - ful
Still doth moth - er's love a - round thee glow; Stron-ger is it
Tho' thou li - est 'neath the mos - sy sod, Thou shalt wake in
dim.
be this hour, Sooth-ing fall this lul - la - by of mine.
than death's power, Guar-ding thee wher - e'er thy spir- it go.
ro - sy bow-er; Ro - ses grow a - round the throne of God.
dim.

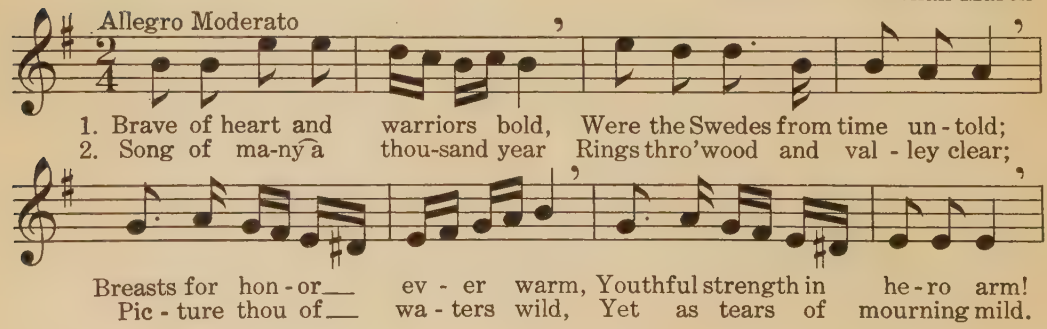
# The Minuet

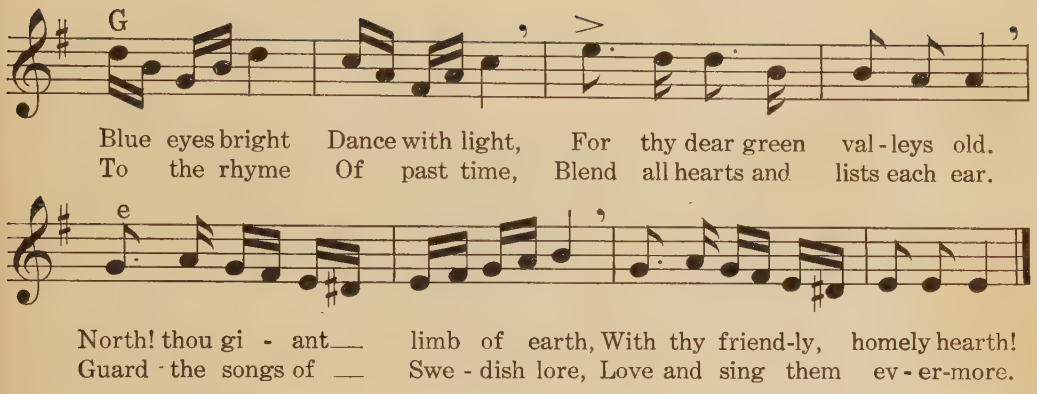
W. A. Mozart


p
1. When dames wore hoops and powdered hair, And ve - ry strict was
2. O - ver his la - dy's outstretch'd hand Each gal-lant bends right
G
et - i - quette, When men were brave and ladies fair, They danc'd the min-u - et.
grace-ful-ly; Gra - cious of mien, with manner grand, She sweeps a cour-te - sy.
C
mf
Slip - pers, high heeled with poin-ted toe, Trod state-ly measures to and fro.
Our whirl-ing steps of mod-ern days Those lords and la - dies would a - maze,
cresc.
f
Quite de-mure, sedate, and bow-ing low They danced the min - u - et.
Yet the min - u - et we still must praise For grace and dig - ni - ty.

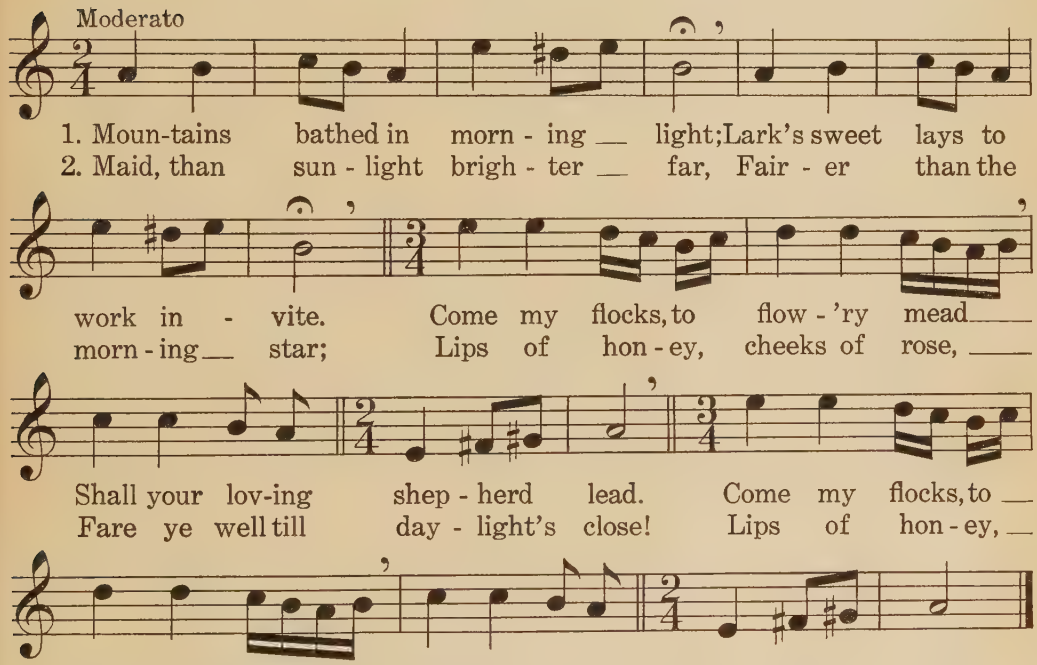
# Brave of Heart and Warriors Bold

Ancient Dalecarlian March


Allegro Moderato
1. Brave of heart and warriors bold, Were the Swedes from time un - told;
2. Song of ma-ny a thou-sand year Rings thro' wood and val - ley clear;
Breasts for hon - or ev - er warm, Youthful strength in he - ro arm!
Pic - ture thou of wa - ters wild, Yet as tears of mourning mild.

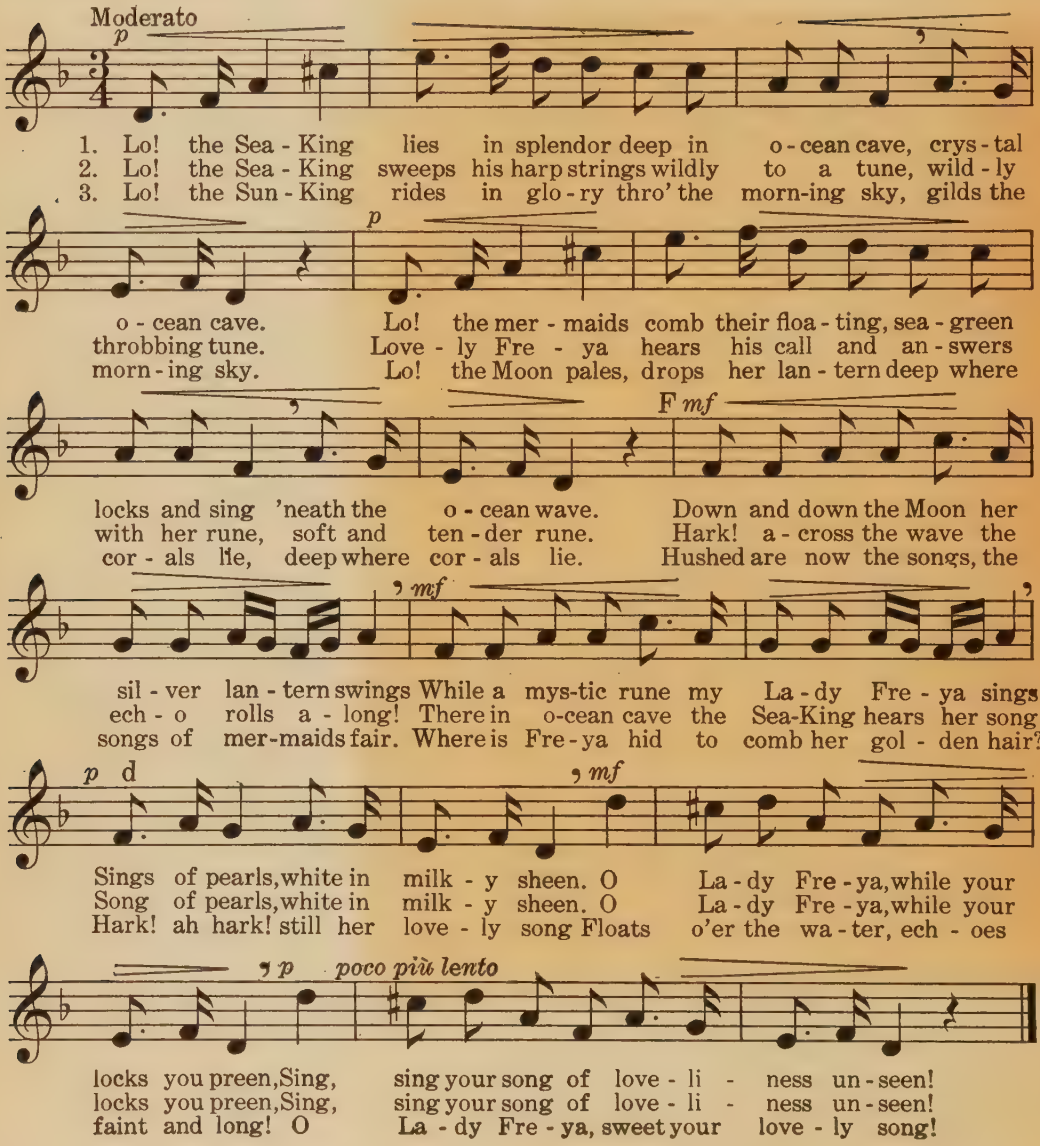

G
Blue eyes bright Dance with light, For thy dear green val - leys old.
To the rhyme Of past time, Blend all hearts and lists each ear.
e
North! thou gi - ant limb of earth, With thy friend-ly, homely hearth!
Guard the songs of Swe - dish lore, Love and sing them ev - er-more.

# Bosnian Shepherd's Song

Bosnian Folk Song

Moderato
1. Moun-tains bathed in morn - ing light; Lark's sweet lays to
2. Maid, than sun - light brigh - ter far, Fair - er than the
work in - vite. Come my flocks, to flow - 'ry mead
morn - ing star; Lips of hon - ey, cheeks of rose,
Shall your lov-ing shep - herd lead. Come my flocks, to
Fare ye well till day - light's close! Lips of hon - ey,
flow - 'ry mead Shall your lov-ing shep - herd lead.
cheeks of rose, Fare ye well till day - light's close!

# In Ocean Cave

Alice C. D. Riley
*From the Swedish*

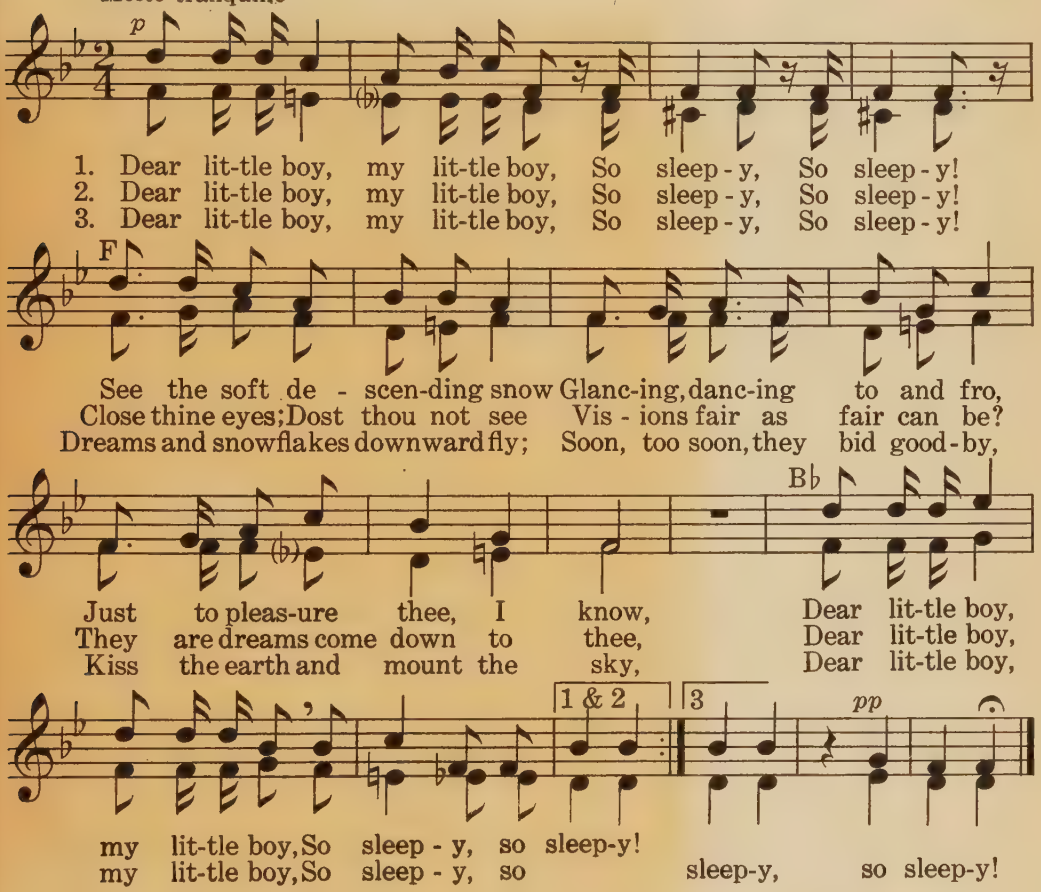
Swedish Folk Song

Moderato
p
1. Lo! the Sea - King lies in splendor deep in o - cean cave, crys - tal
2. Lo! the Sea - King sweeps his harp strings wildly to a tune, wild - ly
3. Lo! the Sun - King rides in glo - ry thro' the morn-ing sky, gilds the
o - cean cave. Lo! the mer - maids comb their floa - ting, sea - green
throbbing tune. Love - ly Fre - ya hears his call and an - swers
morn - ing sky. Lo! the Moon pales, drops her lan - tern deep where
F mf
locks and sing 'neath the o - cean wave. Down and down the Moon her
with her rune, soft and ten - der rune. Hark! a - cross the wave the
cor - als lie, deep where cor - als lie. Hushed are now the songs, the
mf
sil - ver lan - tern swings While a mys-tic rune my La - dy Fre - ya sings.
ech - o rolls a - long! There in o-cean cave the Sea-King hears her song.
songs of mer-maids fair. Where is Fre - ya hid to comb her gol - den hair?
p d
mf
Sings of pearls, white in milk - y sheen. O La - dy Fre - ya, while your
Song of pearls, white in milk - y sheen. O La - dy Fre - ya, while your
Hark! ah hark! still her love - ly song Floats o'er the wa - ter, ech - oes
p poco più lento
locks you preen, Sing, sing your song of love - li - ness un - seen!
locks you preen, Sing, sing your song of love - li - ness un - seen!
faint and long! O La - dy Fre - ya, sweet your love - ly song!

# Dream and Snowflake

William S. Lord

Maurice Moszkowski
*Composed for this Series*

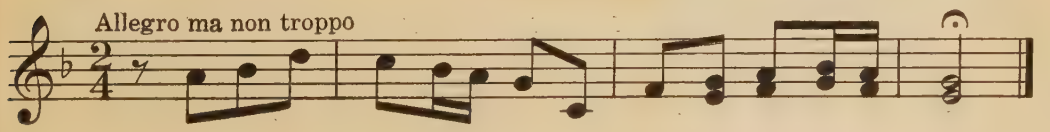
Molto tranquillo


p
1. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
2. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
3. Dear lit-tle boy, my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, So sleep - y!
F
See the soft de - scen-ding snow Glanc-ing, danc-ing to and fro,
Close thine eyes; Dost thou not see Vis - ions fair as fair can be?
Dreams and snowflakes downward fly; Soon, too soon, they bid good-by,
B♭
Just to pleas-ure thee, I know, Dear lit-tle boy,
They are dreams come down to thee, Dear lit-tle boy,
Kiss the earth and mount the sky, Dear lit-tle boy,
1 & 2
3
pp
my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep-y!
my lit-tle boy, So sleep - y, so sleep-y, so sleep-y!

# Theme

From *The Sixth Symphony*

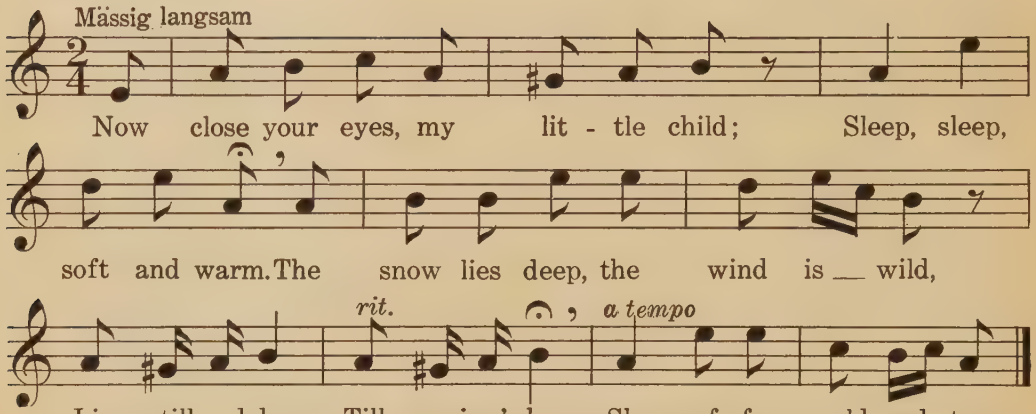
Ludwig van Beethoven



# Sleep, My Child

Ann Underhill
*From the German*

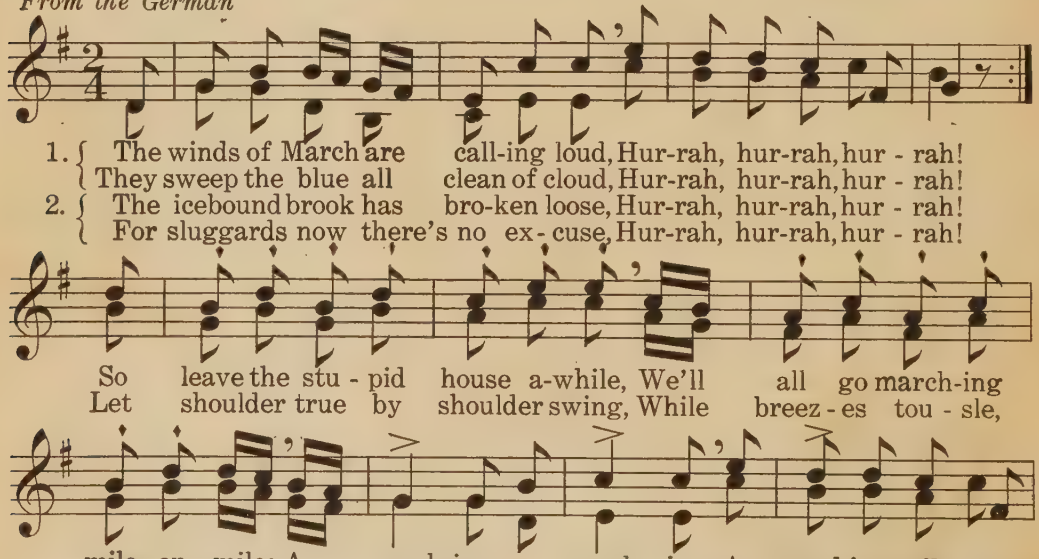
Old German Minnelied

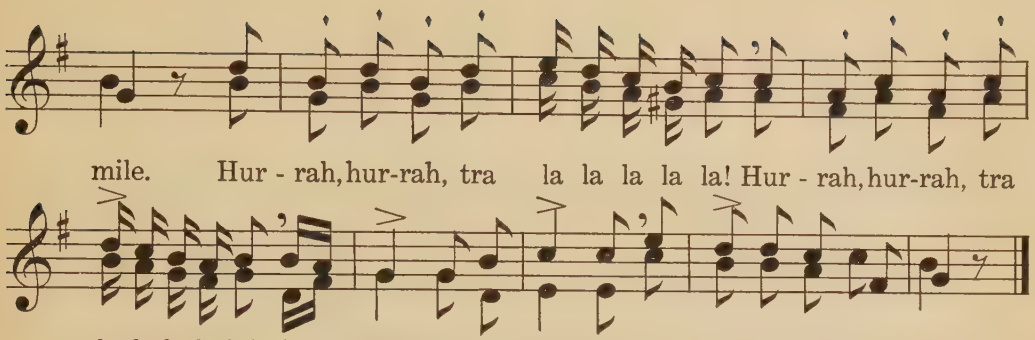

Mässig langsam
Now close your eyes, my lit - tle child; Sleep, sleep,
soft and warm. The snow lies deep, the wind is __ wild,
rit.
a tempo
Lie still and dream Till morning's beam; Sleep safe from cold and storm.

# Marching Song

M. Louise Baum
*From the German*

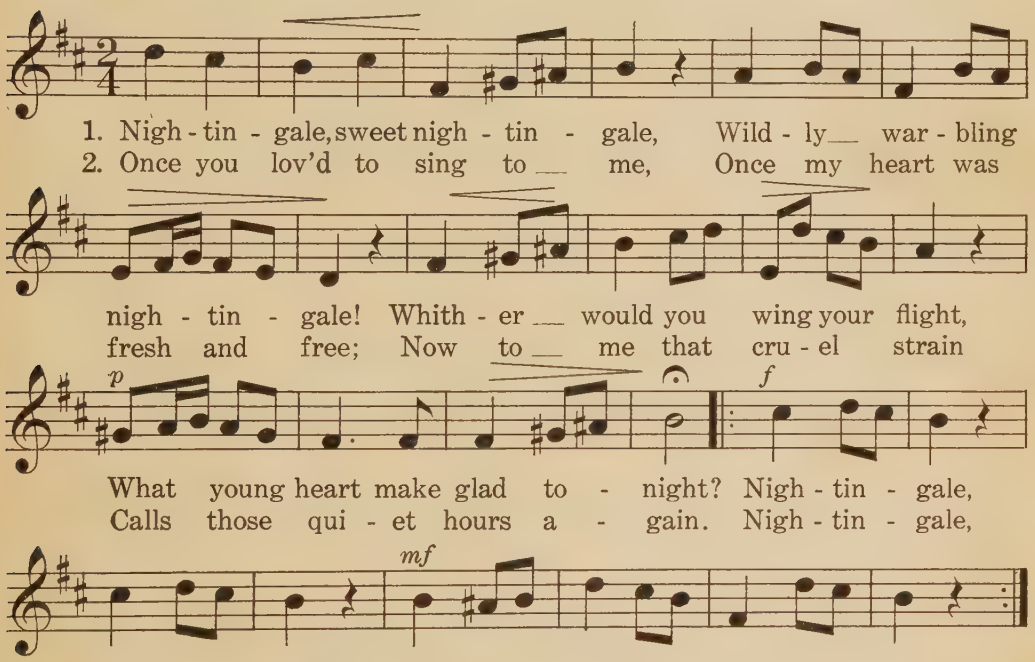
German Folk Song


1. The winds of March are call-ing loud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
They sweep the blue all clean of cloud, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
2. The icebound brook has bro-ken loose, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
For sluggards now there's no ex - cuse, Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur - rah!
So leave the stu - pid house a-while, We'll all go march-ing
Let shoulder true by shoulder swing, While breez - es tou - sle,
mile on mile; A - march-ing, a - march - ing, A - marching mile on
tease, and sting; A - march-ing, a - march - ing, A - marching mile on




# Nightingale, Sweet Nightingale

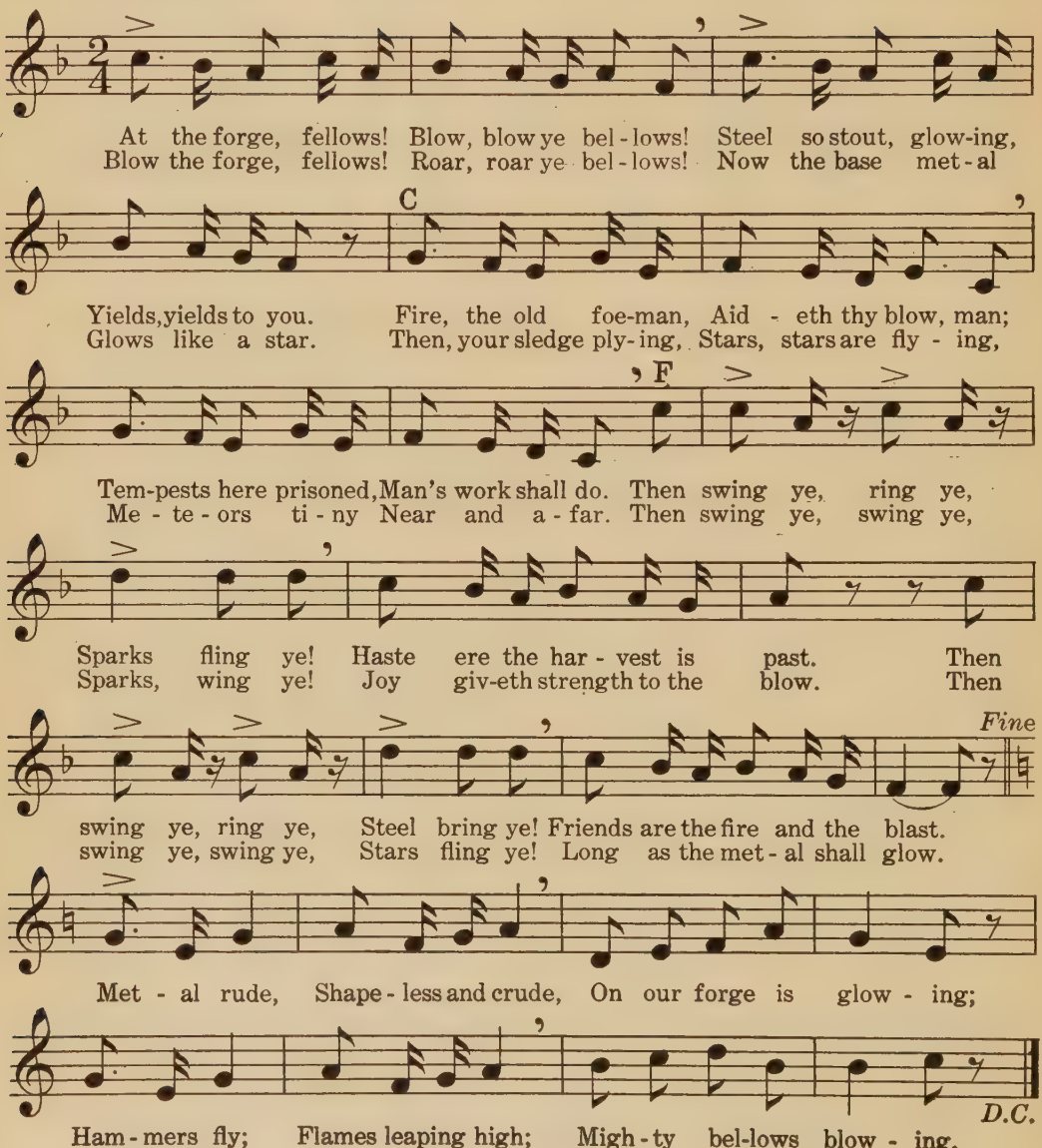
J. S. Stallybrass — Russian Folk Song


1. Nigh - tin - gale, sweet nigh - tin - gale, Wild - ly war - bling
2. Once you lov'd to sing to me, Once my heart was
nigh - tin - gale! Whith - er would you wing your flight,
fresh and free; Now to me that cru - el strain
p
What young heart make glad to - night? Nigh - tin - gale,
Calls those qui - et hours a - gain. Nigh - tin - gale,
f
mf
nigh - tin - gale, Swee - tly mourn-ful nigh - tin - gale!

# At the Forge

Seymour Barnard
*From the French*

V. Miry


At the forge, fellows! Blow, blow ye bel-lows! Steel so stout, glow-ing,
Blow the forge, fellows! Roar, roar ye bel-lows! Now the base met-al
C
Yields, yields to you. Fire, the old foe-man, Aid - eth thy blow, man;
Glows like a star. Then, your sledge ply-ing, Stars, stars are fly - ing,
F
Tem-pests here prisoned, Man's work shall do. Then swing ye, ring ye,
Me - te - ors ti - ny Near and a - far. Then swing ye, swing ye,
Sparks fling ye! Haste ere the har - vest is past. Then
Sparks, wing ye! Joy giv-eth strength to the blow. Then
Fine
swing ye, ring ye, Steel bring ye! Friends are the fire and the blast.
swing ye, swing ye, Stars fling ye! Long as the met-al shall glow.
Met - al rude, Shape - less and crude, On our forge is glow - ing;
Ham - mers fly; Flames leaping high; Migh - ty bel-lows blow - ing.
D.C.

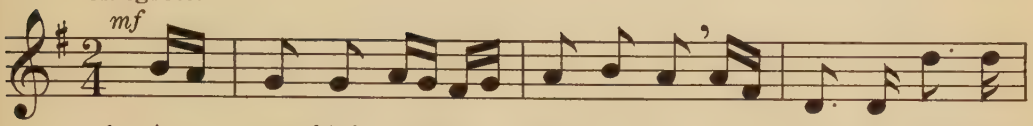
# The Bird Catcher

Virginia Baker
*From the German*

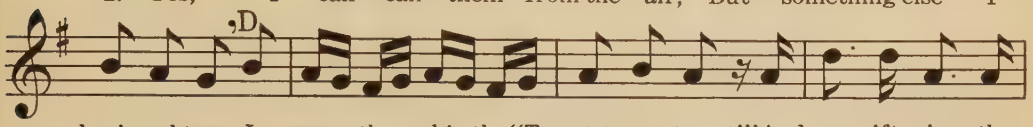
W. A. Mozart
From *The Magic Flute*

Allegretto

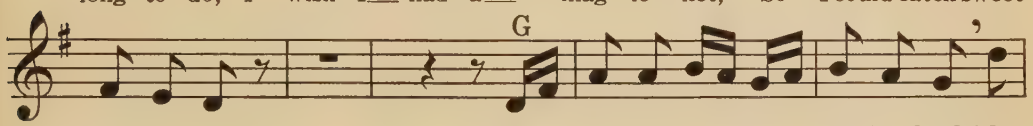
*mf*



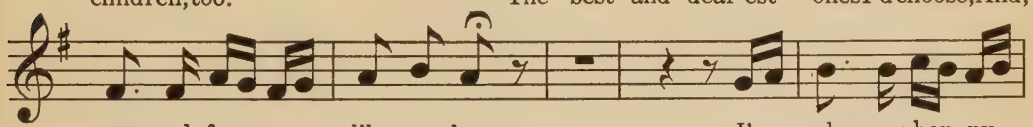
1. A__ gay bird catcher__ here am I. I__ lure the birds from
2. Yes, I can call them from the air, But something else I



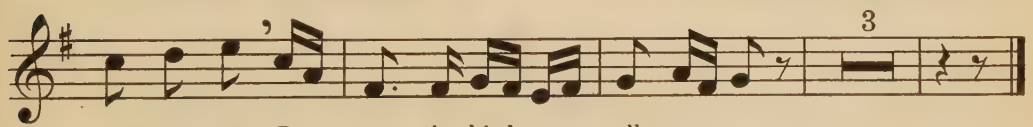

bush and tree. I swee - tly whis-tle, "Tweet, tweet, tweet!" And on swift wings they
long to do; I wish I__ had a__ mag - ic net, So I could catch sweet




fly to me. By young and old thro' - out the land My
children, too. The best and dear-est ones I'd choose, And,



name and fame a - like are known; I'm al - ways hap-py,
if they kind - ly__ smiled at me, I'd give them sug-ar,




al - ways gay, Be - cause the birds are all my own.
sweet, to eat, And oh, how hap - py we should be!

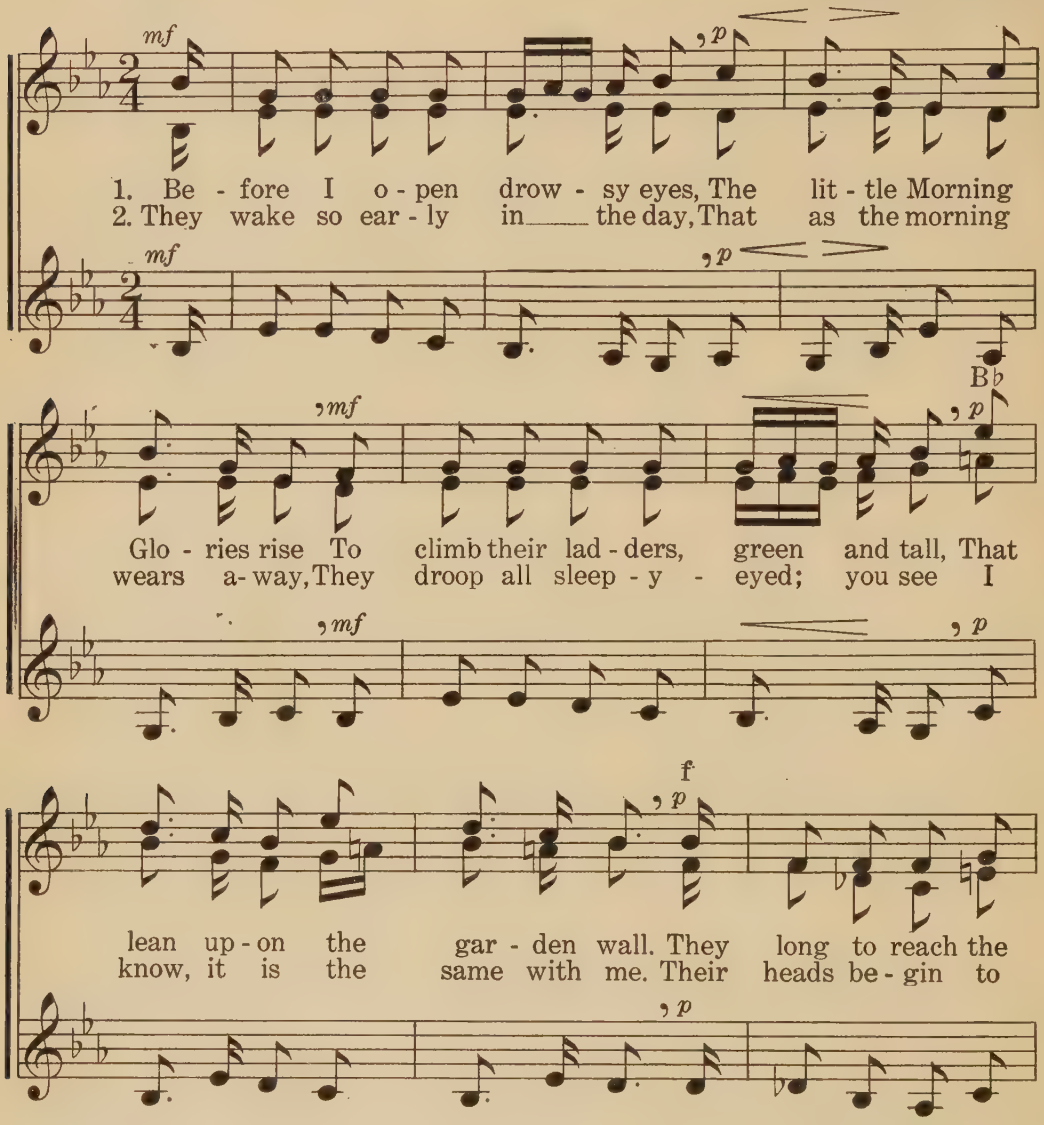
# Theme

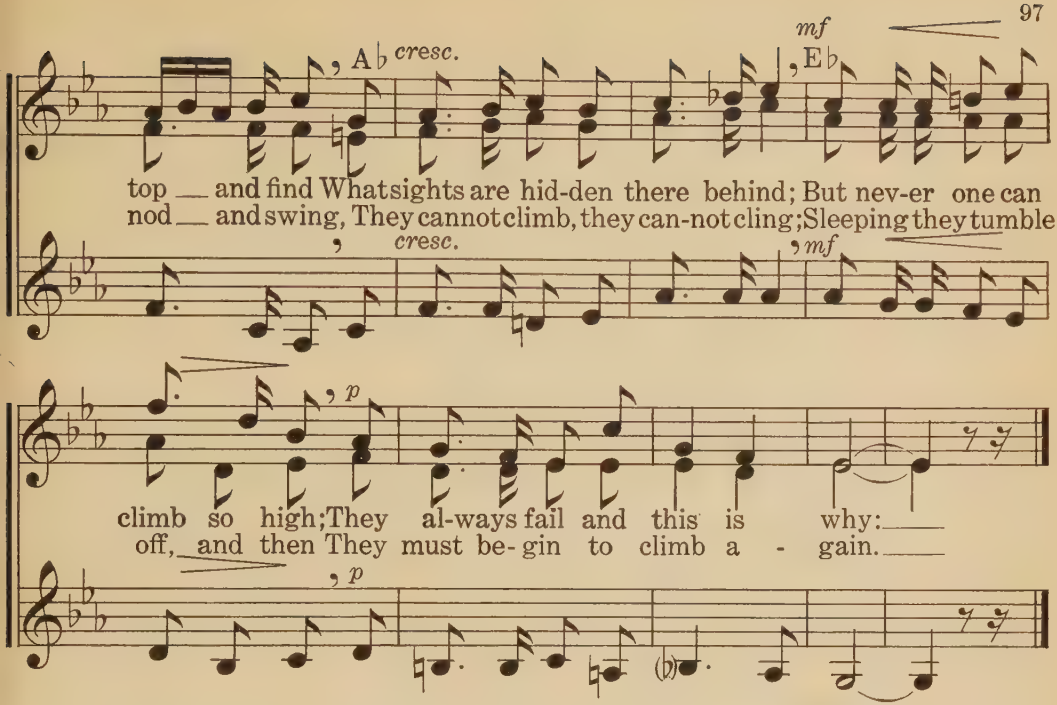
From *Die Meistersinger*

Richard Wagner

# Before I Open Drowsy Eyes

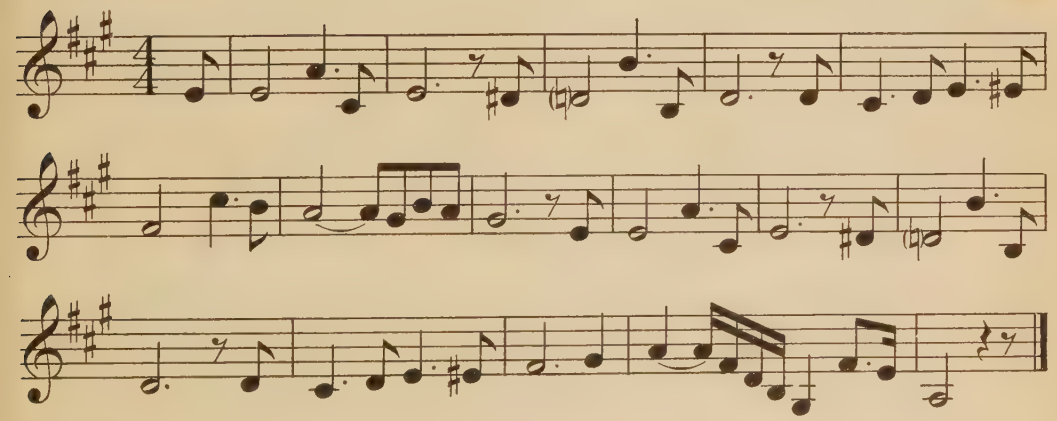
Abbie Farwell Brown

Georg Schumann
*Composed for this Series*

mf
p
1. Be - fore I o - pen drow - sy eyes, The lit - tle Morning
2. They wake so ear - ly in the day, That as the morning
mf
p
B♭
mf
p
Glo - ries rise To climb their lad - ders, green and tall, That
wears a - way, They droop all sleep - y - eyed; you see I
mf
p
f
p
lean up - on the gar - den wall. They long to reach the
know, it is the same with me. Their heads be - gin to
p


mf
A♭ cresc.
E♭
top — and find What sights are hid-den there behind; But nev-er one can
nod — and swing, They cannot climb, they can-not cling; Sleeping they tumble
cresc.
mf
p
climb so high; They al-ways fail and this is why:
off, and then They must be-gin to climb a - gain.
p

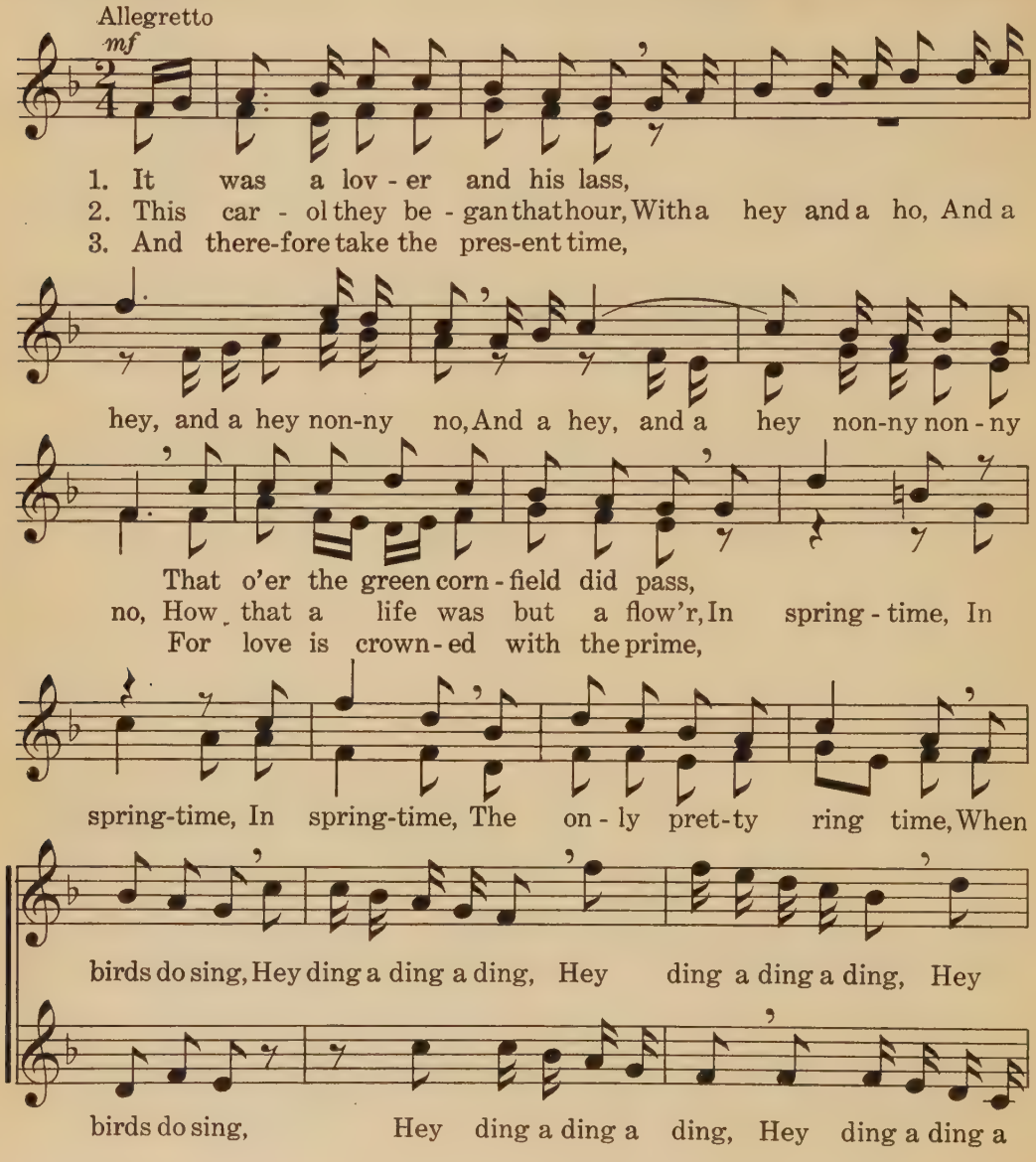
# Theme

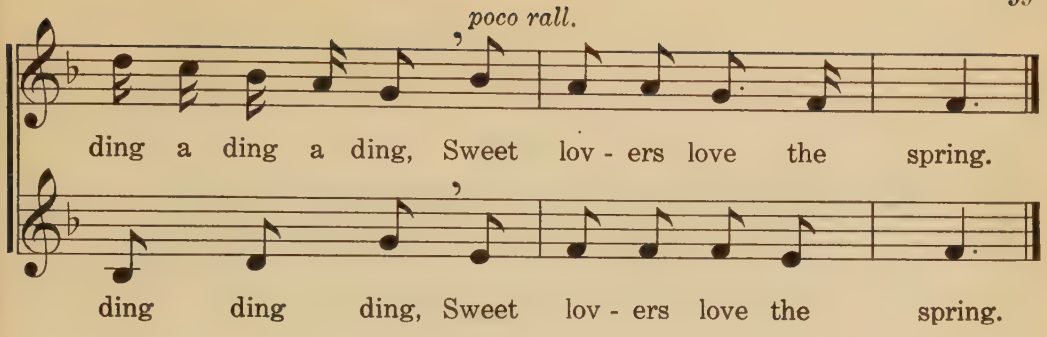
From *Oberon* — C. M. von Weber



# It Was A Lover and His Lass

William Shakespeare — Adapted from Thomas Morley

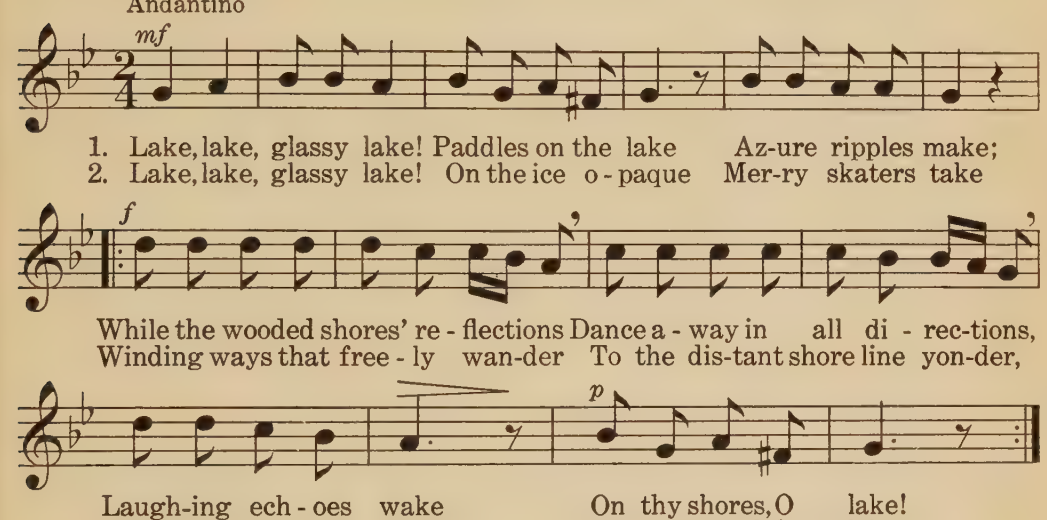

Allegretto
mf
1. It was a lov - er and his lass,
2. This car - ol they be - gan that hour, With a hey and a ho, And a
3. And there-fore take the pres-ent time,
hey, and a hey non-ny no, And a hey, and a hey non-ny non - ny
That o'er the green corn - field did pass,
no, How that a life was but a flow'r, In spring - time, In
For love is crown-ed with the prime,
spring-time, In spring-time, The on - ly pret-ty ring time, When
birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a




# Glassy Lake

Nathan Haskell Dole

Hungarian Folk Song


Andantino
mf
1. Lake, lake, glassy lake! Paddles on the lake Az-ure ripples make;
2. Lake, lake, glassy lake! On the ice o - paque Mer-ry skaters take
f
While the wooded shores' re - flections Dance a - way in all di - rec-tions,
Winding ways that free - ly wan-der To the dis-tant shore line yon-der,
p
Laugh-ing ech - oes wake On thy shores, O lake!
Where the ech - oes wake All a - round the lake.

# Theme

From *The Second Symphony*

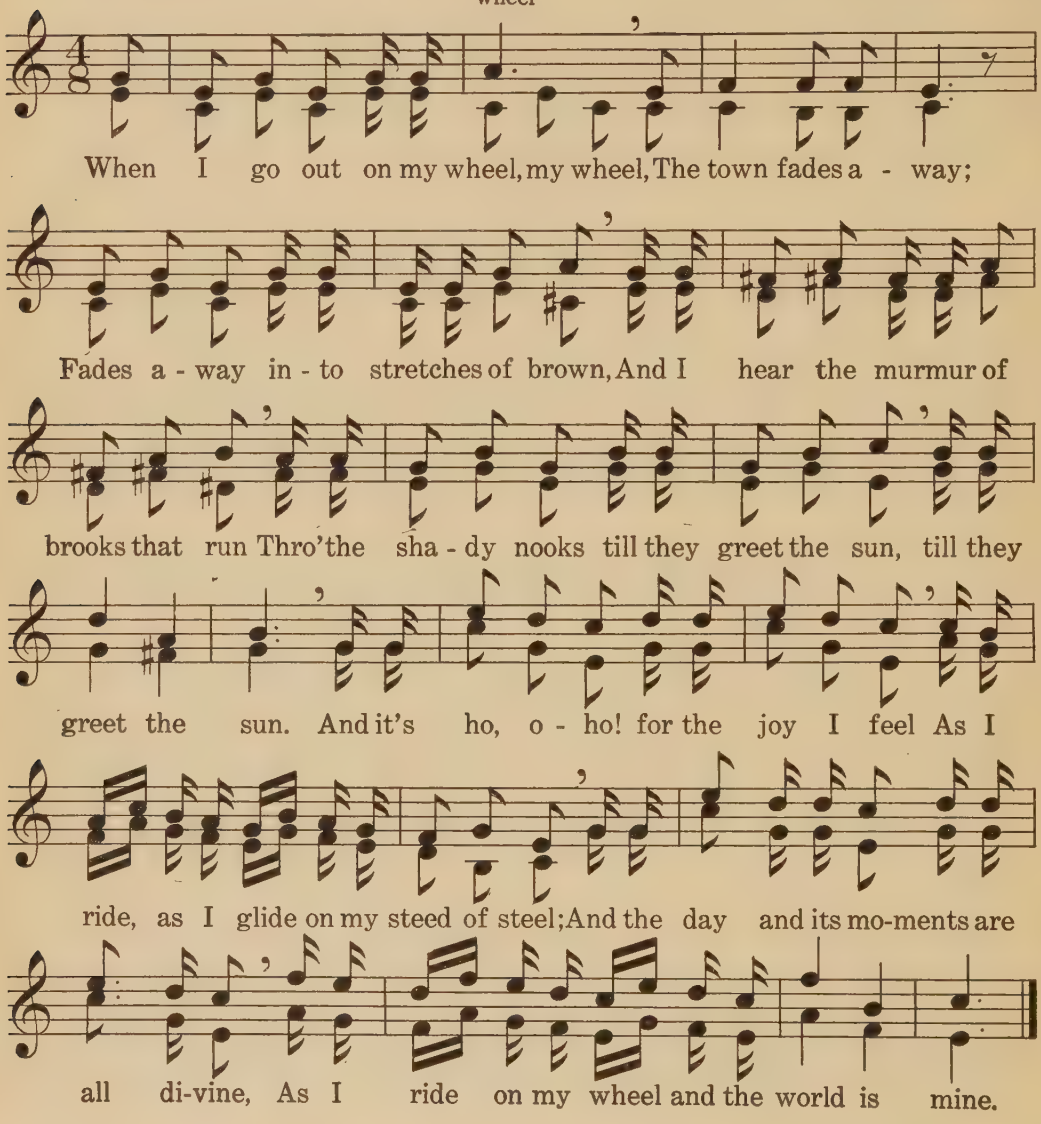
Ludwig van Beethoven

# When I Go Out on My Wheel

A. J. Waterhouse

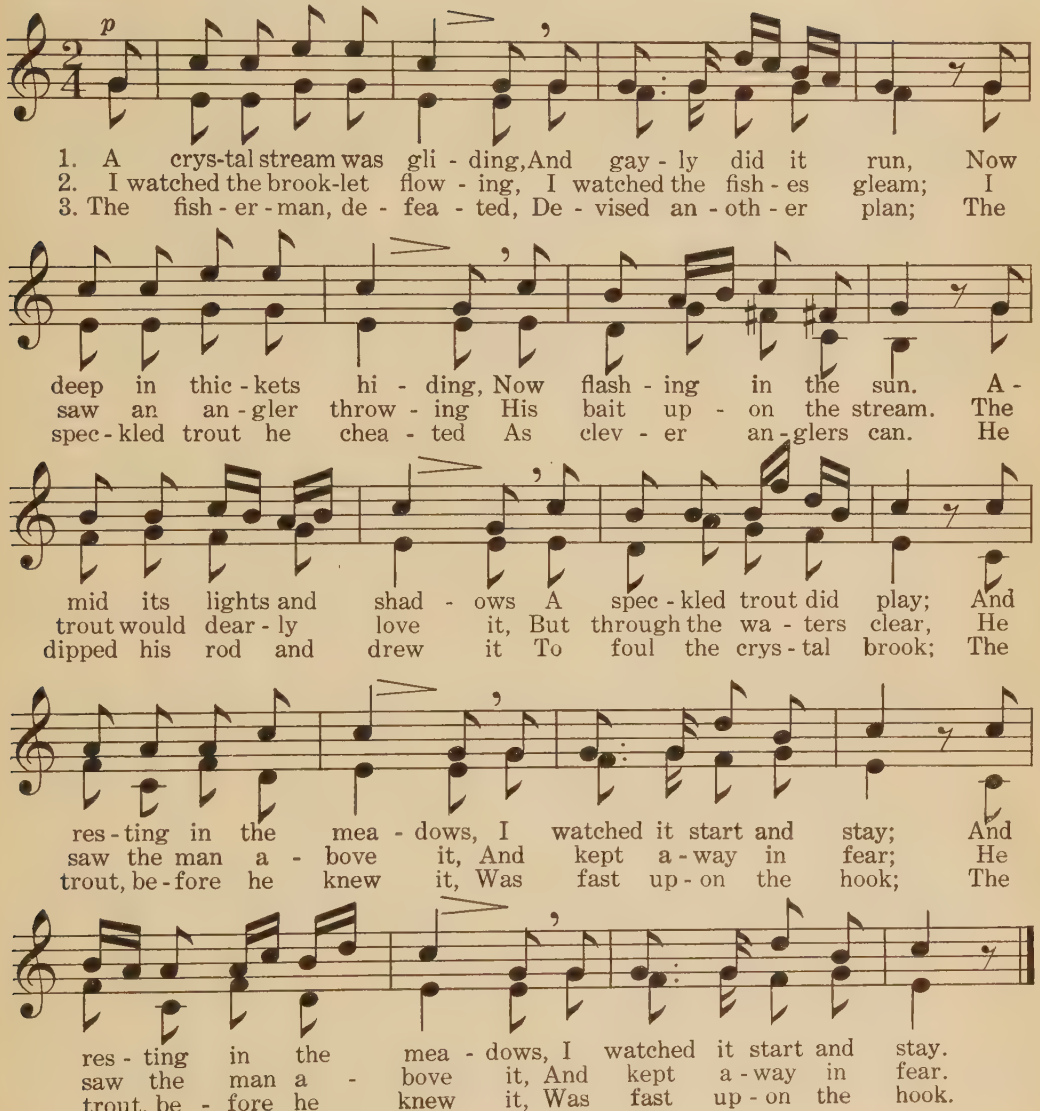
Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*

wheel


When I go out on my wheel, my wheel, The town fades a - way;
Fades a - way in - to stretches of brown, And I hear the murmur of
brooks that run Thro' the sha - dy nooks till they greet the sun, till they
greet the sun. And it's ho, o - ho! for the joy I feel As I
ride, as I glide on my steed of steel; And the day and its mo-ments are
all di-vine, As I ride on my wheel and the world is mine.

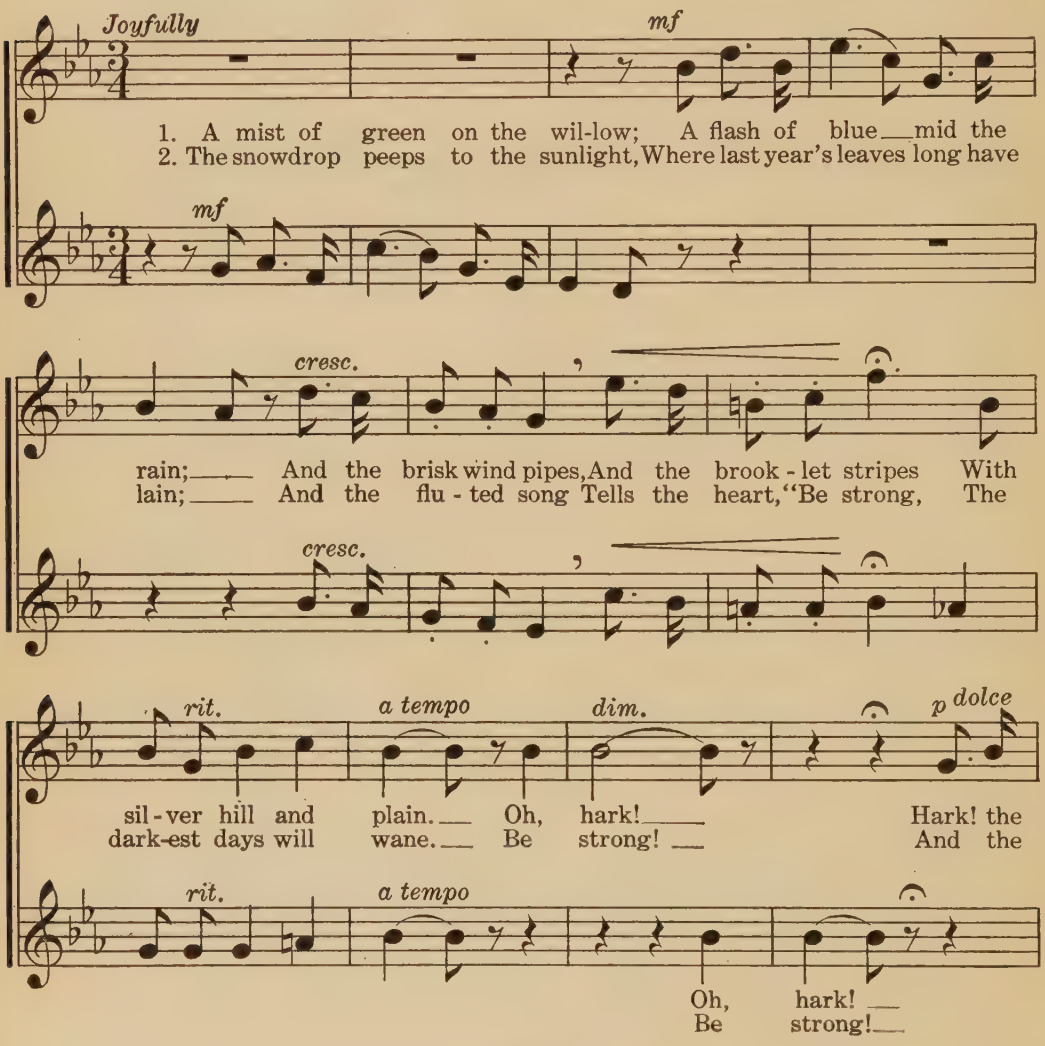
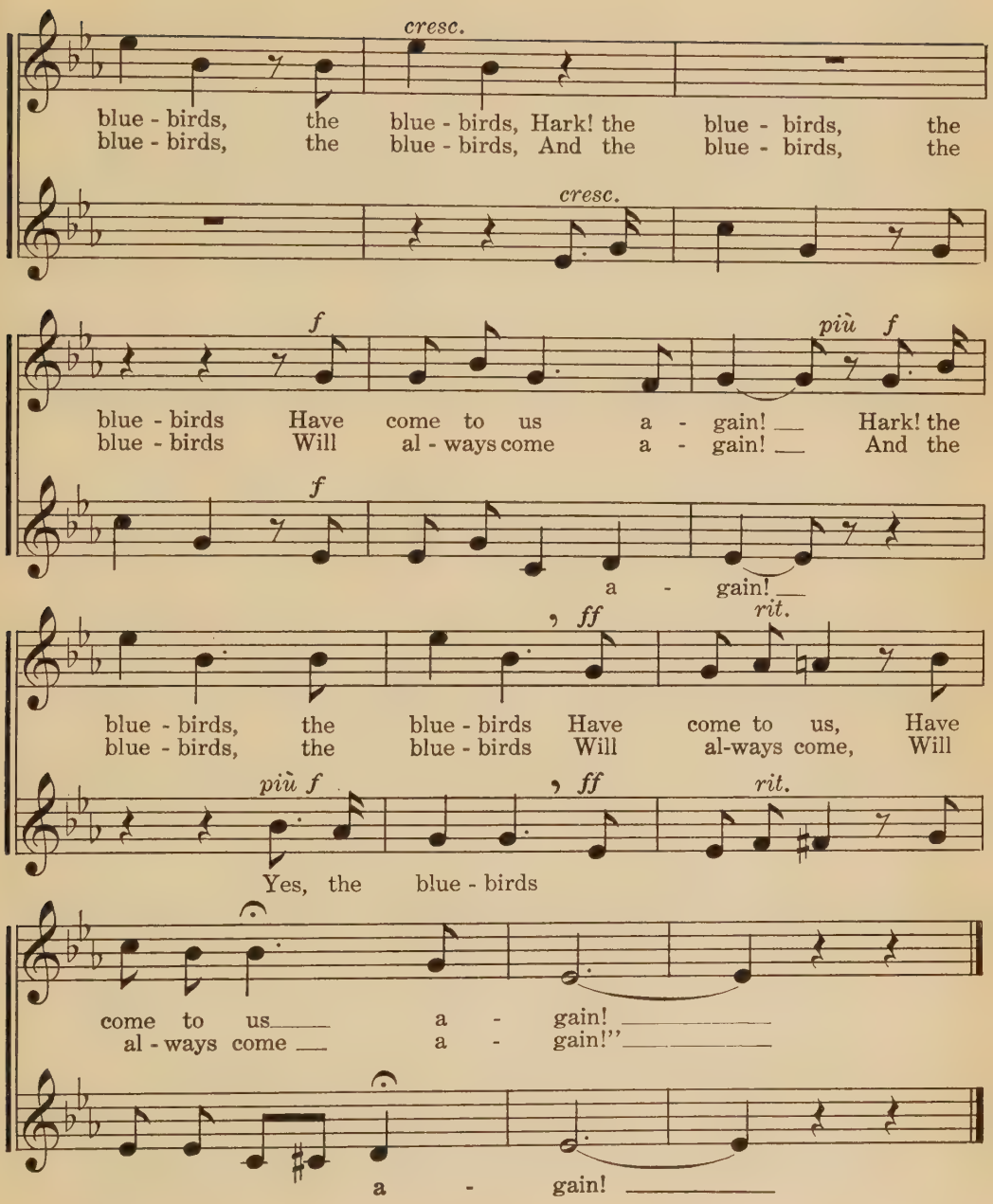
# The Trout

A. J. Foxwell
Adapted by Seymour Barnard

Franz Schubert

p
1. A crys-tal stream was gli - ding, And gay - ly did it run, Now
2. I watched the brook-let flow - ing, I watched the fish - es gleam; I
3. The fish - er - man, de - fea - ted, De - vised an - oth - er plan; The
deep in thic - kets hi - ding, Now flash - ing in the sun. A -
saw an an - gler throw - ing His bait up - on the stream. The
spec - kled trout he chea - ted As clev - er an - glers can. He
mid its lights and shad - ows A spec - kled trout did play; And
trout would dear - ly love it, But through the wa - ters clear, He
dipped his rod and drew it To foul the crys - tal brook; The
res - ting in the mea - dows, I watched it start and stay; And
saw the man a - bove it, And kept a - way in fear; He
trout, be - fore he knew it, Was fast up - on the hook; The
res - ting in the mea - dows, I watched it start and stay.
saw the man a - bove it, And kept a - way in fear.
trout, be - fore he knew it, Was fast up - on the hook.

# The Bluebirds

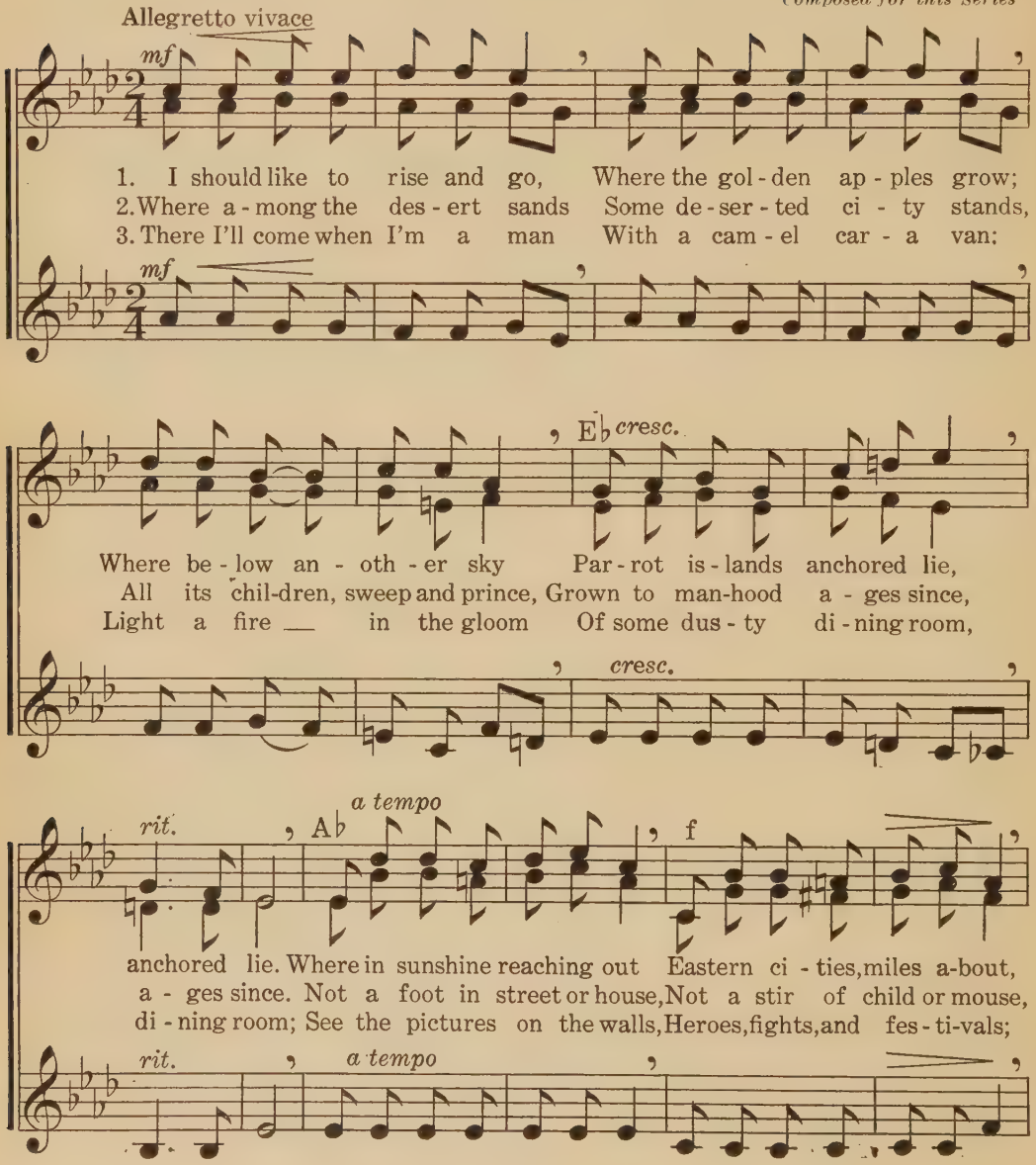
George Cooper

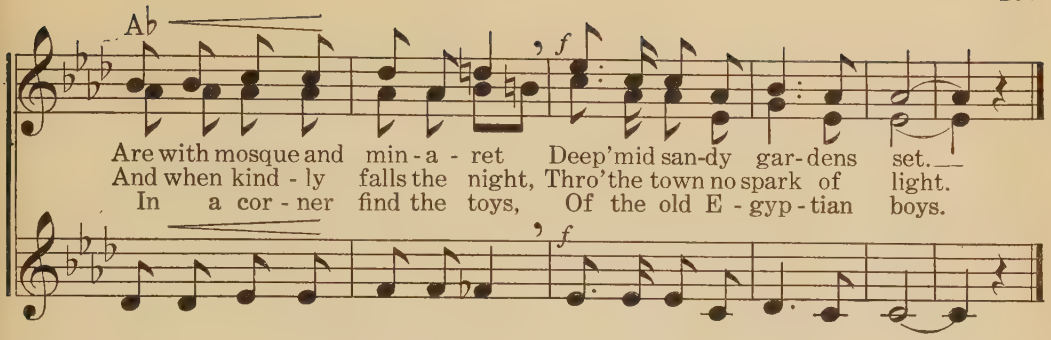
Myles B. Foster
*Composed for this Series*

Joyfully
mf
1. A mist of green on the wil-low; A flash of blue mid the
2. The snowdrop peeps to the sunlight, Where last year's leaves long have
mf
cresc.
rain; And the brisk wind pipes, And the brook - let stripes With
lain; And the flu - ted song Tells the heart, "Be strong, The
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
dim.
p dolce
sil - ver hill and plain. Oh, hark! Hark! the
dark-est days will wane. Be strong! And the
rit.
a tempo
Oh, hark!
Be strong!

cresc.
blue - birds, the blue - birds, Hark! the blue - birds, the
blue - birds, the blue - birds, And the blue - birds, the
cresc.
f
più f
blue - birds Have come to us a - gain! Hark! the
blue - birds Will al - ways come a - gain! And the
f
a - gain!
ff
rit.
blue - birds, the blue - birds Have come to us, Have
blue - birds, the blue - birds Will al-ways come, Will
più f
ff
rit.
Yes, the blue - birds
come to us a - gain!
al - ways come a - gain!"
a - gain!

# Travel

Robert Louis Stevenson

Daniel Protheroe
*Composed for this Series*

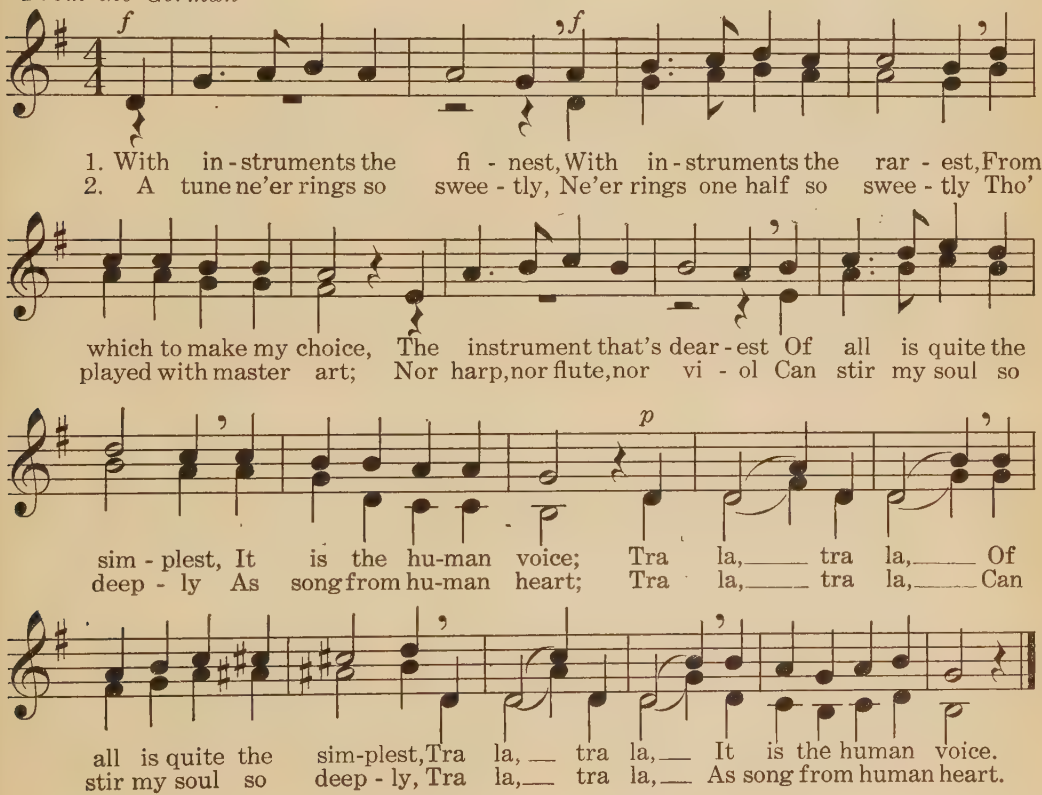

Allegretto vivace
mf
1. I should like to rise and go, Where the gol - den ap - ples grow;
2. Where a - mong the des - ert sands Some de - ser - ted ci - ty stands,
3. There I'll come when I'm a man With a cam - el car - a van;
mf
E♭
cresc.
Where be - low an - oth - er sky Par - rot is - lands anchored lie,
All its chil-dren, sweep and prince, Grown to man-hood a - ges since,
Light a fire ___ in the gloom Of some dus - ty di - ning room,
cresc.
rit.
a tempo
A♭
f
anchored lie. Where in sunshine reaching out Eastern ci - ties, miles a-bout,
a - ges since. Not a foot in street or house, Not a stir of child or mouse,
di - ning room; See the pictures on the walls, Heroes, fights, and fes - ti-vals;
rit.
a tempo


Ab
f
Are with mosque and min - a - ret Deep'mid san-dy gar-dens set.
And when kind - ly falls the night, Thro'the town no spark of light.
In a cor - ner find the toys, Of the old E - gyp - tian boys.
f

# The Best Instrument

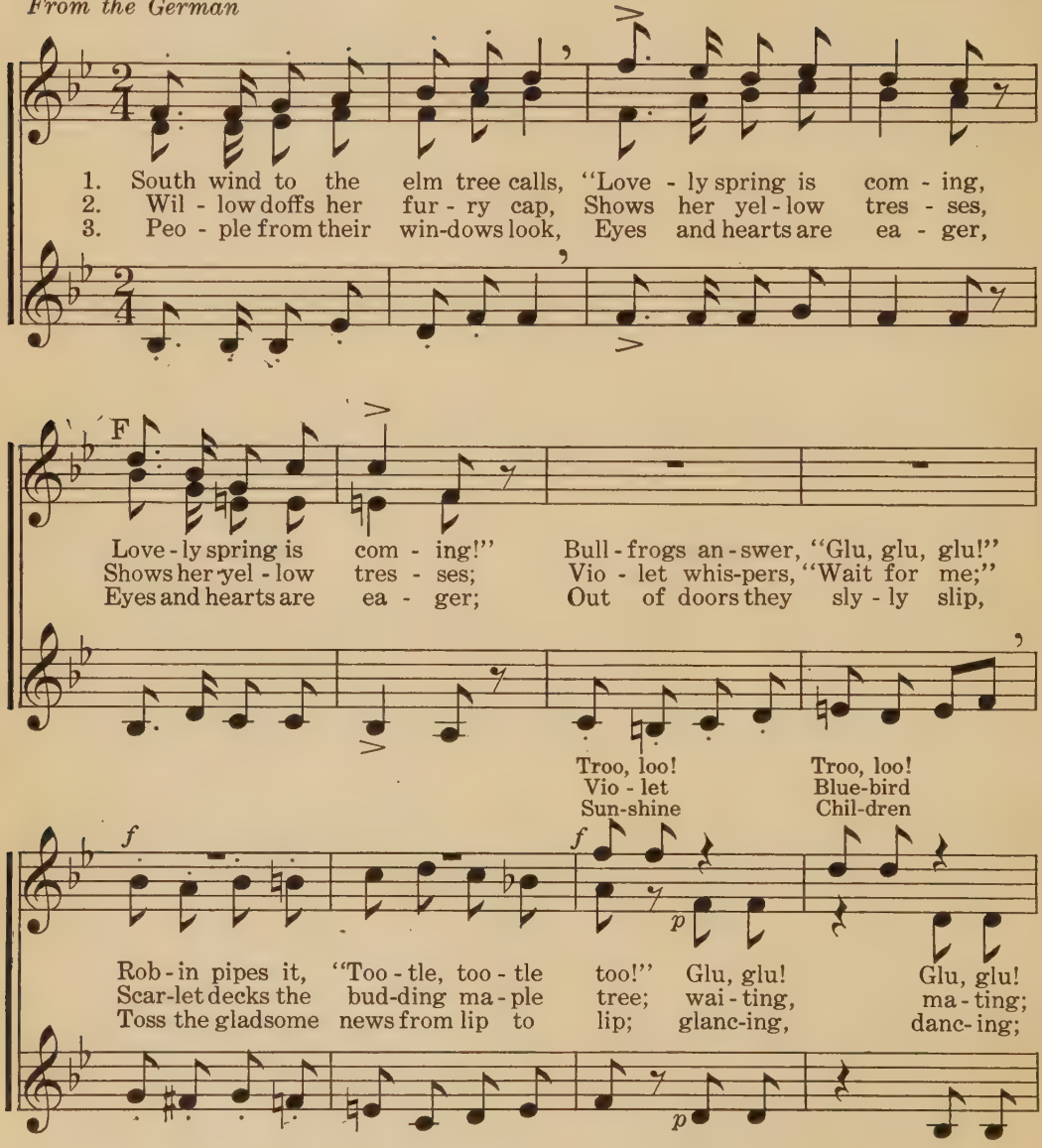
Genevieve Fox
*From the German*

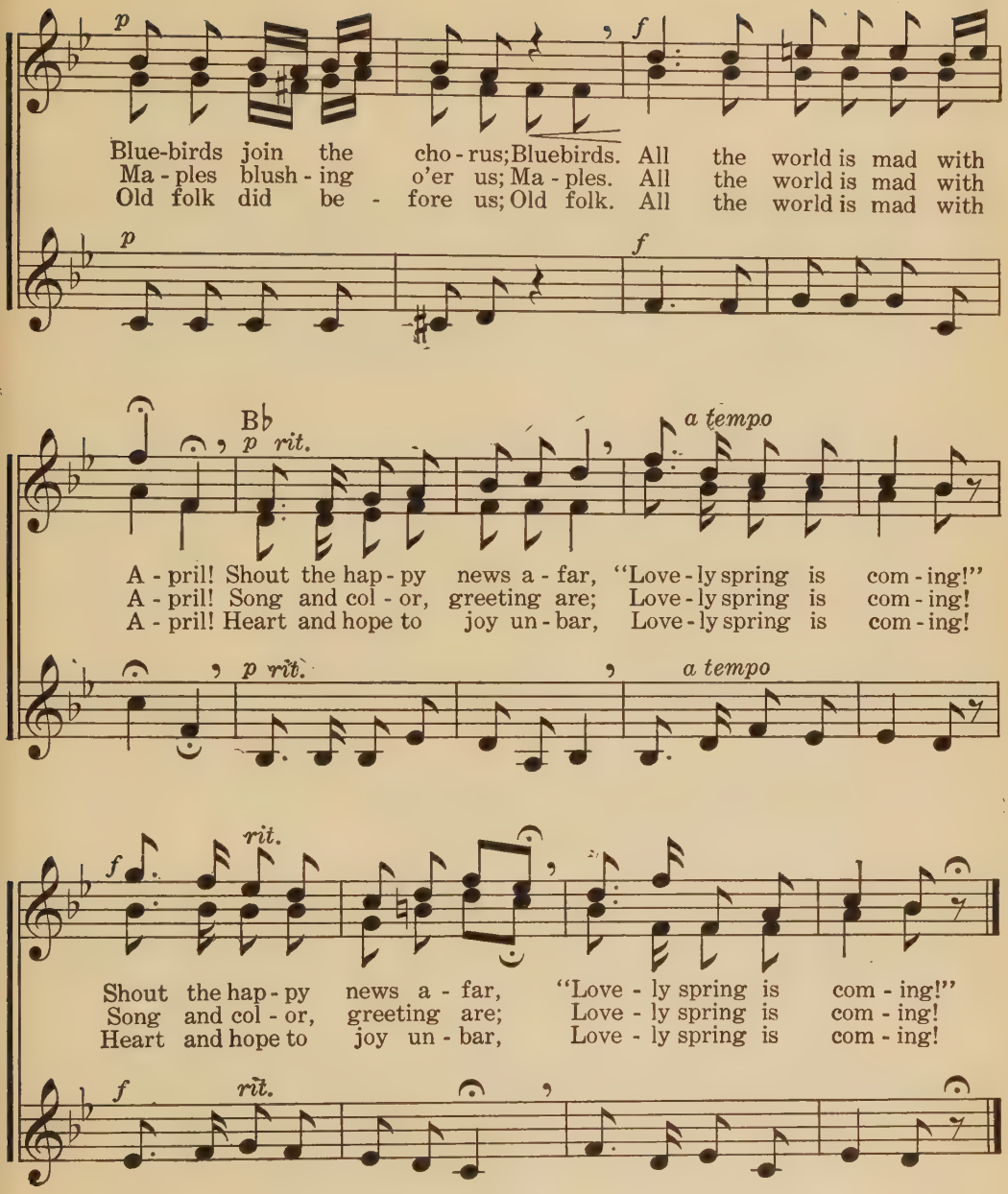
Ernst Schmid


f
f
1. With in - struments the fi - nest, With in - struments the rar - est, From
2. A tune ne'er rings so swee - tly, Ne'er rings one half so swee - tly Tho'
which to make my choice, The instrument that's dear - est Of all is quite the
played with master art; Nor harp, nor flute, nor vi - ol Can stir my soul so
p
sim - plest, It is the hu-man voice; Tra la, tra la, Of
deep - ly As song from hu-man heart; Tra la, tra la, Can
all is quite the sim-plest, Tra la, tra la, It is the human voice.
stir my soul so deep - ly, Tra la, tra la, As song from human heart.

# The April Folk

M. Louise Baum
*From the German*

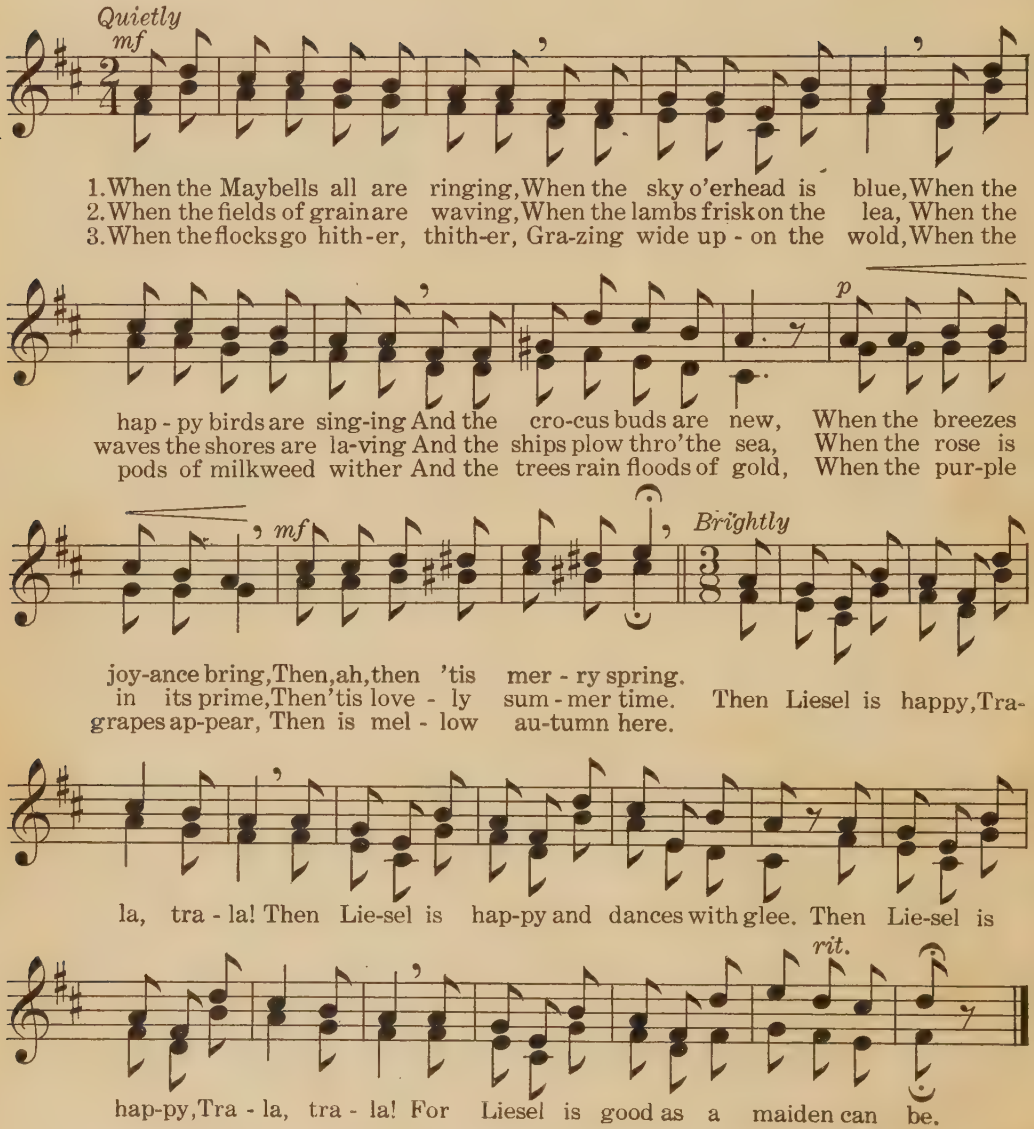
Max Bruch

1. South wind to the elm tree calls, "Love - ly spring is com - ing,
2. Wil - low doffs her fur - ry cap, Shows her yel - low tres - ses,
3. Peo - ple from their win-dows look, Eyes and hearts are ea - ger,
F
Love - ly spring is com - ing!" Bull - frogs an - swer, "Glu, glu, glu!"
Shows her yel - low tres - ses; Vio - let whis-pers, "Wait for me;"
Eyes and hearts are ea - ger; Out of doors they sly - ly slip,
Troo, loo! Troo, loo!
Vio - let Blue-bird
Sun-shine Chil-dren
f
f
p
Rob - in pipes it, "Too - tle, too - tle too!" Glu, glu! Glu, glu!
Scar-let decks the bud-ding ma - ple tree; wai - ting, ma - ting;
Toss the gladsome news from lip to lip; glanc-ing, danc - ing;
p


p
f
Blue-birds join the cho - rus; Bluebirds. All the world is mad with
Ma - ples blush - ing o'er us; Ma - ples. All the world is mad with
Old folk did be - fore us; Old folk. All the world is mad with
p
f
B♭
p rit.
a tempo
A - pril! Shout the hap - py news a - far, "Love - ly spring is com - ing!"
A - pril! Song and col - or, greeting are; Love - ly spring is com - ing!
A - pril! Heart and hope to joy un - bar, Love - ly spring is com - ing!
p rit.
a tempo
f
rit.
Shout the hap - py news a - far, "Love - ly spring is com - ing!"
Song and col - or, greeting are; Love - ly spring is com - ing!
Heart and hope to joy un - bar, Love - ly spring is com - ing!
f
rit.

# Gay Liesel

Alice C. D. Riley
*From the German*

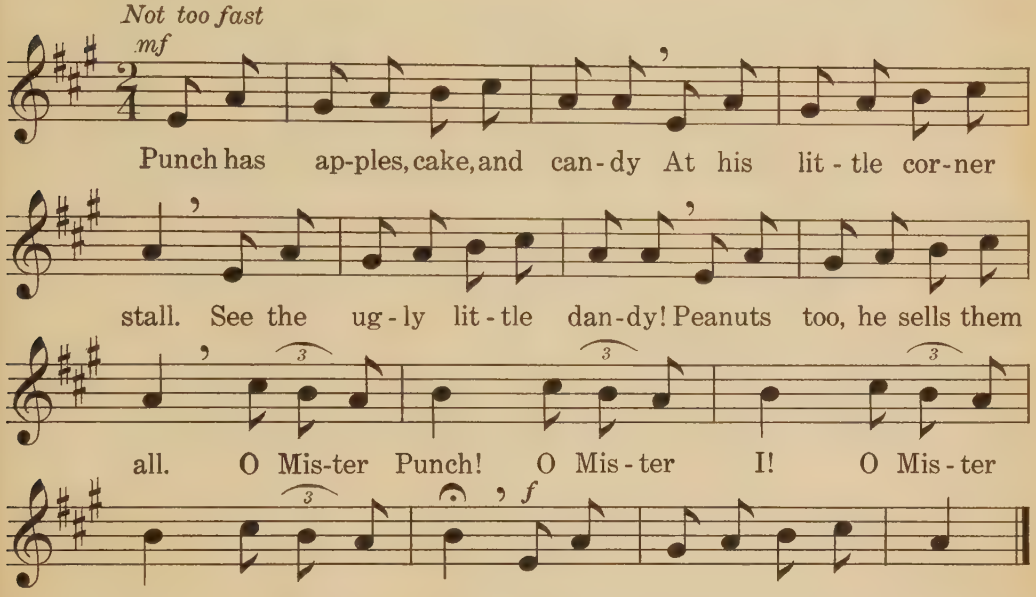
Karl Wahlstedt


Quietly
mf
1. When the Maybells all are ringing, When the sky o'erhead is blue, When the
2. When the fields of grain are waving, When the lambs frisk on the lea, When the
3. When the flocks go hith-er, thith-er, Gra-zing wide up-on the wold, When the
p
hap-py birds are sing-ing And the cro-cus buds are new, When the breezes
waves the shores are la-ving And the ships plow thro' the sea, When the rose is
pods of milkweed wither And the trees rain floods of gold, When the pur-ple
mf
Brightly
joy-ance bring, Then, ah, then 'tis mer-ry spring.
in its prime, Then 'tis love-ly sum-mer time. Then Liesel is happy, Tra-
grapes ap-pear, Then is mel-low au-tumn here.
la, tra-la! Then Lie-sel is hap-py and dances with glee. Then Lie-sel is
rit.
hap-py, Tra-la, tra-la! For Liesel is good as a maiden can be.

# Punchinello

Abbie Farwell Brown
*From the French*

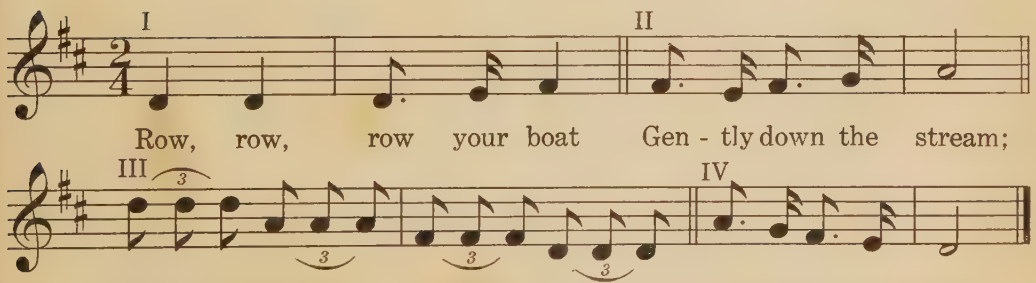
French Folk Song


Not too fast
mf
Punch has ap-ples, cake, and can-dy At his lit-tle cor-ner
stall. See the ug-ly lit-tle dan-dy! Peanuts too, he sells them
all. O Mis-ter Punch! O Mis-ter I! O Mis-ter
Nel! O Mis-ter Lo! Mis-ter Punch-i-nel-lo, Ho!
f

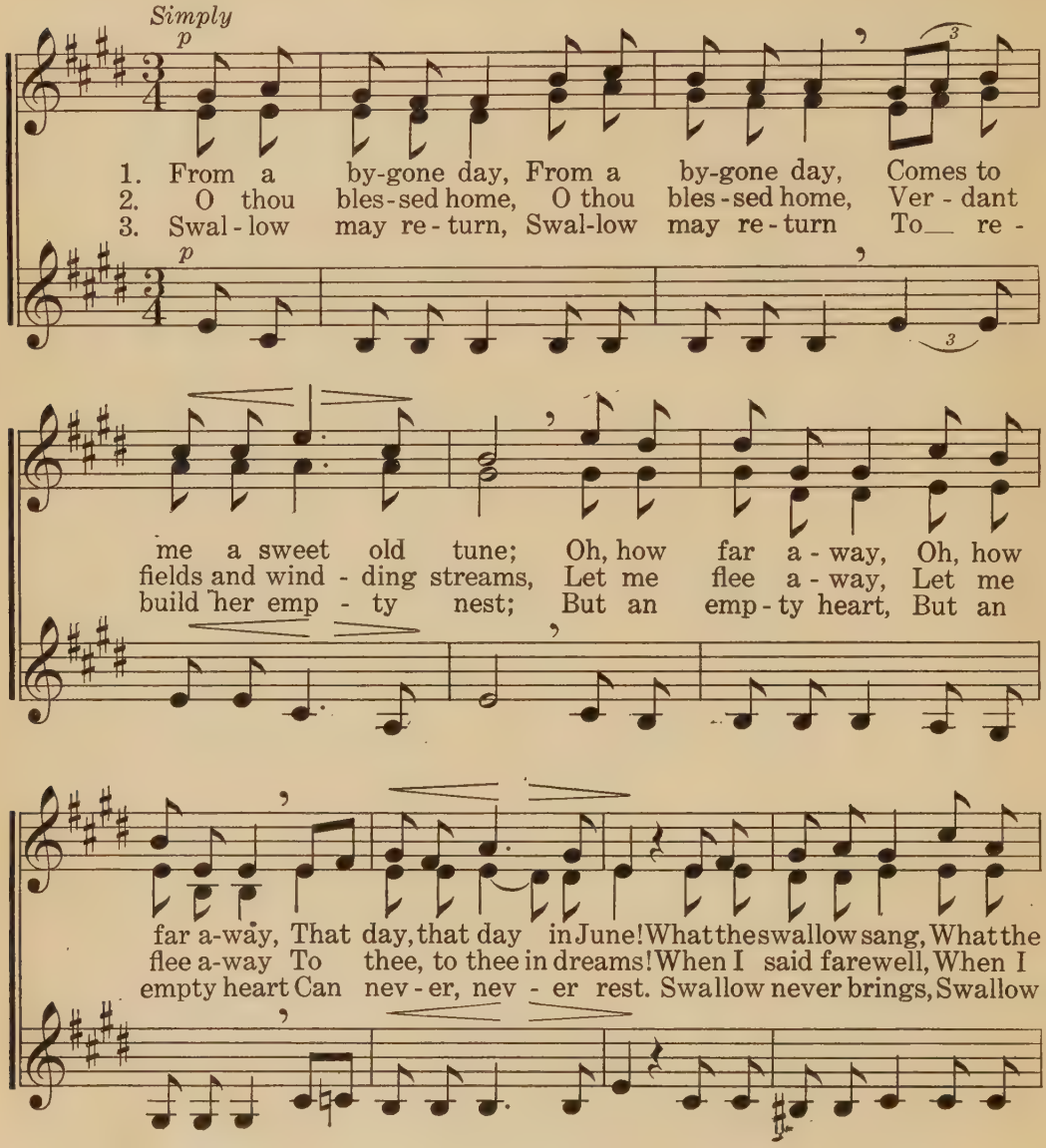
# Row, Row, Row Your Boat

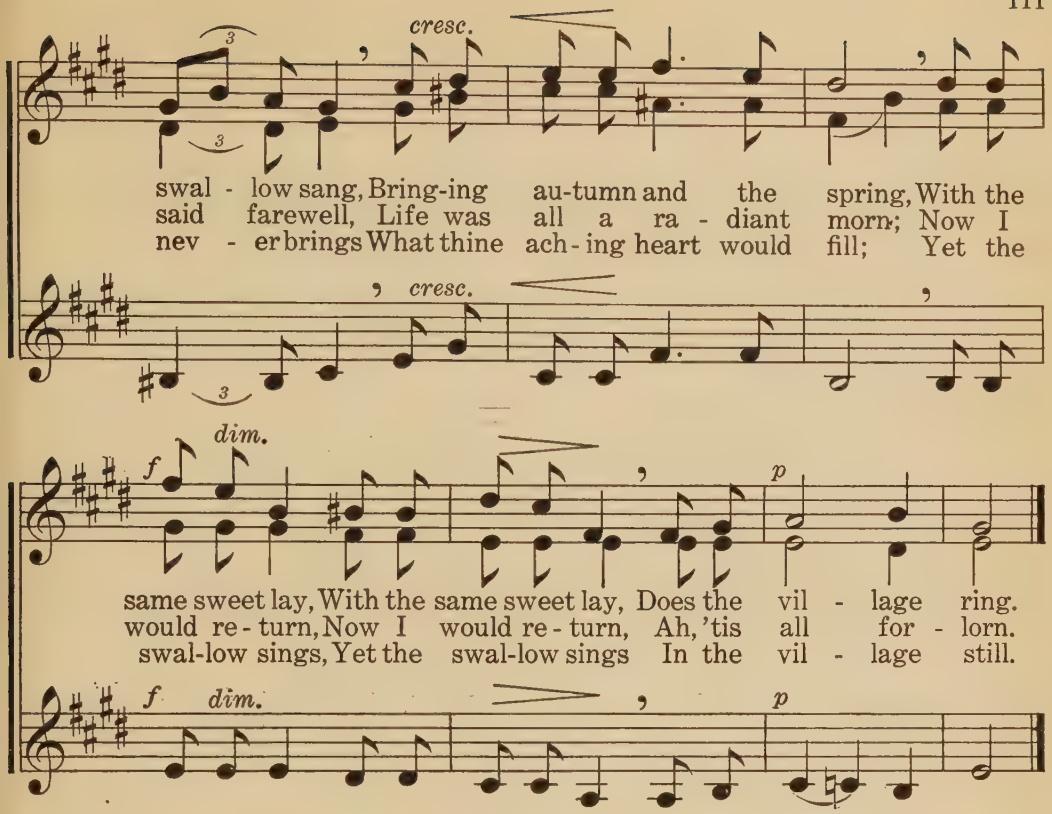
FOUR-PART ROUND

E. O. Lyte



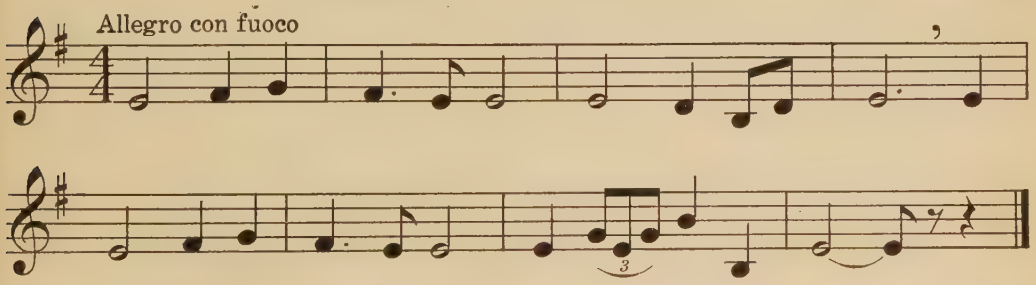
# From a Bygone Day

George L. Osgood — German Folk Song

Simply
p
1. From a by-gone day, From a by-gone day, Comes to
2. O thou bles-sed home, O thou bles-sed home, Ver - dant
3. Swal - low may re - turn, Swal-low may re - turn To re -
me a sweet old tune; Oh, how far a - way, Oh, how
fields and wind - ding streams, Let me flee a - way, Let me
build her emp - ty nest; But an emp - ty heart, But an
far a-way, That day, that day in June! What the swallow sang, What the
flee a-way To thee, to thee in dreams! When I said farewell, When I
empty heart Can nev - er, nev - er rest. Swallow never brings, Swallow

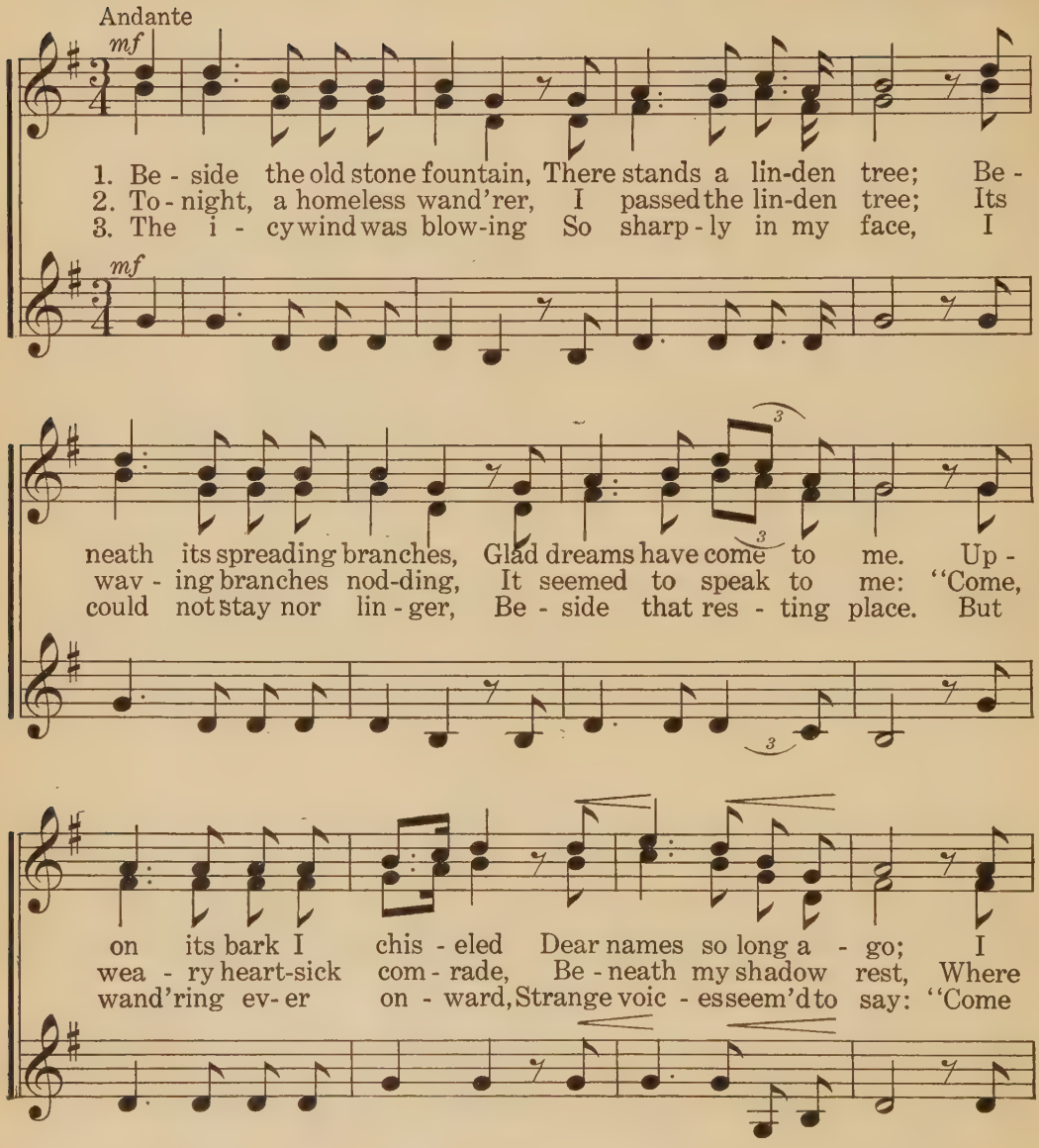

cresc.
swal - low sang, Bring-ing au-tumn and the spring, With the
said farewell, Life was all a ra - diant morn; Now I
nev - er brings What thine ach - ing heart would fill; Yet the
cresc.
dim.
f
p
same sweet lay, With the same sweet lay, Does the vil - lage ring.
would re - turn, Now I would re - turn, Ah, 'tis all for - lorn.
swal-low sings, Yet the swal-low sings In the vil - lage still.
f
dim.
p

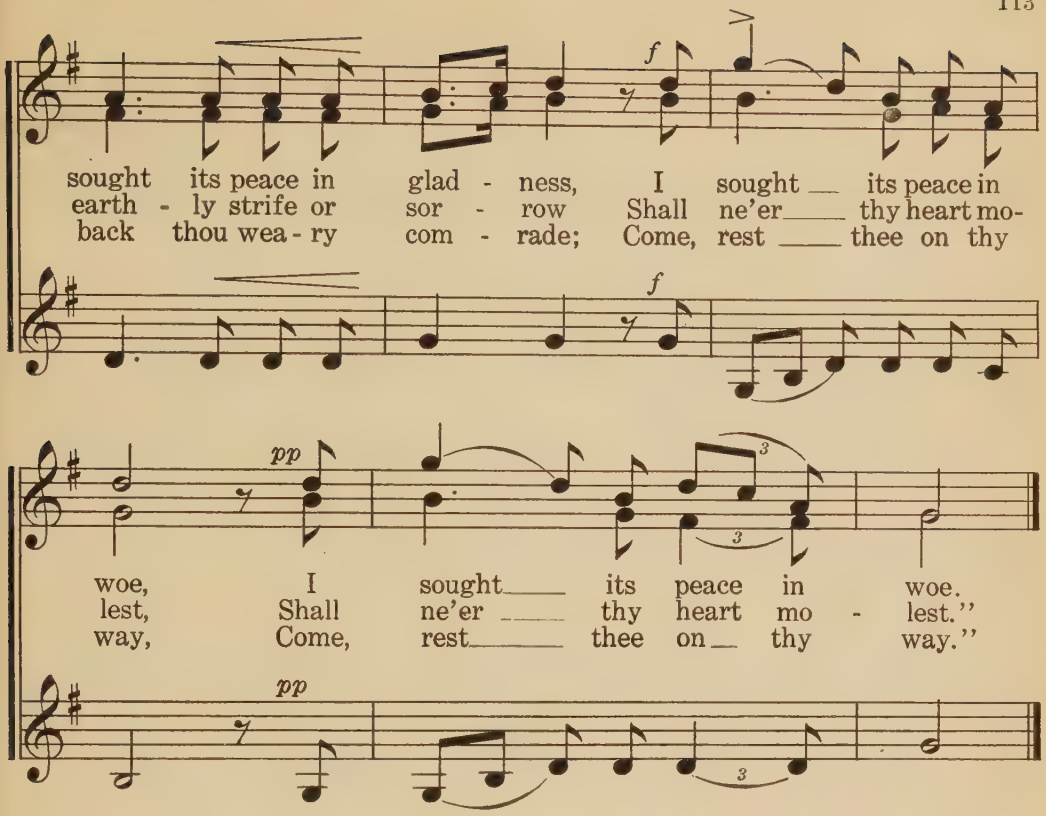
# Theme

From *The "New World" Symphony* — Anton Dvořák



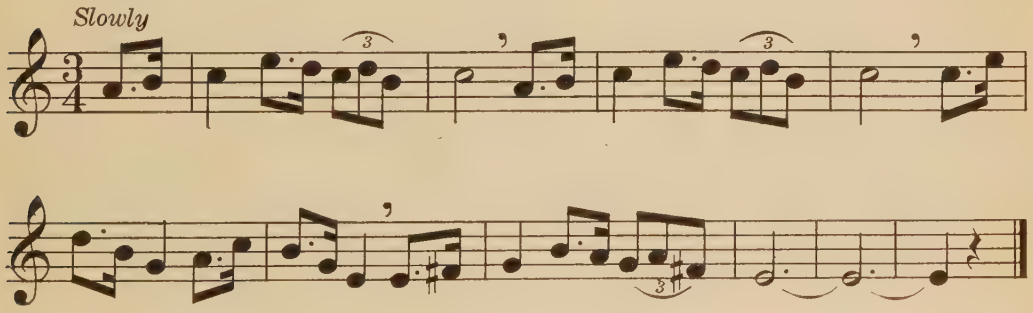
# The Linden Tree

Franz Schubert

Andante
mf
1. Be - side the old stone fountain, There stands a lin-den tree; Be -
2. To - night, a homeless wand'rer, I passed the lin-den tree; Its
3. The i - cy wind was blow-ing So sharp - ly in my face, I
mf
neath its spreading branches, Glad dreams have come to me. Up -
wav - ing branches nod-ding, It seemed to speak to me: "Come,
could not stay nor lin - ger, Be - side that res - ting place. But
on its bark I chis - eled Dear names so long a - go; I
wea - ry heart-sick com - rade, Be - neath my shadow rest, Where
wand'ring ev- er on - ward, Strange voic - es seem'd to say: "Come


sought its peace in glad - ness, I sought its peace in
earth - ly strife or sor - row Shall ne'er thy heart mo-
back thou wea - ry com - rade; Come, rest thee on thy
f
f
pp
woe, I sought its peace in woe.
lest, Shall ne'er thy heart mo - lest.''
way, Come, rest thee on thy way.''
pp

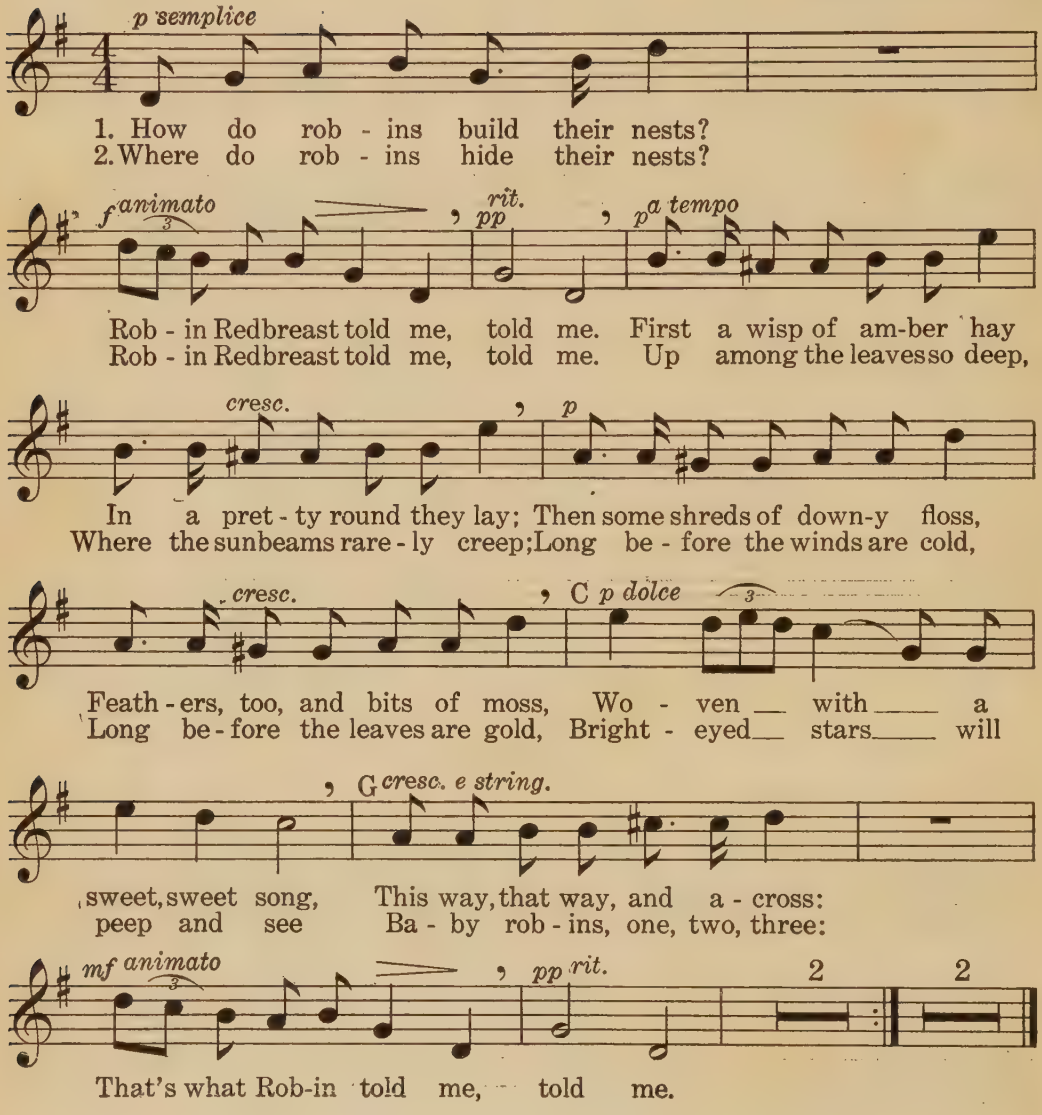
# Theme

From *The Fourth Symphony* — Robert Schumann



# Robin Redbreast Told Me

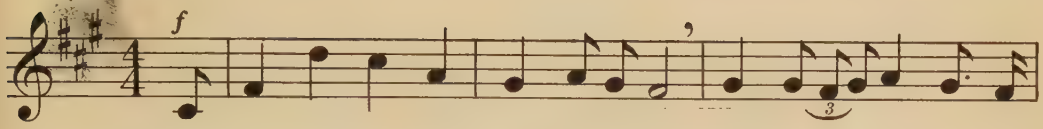
George Cooper

Julius Röntgen
*Composed for this Series*

p semplice
1. How do rob - ins build their nests?
2. Where do rob - ins hide their nests?
f animato
rit.
pp
p a tempo
Rob - in Redbreast told me, told me. First a wisp of am-ber hay
Rob - in Redbreast told me, told me. Up among the leaves so deep,
cresc.
p
In a pret - ty round they lay; Then some shreds of down-y floss,
Where the sunbeams rare - ly creep; Long be - fore the winds are cold,
cresc.
C p dolce
Feath - ers, too, and bits of moss, Wo - ven with a
Long be - fore the leaves are gold, Bright - eyed stars will
G cresc. e string.
sweet, sweet song, This way, that way, and a - cross:
peep and see Ba - by rob - ins, one, two, three:
mf animato
pp rit.
2
2
That's what Rob-in told me, told me.

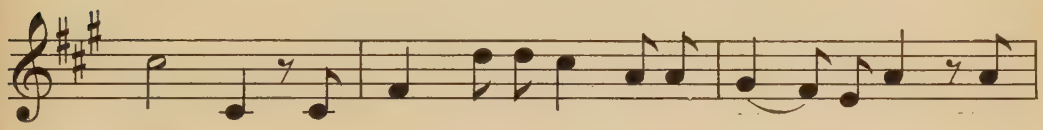
# A Sailor's Life

Nellie Poorman

Hendrika van Tussenbroek

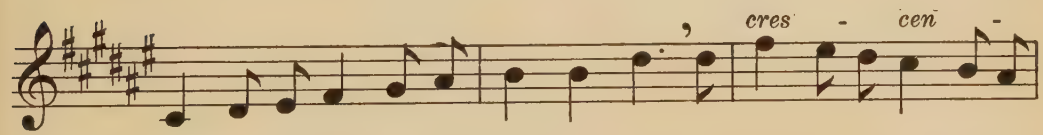



1. An an - gry tem - pest sweeps o'er the sea; Storm beaten, the wild waves are
2. The bleak wind shrieks and wails o'er the ship; Grim, ravenous waves high are

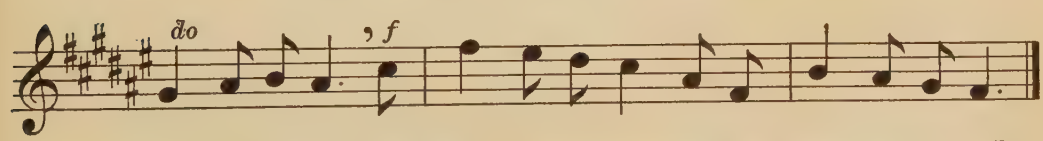


lash - ing; Un - leashed, tossing bil - lows go ra - cing by With
tow - 'ring; The drear, storming sky wears a hos - tile face, And

clam - or and roar - ing and crash - ing. But
low scud - ding clouds black are low - 'ring. Un -




sail - ors are fear - less, they nev - er quail; Their hearts are de - fi - ant, tho'
daun - ted, the good ves - sel sails a - long; Her stout keel is stea - dy, her

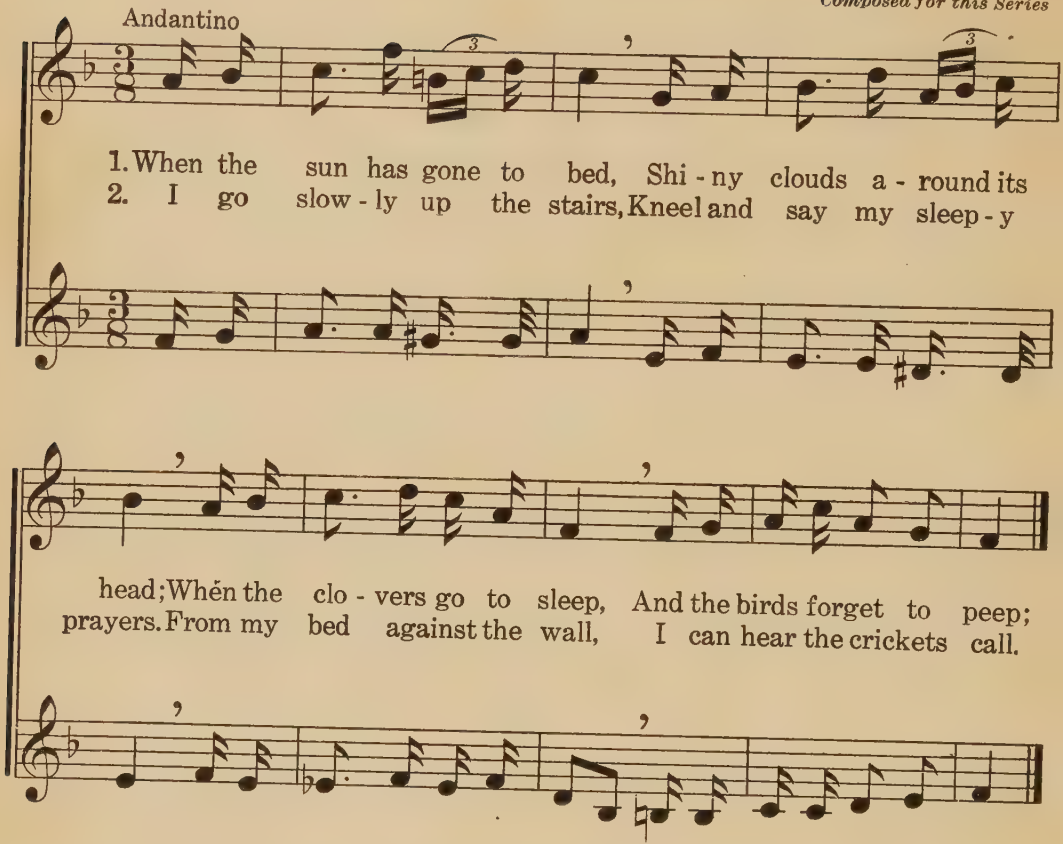



threat'ning the gale; With songs on their lips, thro' the tem - pest they sail.
tim-bers are strong; Her crew mock the storm with a rol - lic-king song.

# My Bedtime

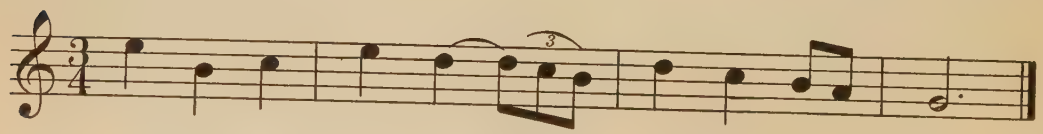
May Elizabeth White

Horatio Parker
*Composed for this Series*

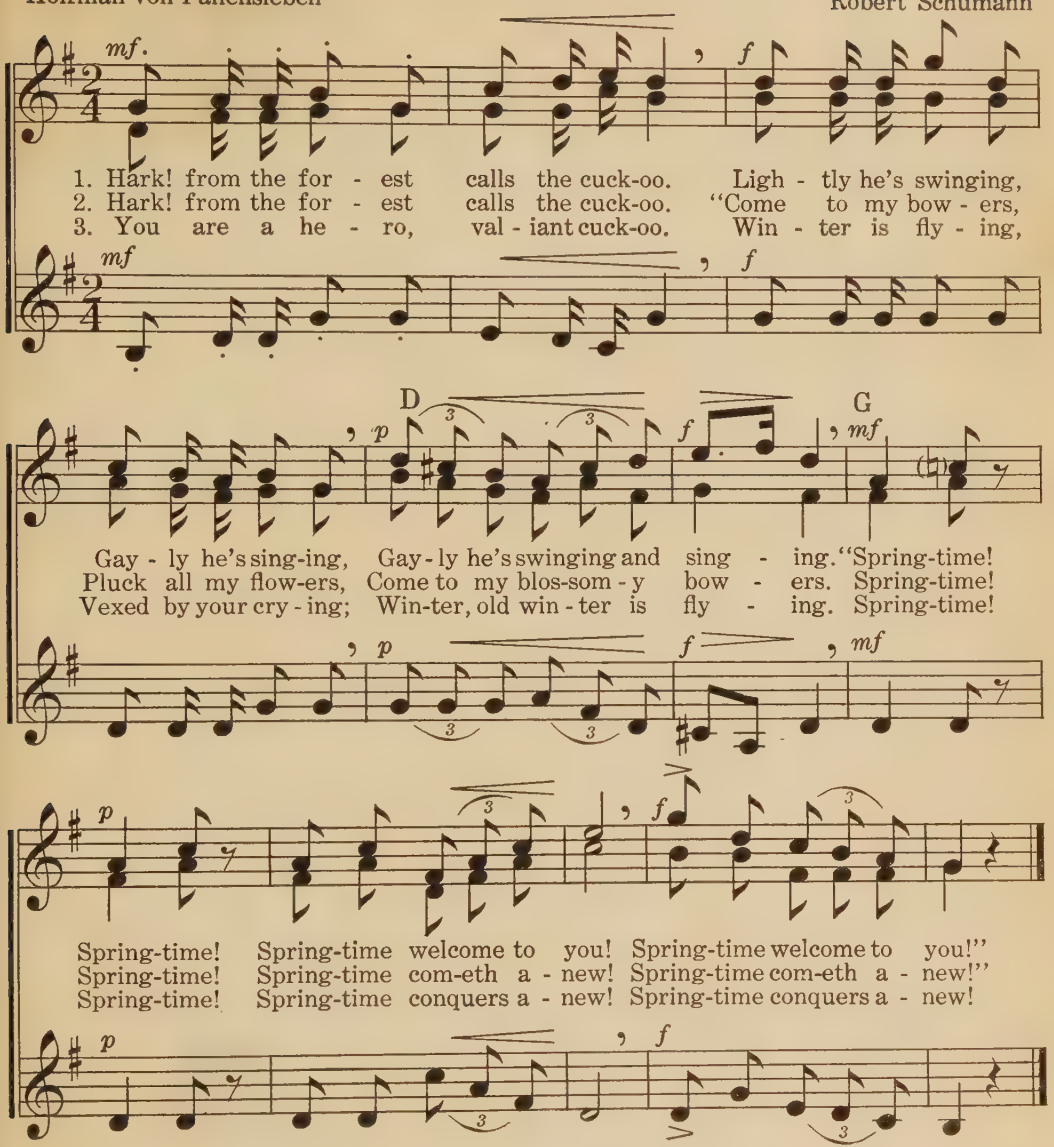

Andantino
1. When the sun has gone to bed, Shi - ny clouds a - round its
2. I go slow - ly up the stairs, Kneel and say my sleep - y
head; Whĕn the clo - vers go to sleep, And the birds forget to peep;
prayers. From my bed against the wall, I can hear the crickets call.

# Theme

From *Die Meistersinger*
*Prize Song*

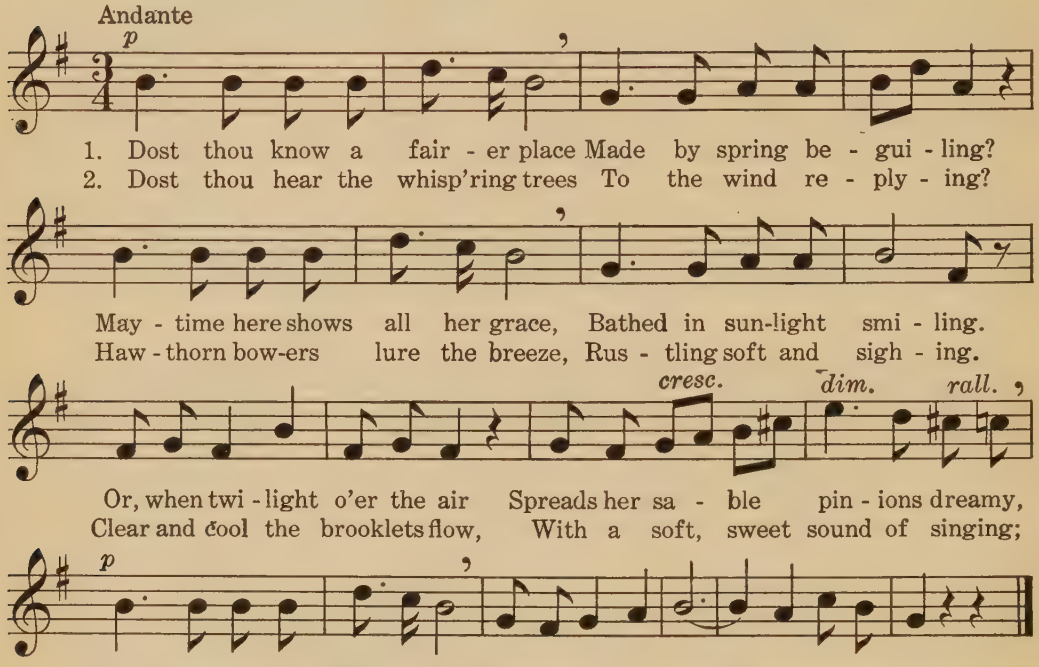
Richard Wagner

# Spring's Messenger

Hoffman von Fallensleben

Robert Schumann

mf
f
1. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. Ligh - tly he's swinging,
2. Hark! from the for - est calls the cuck-oo. "Come to my bow - ers,
3. You are a he - ro, val - iant cuck-oo. Win - ter is fly - ing,
mf
f
D
G
p
f
mf
Gay - ly he's sing-ing, Gay - ly he's swinging and sing - ing. "Spring-time!
Pluck all my flow-ers, Come to my blos-som - y bow - ers. Spring-time!
Vexed by your cry - ing; Win-ter, old win - ter is fly - ing. Spring-time!
p
f
mf
p
f
Spring-time! Spring-time welcome to you! Spring-time welcome to you!"
Spring-time! Spring-time com-eth a - new! Spring-time com-eth a - new!"
Spring-time! Spring-time conquers a - new! Spring-time conquers a - new!
p
f

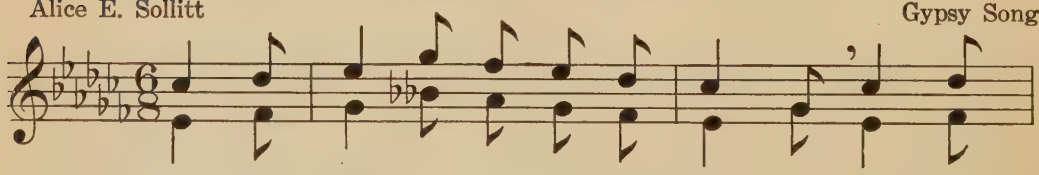
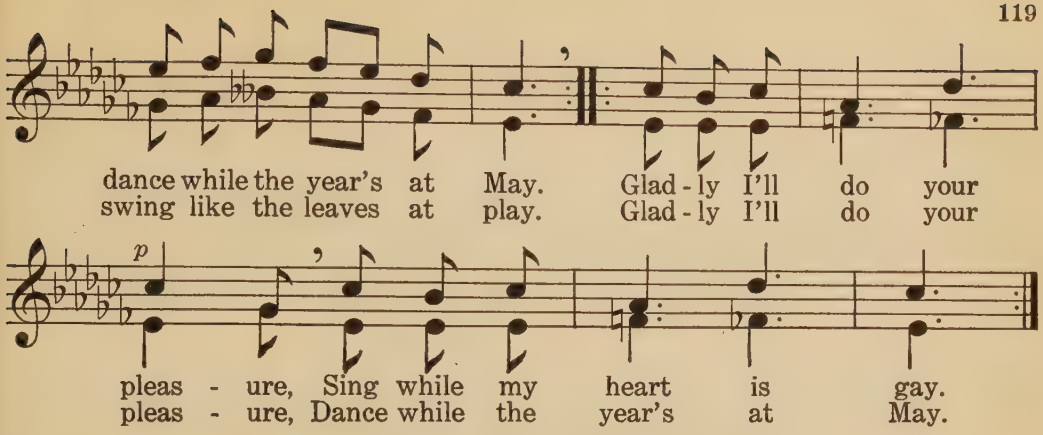
# The Hillside

Ethel B. Howard
*From the German*

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

Andante
p
1. Dost thou know a fair - er place Made by spring be - gui - ling?
2. Dost thou hear the whisp'ring trees To the wind re - ply - ing?
May - time here shows all her grace, Bathed in sun-light smi - ling.
Haw - thorn bow-ers lure the breeze, Rus - tling soft and sigh - ing.
cresc.
dim.
rall.
Or, when twi - light o'er the air Spreads her sa - ble pin - ions dreamy,
Clear and cool the brooklets flow, With a soft, sweet sound of singing;
p
Here the young moon, slim and fair, Sheds her silver gleams, casts crystal beams.
Fair - hued flow-ers bud and blow; Thus to greet the spring smiles ev-'ry-thing.

# Gypsy Maidens

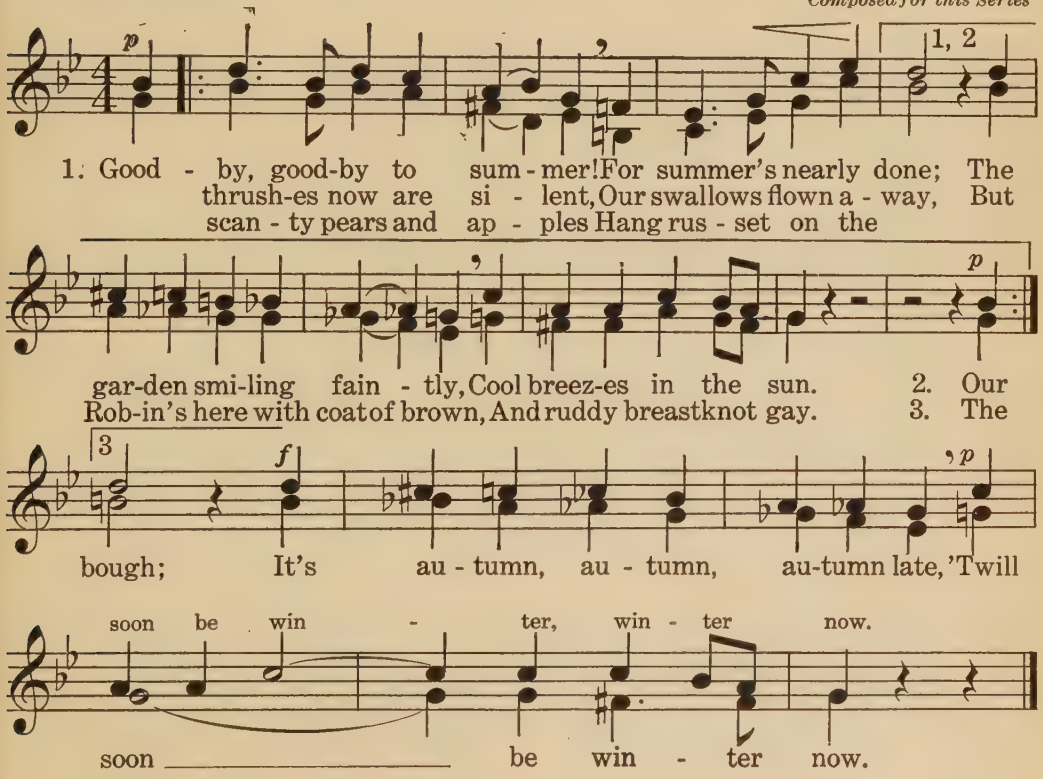
Alice E. Sollitt

Gypsy Song

dance while the year's at May. Glad - ly I'll do your
swing like the leaves at play. Glad - ly I'll do your
p
pleas - ure, Sing while my heart is gay.
pleas - ure, Dance while the year's at May.

# Robin Redbreast

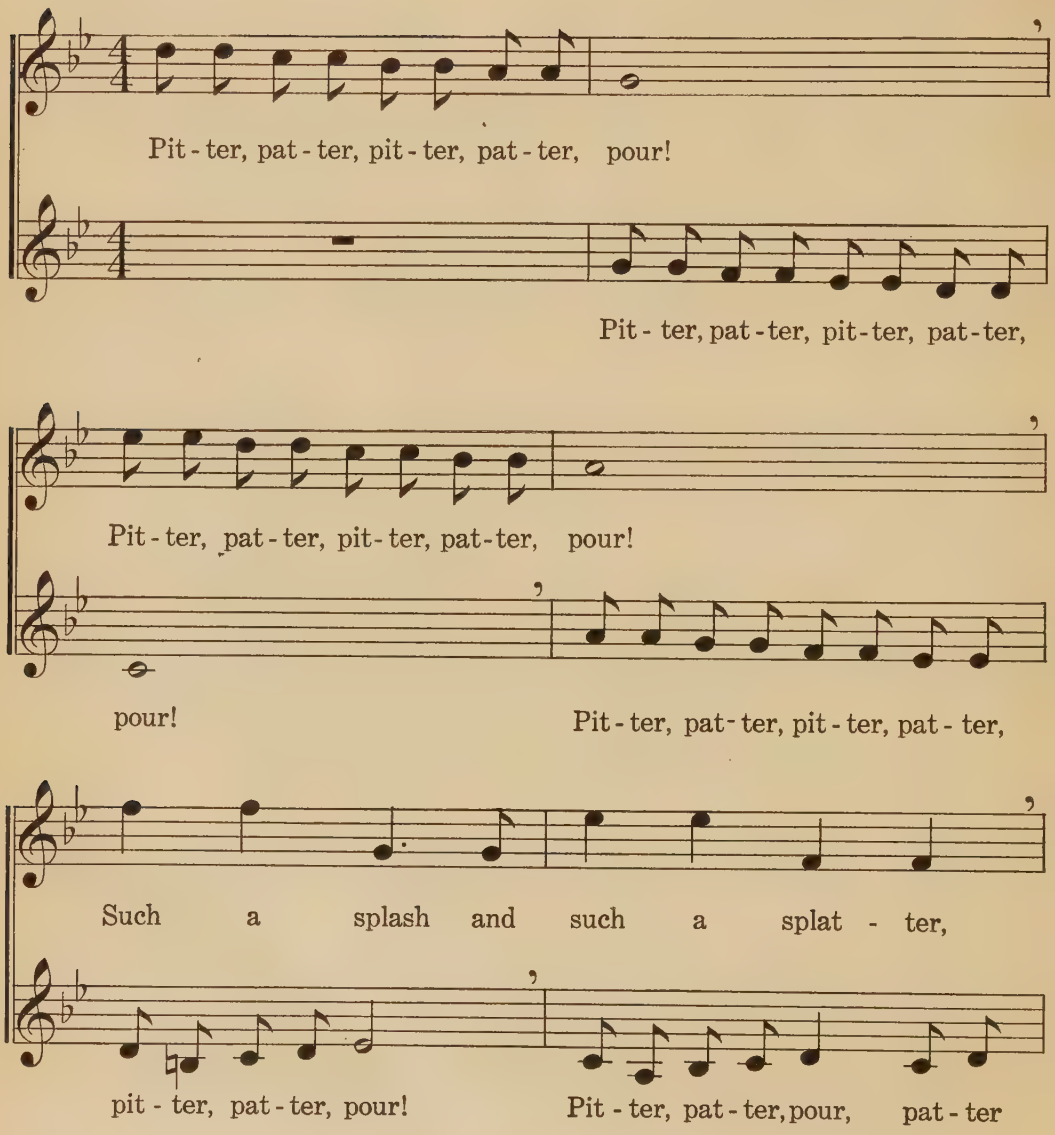
William Allingham

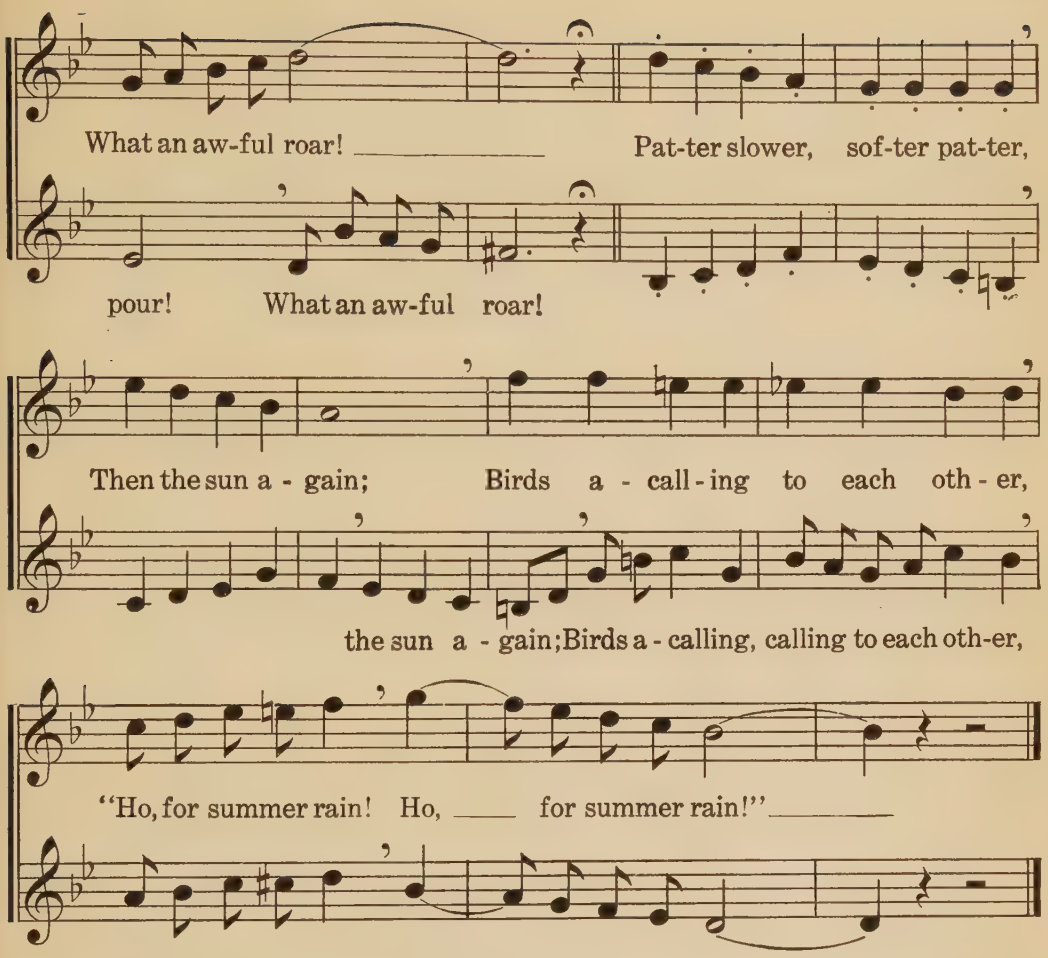
Fr. Gernsheim
*Composed for this Series*


p
1, 2
1. Good - by, good-by to sum - mer! For summer's nearly done; The
thrush-es now are si - lent, Our swallows flown a - way, But
scan - ty pears and ap - ples Hang rus - set on the
p
gar-den smi-ling fain - tly, Cool breez-es in the sun.
Rob-in's here with coat of brown, And ruddy breast knot gay.
2. Our
3. The
3
f
p
bough; It's au - tumn, au - tumn, au-tumn late, 'T will
soon be win - ter, win - ter now.
soon be win - ter now.

# Rain in Summer

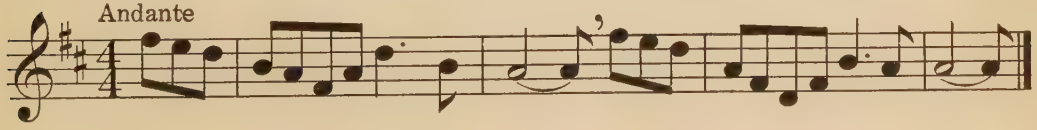
May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
*Composed for this Series*

Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pour!
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter, pour!
pour!
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pit - ter, pat - ter,
Such a splash and such a splat - ter,
pit - ter, pat - ter, pour!
Pit - ter, pat - ter, pour, pat - ter


What an aw-ful roar! Pat-ter slower, sof-ter pat-ter,
pour! What an aw-ful roar!
Then the sun a - gain; Birds a - call - ing to each oth - er,
the sun a - gain; Birds a - calling, calling to each oth-er,
"Ho, for summer rain! Ho, for summer rain!"

# Theme

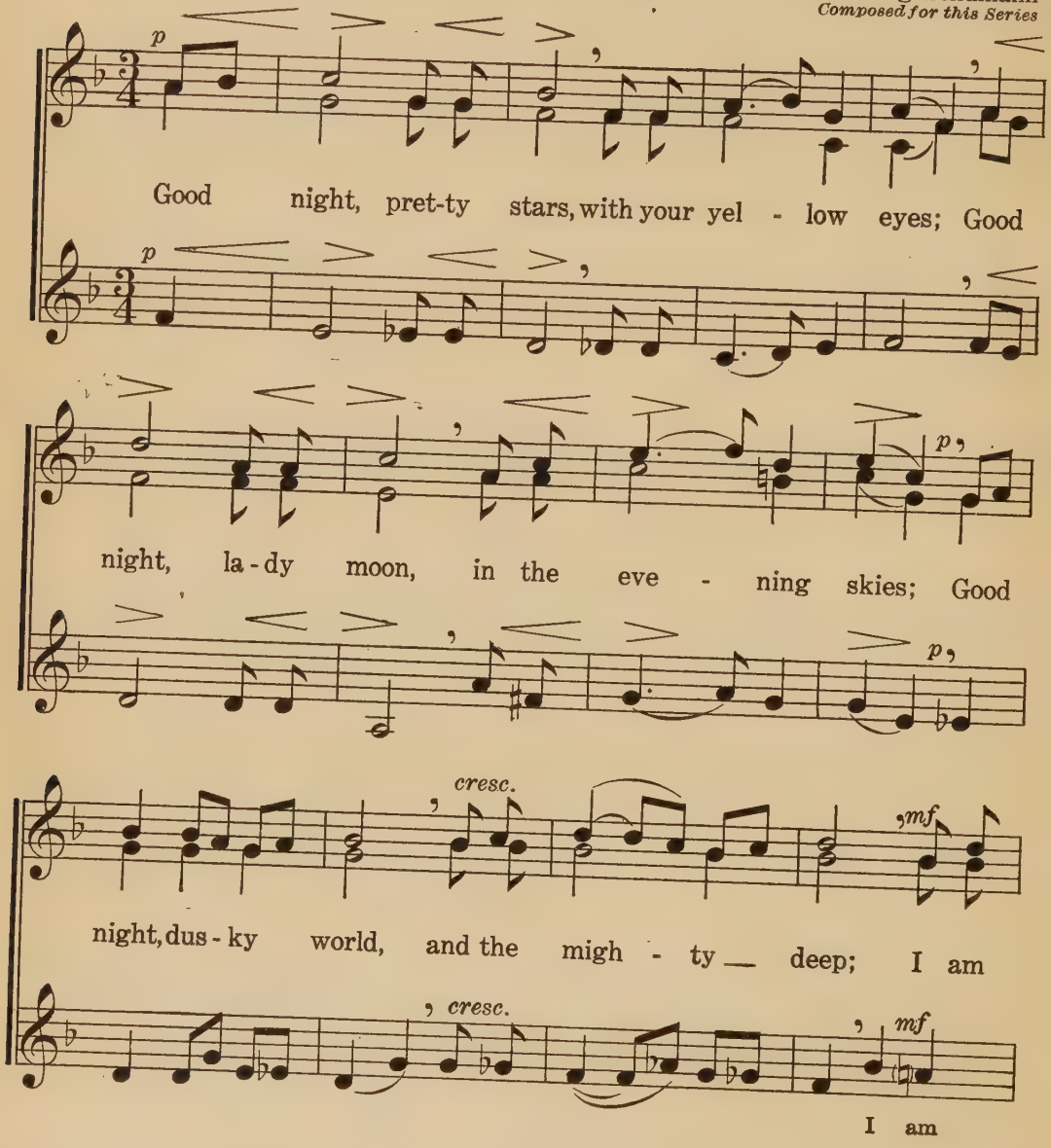
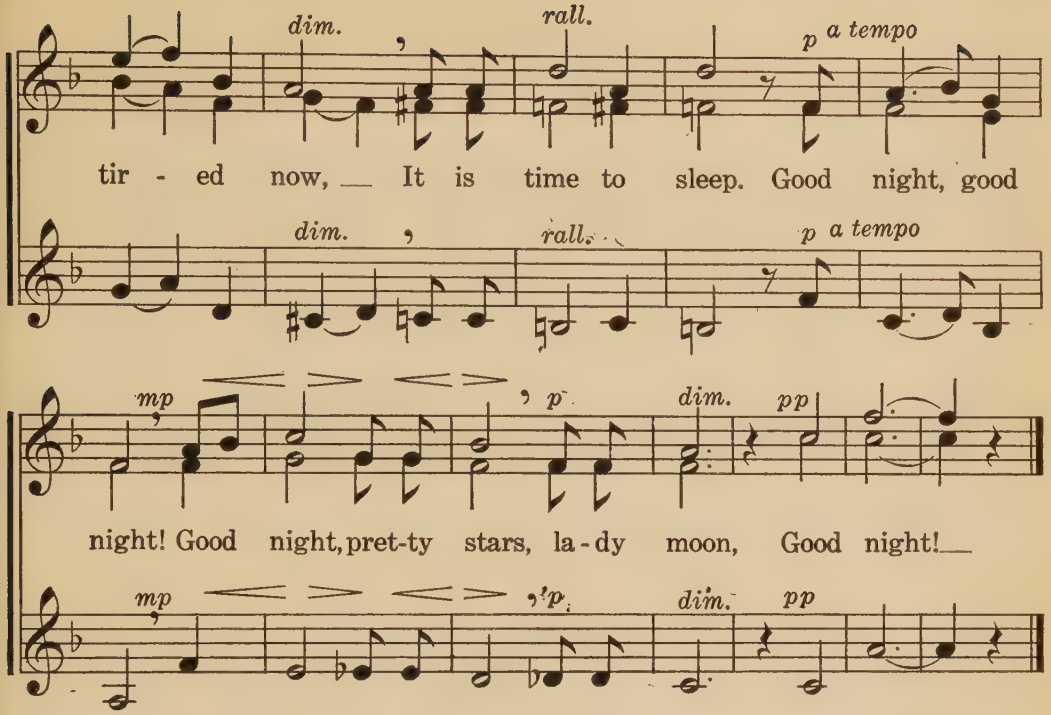
From *The Sixth Symphony* — Peter I. Tschaikowsky



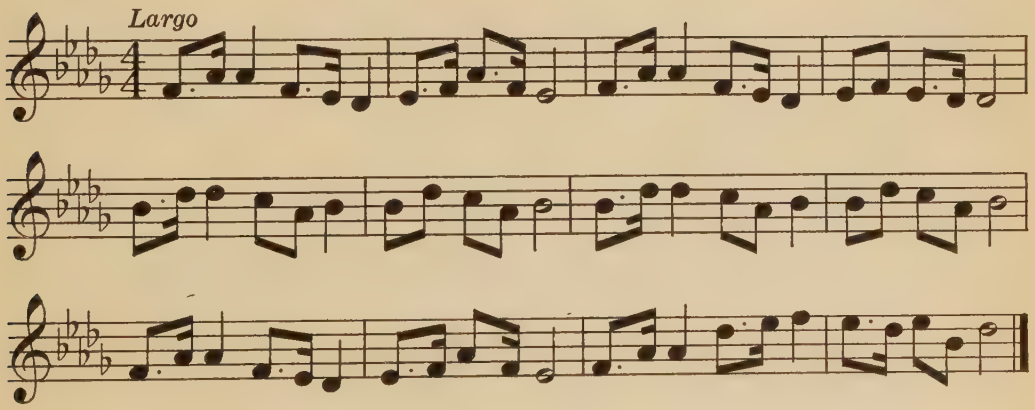
# Good Night, Pretty Stars

From *Old Fashioned Rhymes and Poems*

Georg Schumann
*Composed for this Series*


p
Good night, pret-ty stars, with your yel - low eyes; Good
p
night, la - dy moon, in the eve - ning skies; Good
p
cresc.
mf
night, dus - ky world, and the migh - ty deep; I am
cresc.
mf
I am

# Theme

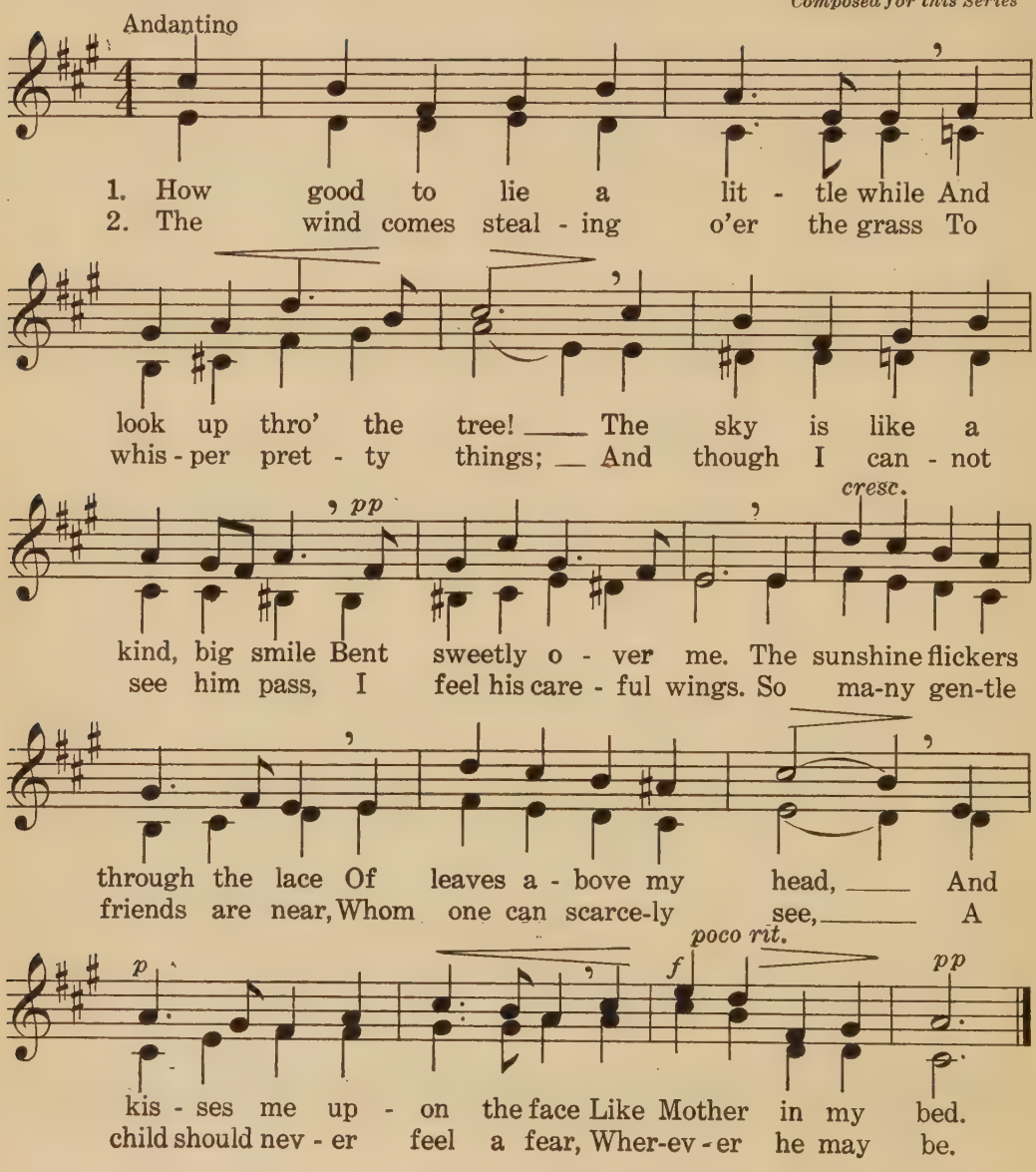
From *The "New World" Symphony* — Anton Dvořák



# Friends

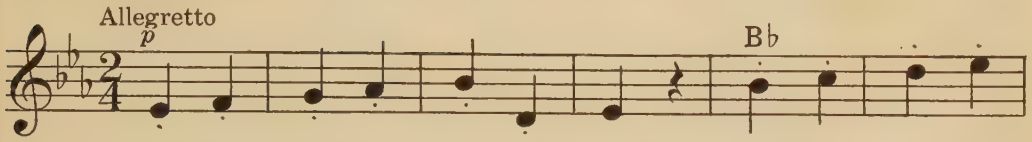
Abbie Farwell Brown

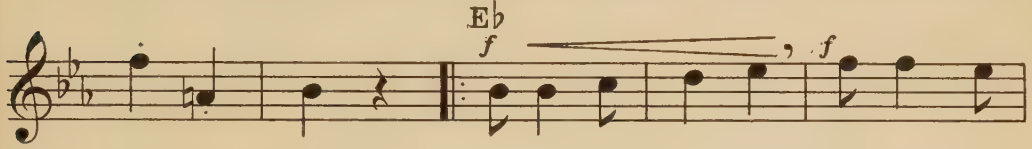
Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
*Composed for this Series*

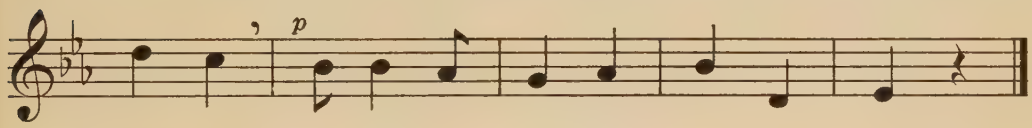

Andantino
1. How good to lie a lit - tle while And
2. The wind comes steal - ing o'er the grass To
look up thro' the tree! The sky is like a
whis - per pret - ty things; And though I can - not
pp
cresc.
kind, big smile Bent sweetly o - ver me. The sunshine flickers
see him pass, I feel his care - ful wings. So ma-ny gen-tle
through the lace Of leaves a - bove my head, And
friends are near, Whom one can scarce-ly see, A
p
f
poco rit.
pp
kis - ses me up - on the face Like Mother in my bed.
child should nev - er feel a fear, Wher-ev - er he may be.

# The Squirrels

Nathan Haskell Dole — Hungarian Folk Song



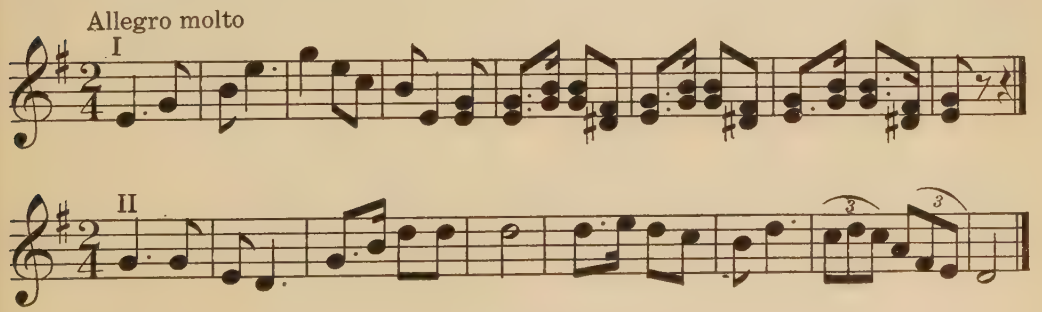

1. Jack Frost thro' the woods has passed. Leaves are turn - ing,
2. Chil - dren hun - ting 'mid the leaves Squir - rels look up -

nuts fall fast. As they go scat-t'ring, Squirrels are
on as thieves! Chestnuts and wal - nuts, A-corns and



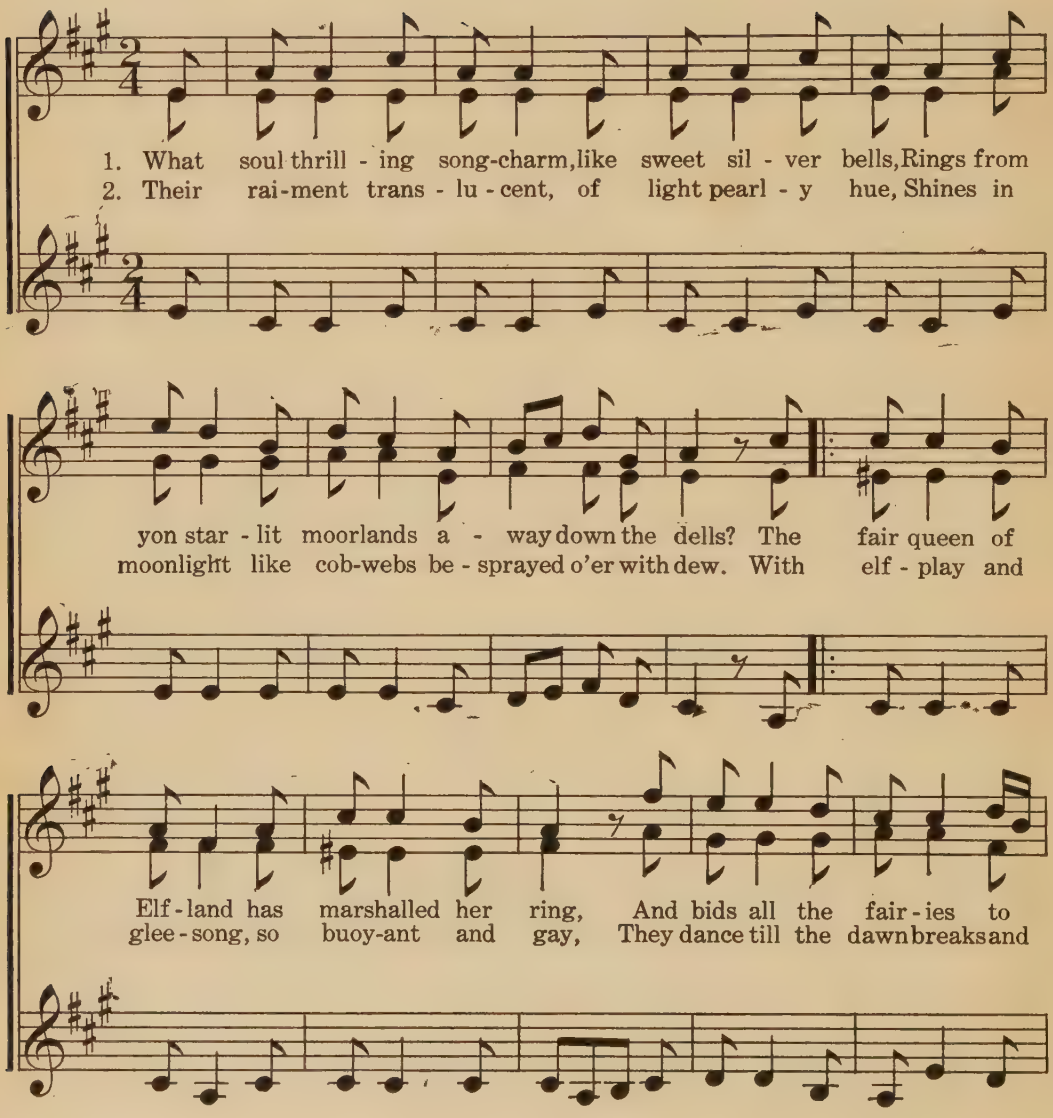

chat-t'ring, Hap - py 'tis har - vest time at last!
all nuts, Are theirs a - lone, so each be - lieves!

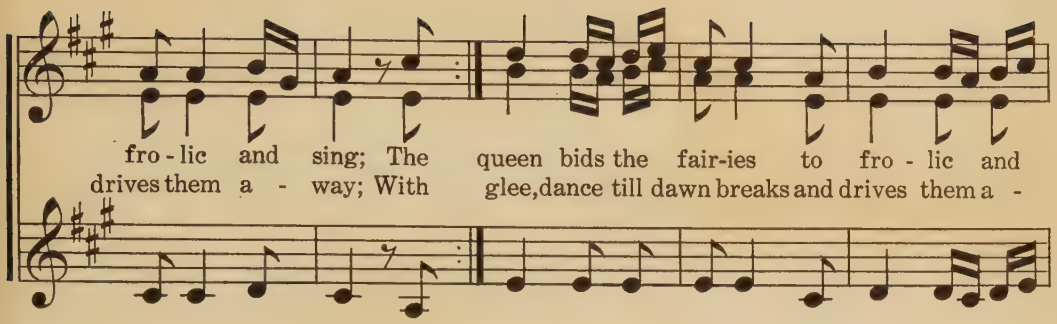
# Themes

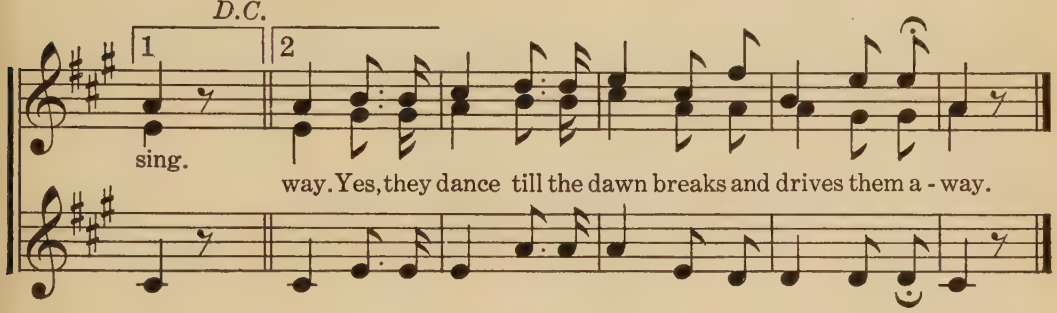
From *The "New World" Symphony* — Anton Dvořák



# Fairy Revelry

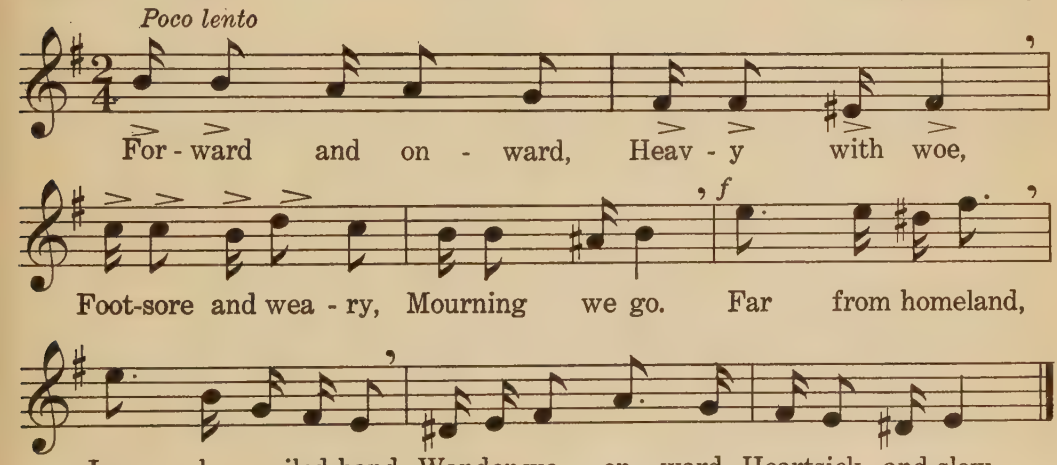
Edward Payson Jackson — Gioachino Rossini

1. What soul thrill - ing song-charm, like sweet sil - ver bells, Rings from
2. Their rai-ment trans - lu - cent, of light pearl - y hue, Shines in
yon star - lit moorlands a - way down the dells? The fair queen of
moonlight like cob-webs be - sprayed o'er with dew. With elf - play and
Elf - land has marshalled her ring, And bids all the fair - ies to
glee - song, so buoy-ant and gay, They dance till the dawn breaks and


fro - lic and sing; The queen bids the fair-ies to fro - lic and
drives them a - way; With glee, dance till dawn breaks and drives them a -




# The Exiles

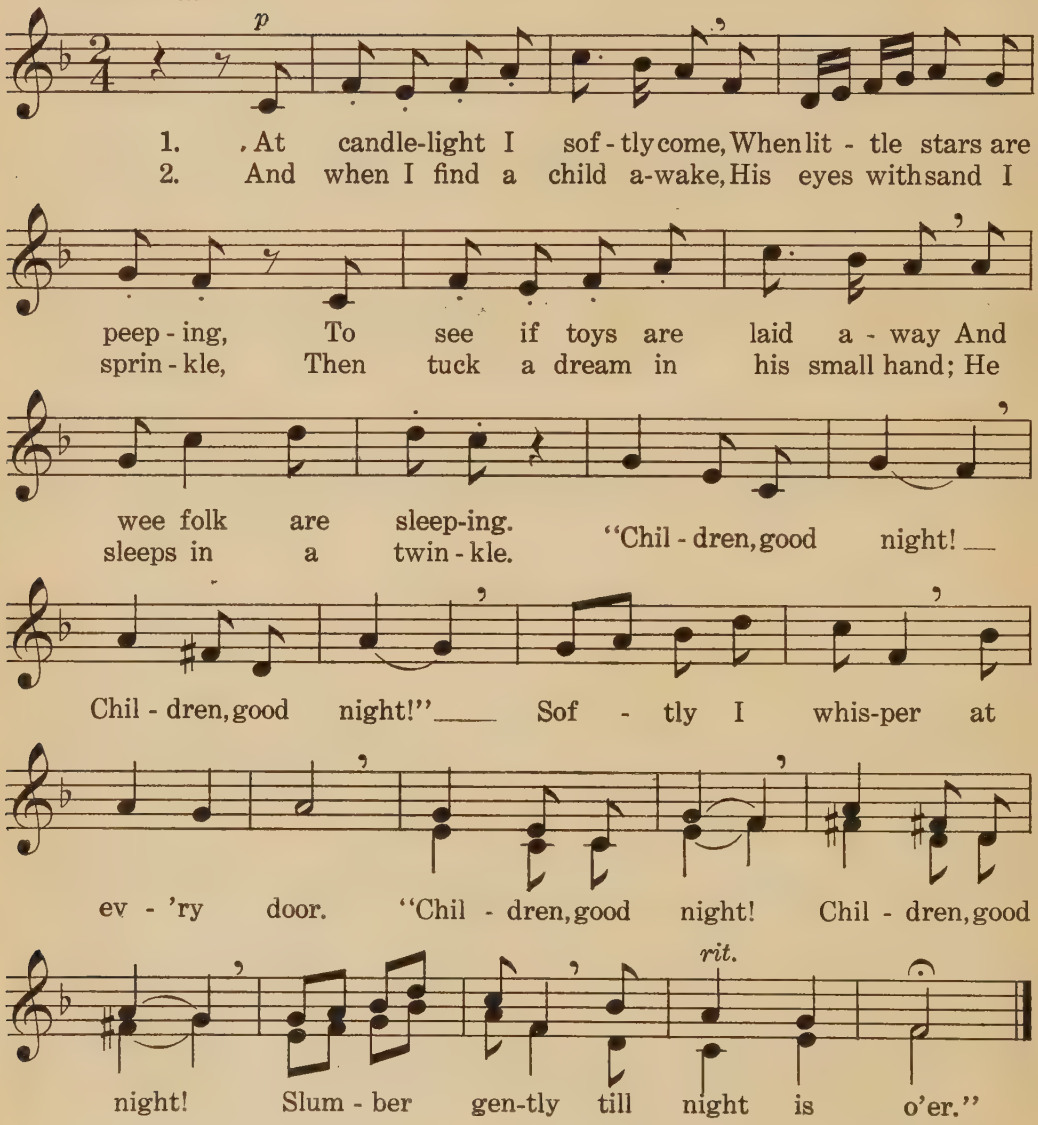
Ethel B. Howard — Hebrew Melody


Poco lento
For - ward and on - ward, Heav - y with woe,
f
Foot-sore and wea - ry, Mourning we go. Far from homeland,
Lone - ly, ex-iled band, Wander we on - ward, Heartsick and slow.

# The Sandman

Genevieve Fox
*From the Dutch*

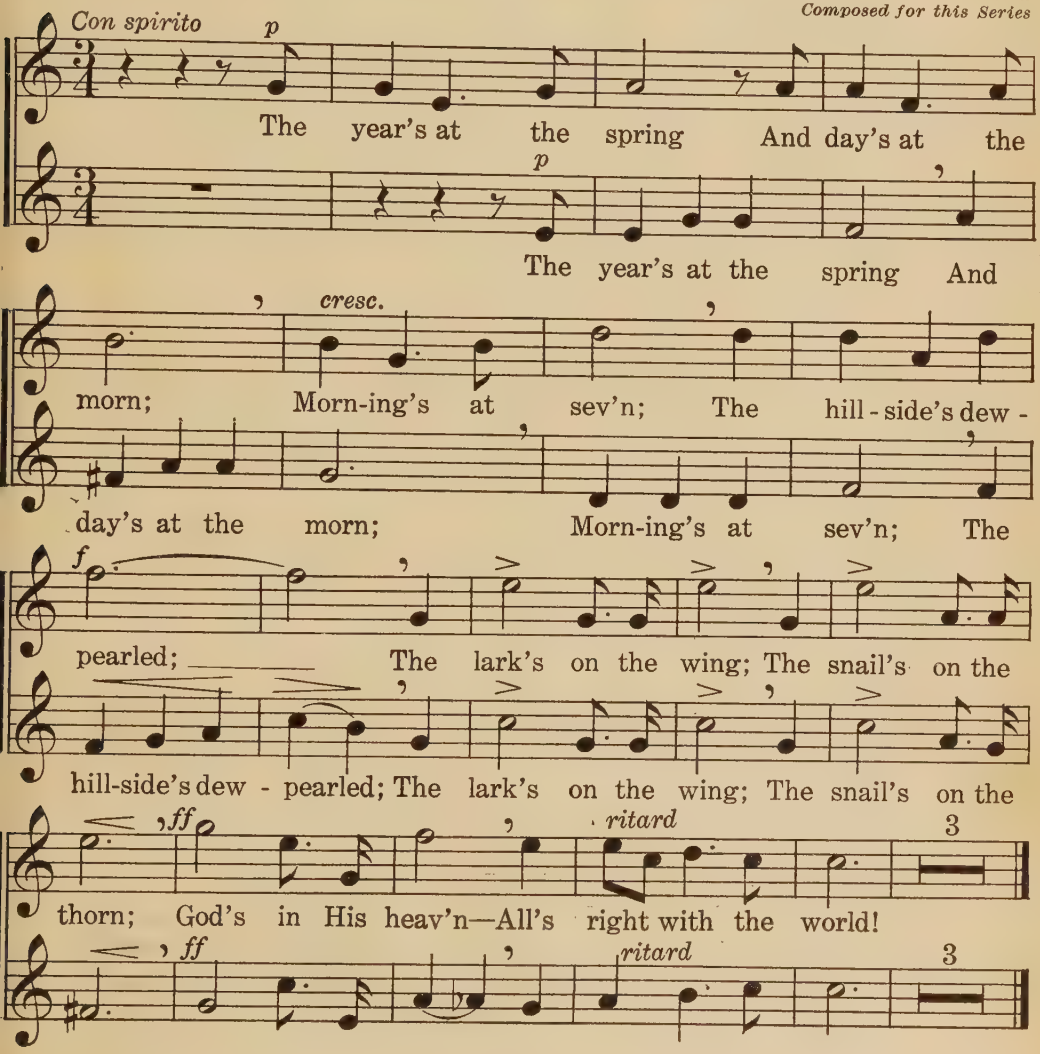
Catharina van Rennes


p
1. At candle-light I sof - tly come, When lit - tle stars are peep - ing, To see if toys are laid a - way And
2. And when I find a child a-wake, His eyes with sand I sprin - kle, Then tuck a dream in his small hand; He
wee folk are sleep-ing.
sleeps in a twin - kle.
"Chil - dren, good night! Chil - dren, good night!" Sof - tly I whis-per at ev - 'ry door. "Chil - dren, good night! Chil - dren, good night! Slum - ber gen-tly till night is o'er."
rit.

# Pippa's Song

Robert Browning

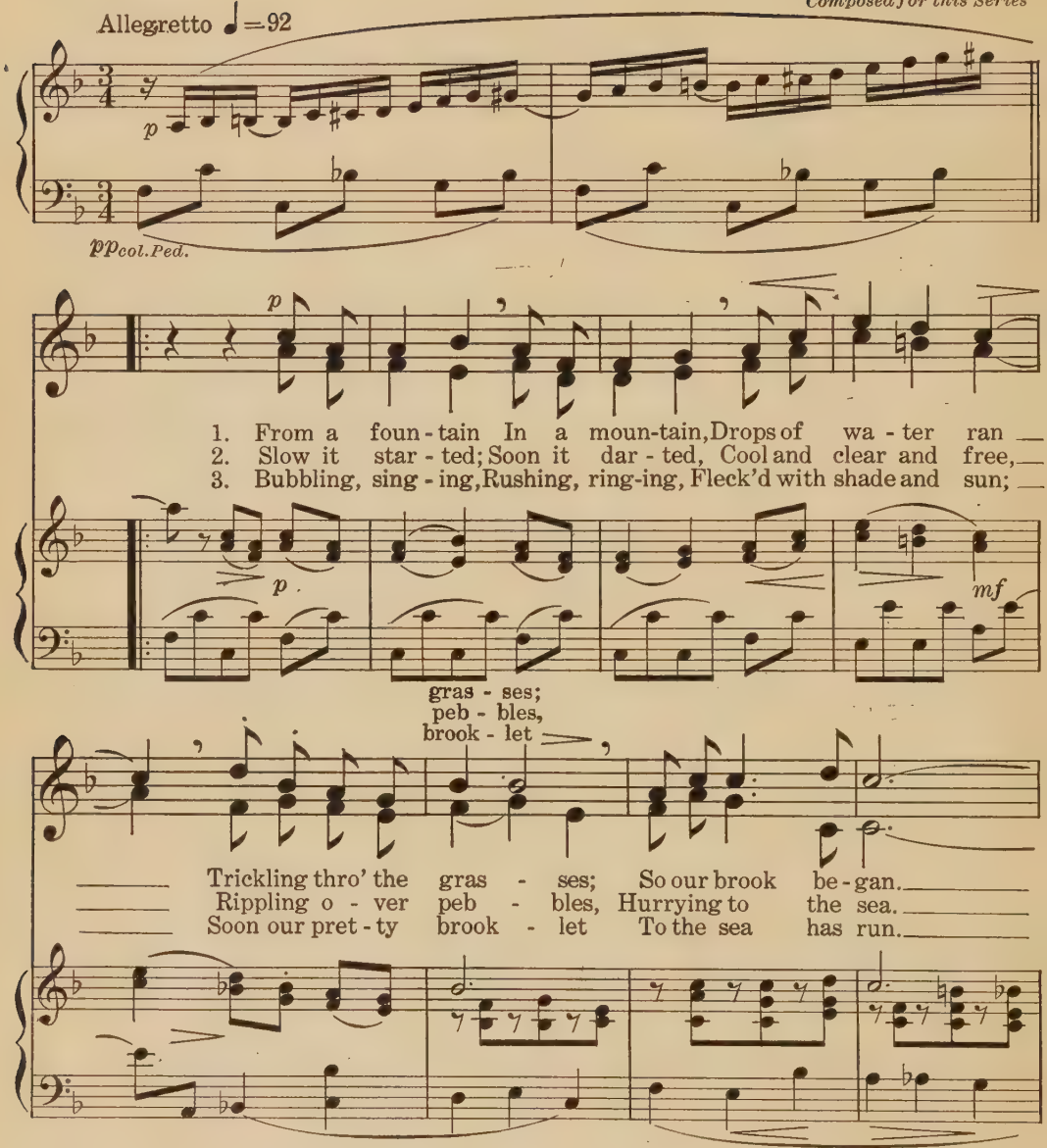
William G. Hammond
*Composed for this Series*

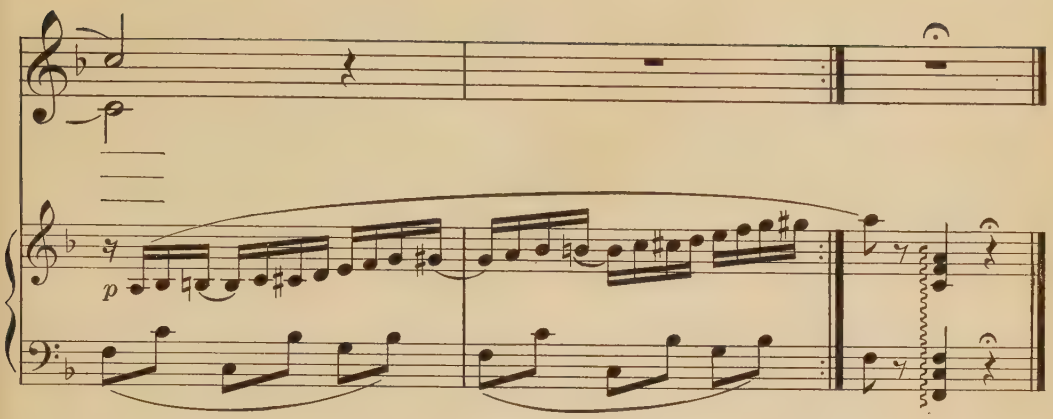

Con spirito
p
The year's at the spring And day's at the
p
The year's at the spring And
cresc.
morn; Morn-ing's at sev'n; The hill-side's dew-
day's at the morn; Morn-ing's at sev'n; The
f
pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the
hill-side's dew-pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the
ff
ritard
3
thorn; God's in His heav'n—All's right with the world!
ff
ritard
3

# The Brook

Ellen Soule

Edward Elgar
*Composed for this Series*

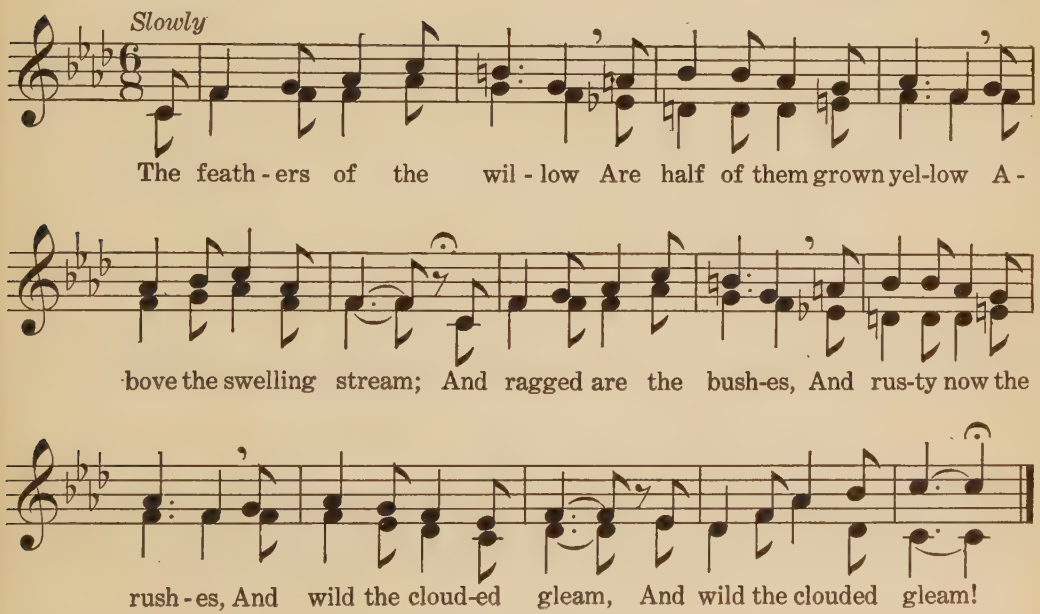

Allegretto ♩=92
p
pp col. Ped.
p
1. From a foun-tain In a moun-tain, Drops of wa-ter ran
2. Slow it star-ted; Soon it dar-ted, Cool and clear and free,
3. Bubbling, sing-ing, Rushing, ring-ing, Fleck'd with shade and sun;
p
mf
gras-ses;
peb-bles,
brook-let
Trickling thro' the gras-ses; So our brook be-gan.
Rippling o-ver peb-bles, Hurrying to the sea.
Soon our pret-ty brook-let To the sea has run.




# Autumn Song

Richard Watson Dixon

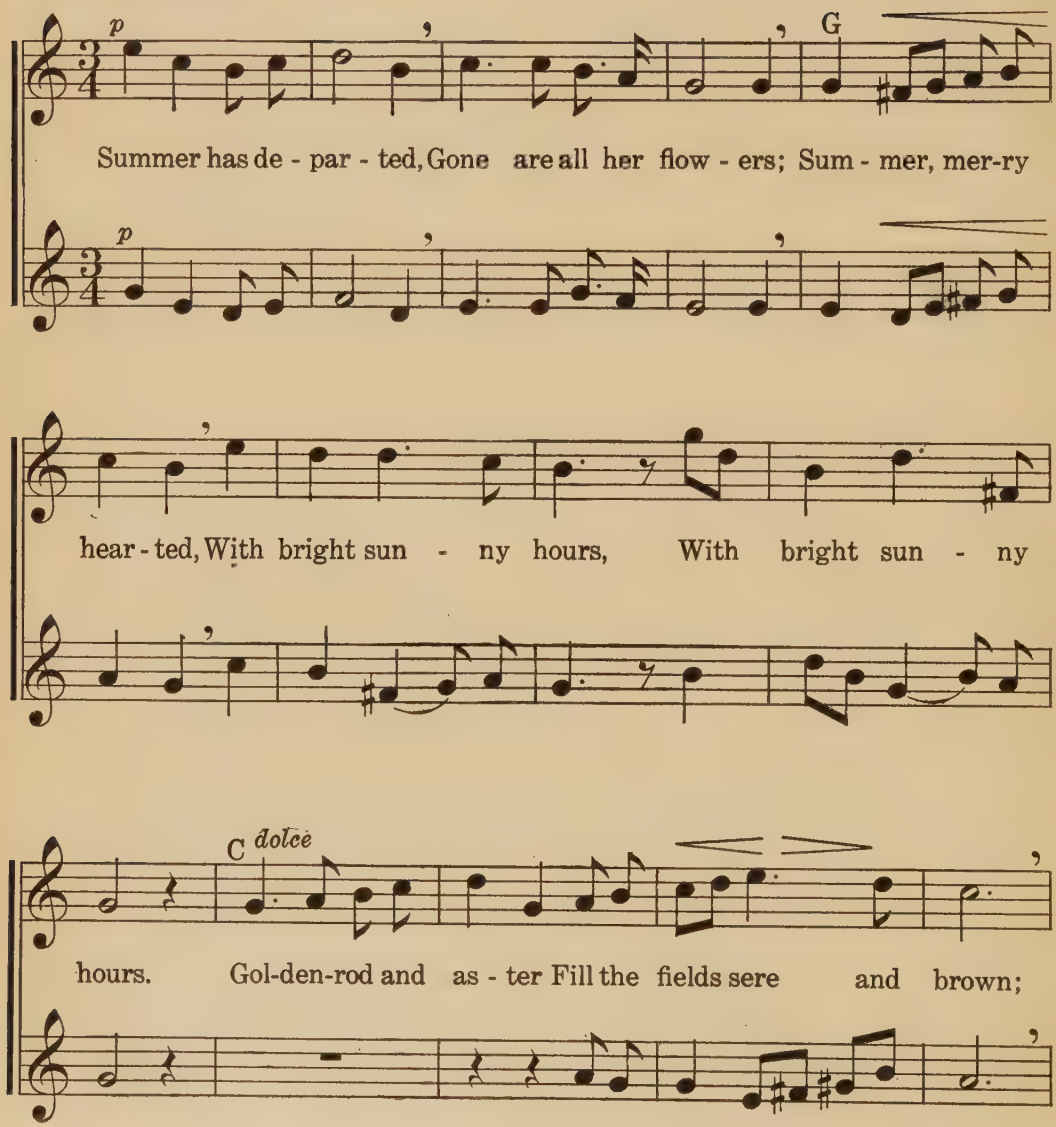
Jean Sibelius
*Composed for this Series*

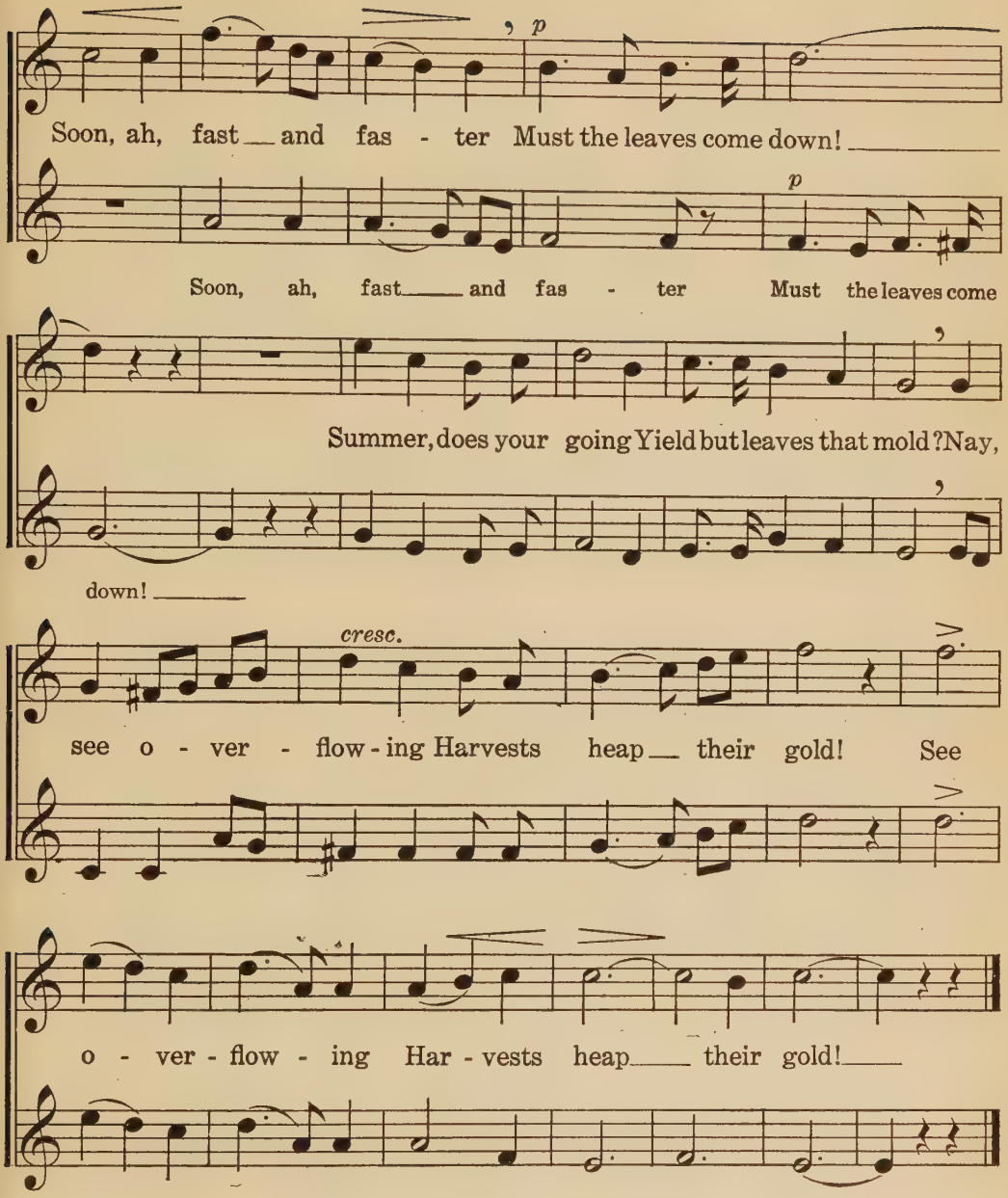

Slowly
The feath - ers of the wil - low Are half of them grown yel-low A -
bove the swelling stream; And ragged are the bush-es, And rus-ty now the
rush - es, And wild the cloud-ed gleam, And wild the clouded gleam!

# End of Summer

George Jay Smith
*From the German*

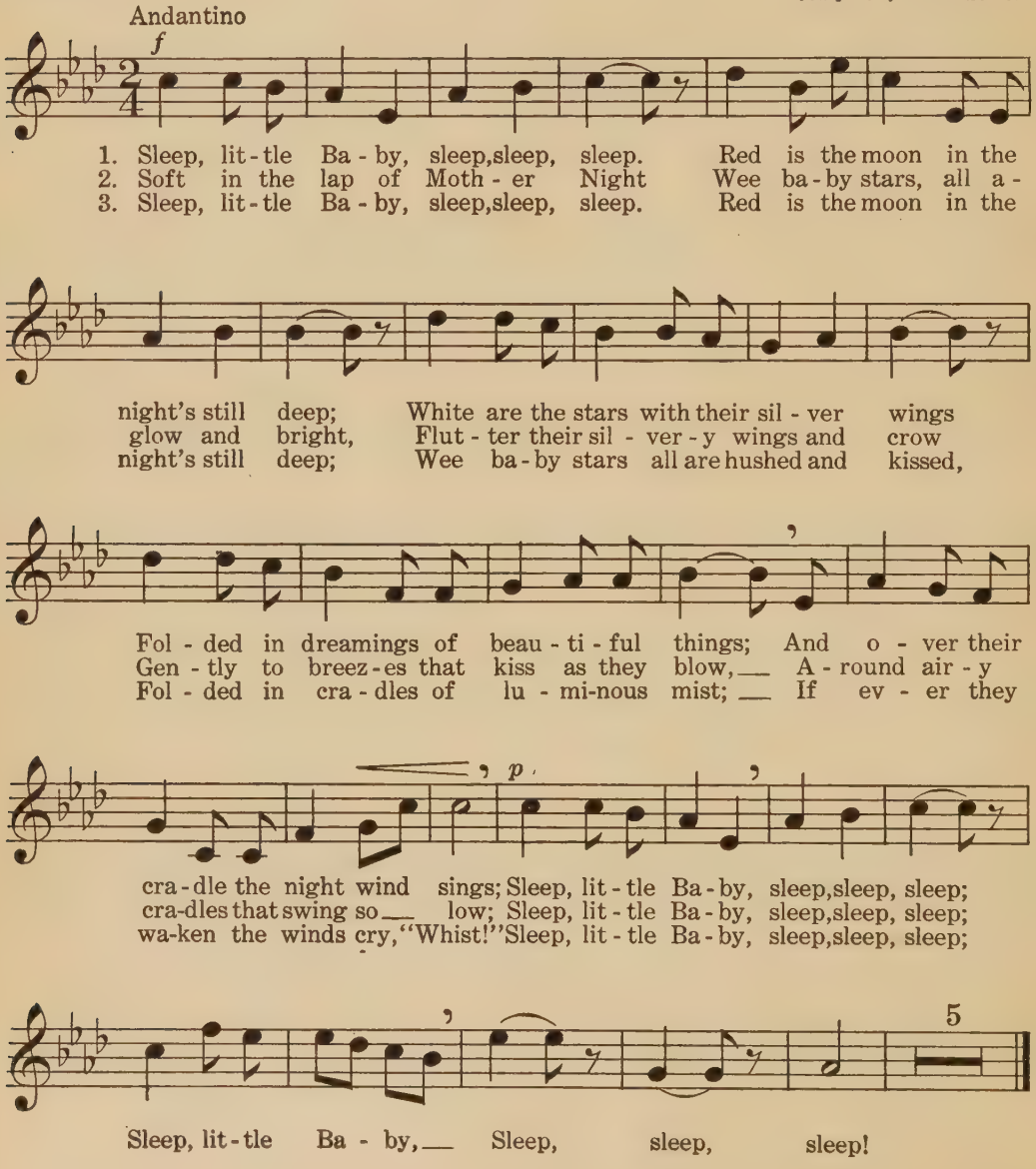
Max Bruch


p
G
Summer has de - par - ted, Gone are all her flow - ers; Sum - mer, mer-ry
p
hear - ted, With bright sun - ny hours, With bright sun - ny
C dolce
hours. Gol-den-rod and as - ter Fill the fields sere and brown;


p
Soon, ah, fast and fas - ter Must the leaves come down!
p
Soon, ah, fast and fas - ter Must the leaves come
Summer, does your going Yield but leaves that mold? Nay,
down!
cresc.
see o - ver - flow - ing Harvests heap their gold! See
o - ver - flow - ing Har - vests heap their gold!

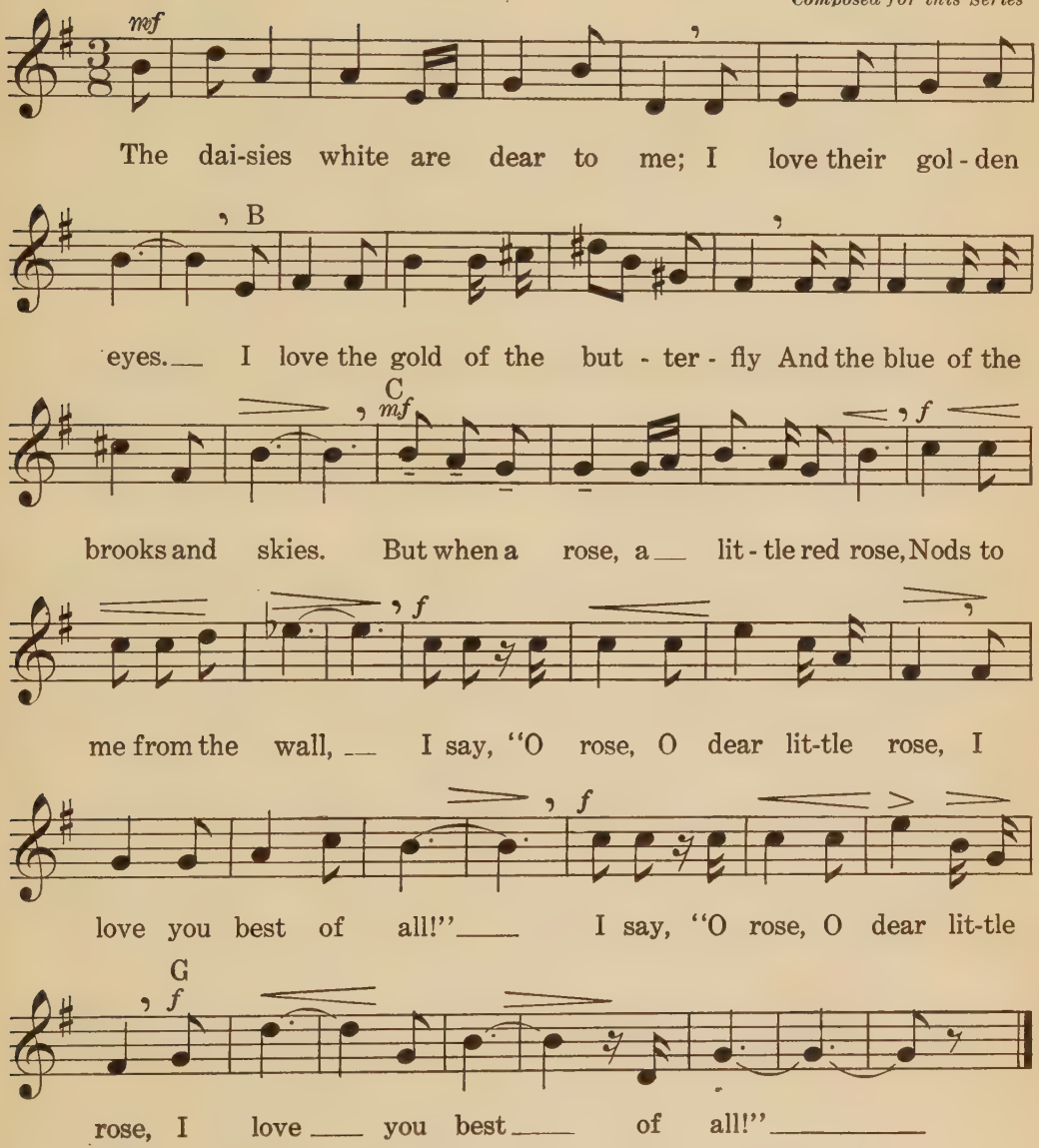
# Harvest Slumber Song

William Wilfred Campbell

E. Humperdinck
*Composed for this Series*

Andantino
f
1. Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the
2. Soft in the lap of Moth-er Night Wee ba-by stars, all a-
3. Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep. Red is the moon in the
night's still deep; White are the stars with their sil-ver wings
glow and bright, Flut-ter their sil-ver-y wings and crow
night's still deep; Wee ba-by stars all are hushed and kissed,
Fol-ded in dreamings of beau-ti-ful things; And o-ver their
Gen-tly to breez-es that kiss as they blow, A-round air-y
Fol-ded in cra-dles of lu-mi-nous mist; If ev-er they
p
cra-dle the night wind sings; Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;
cra-dles that swing so low; Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;
wa-ken the winds cry, "Whist!" Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, sleep, sleep, sleep;
5
Sleep, lit-tle Ba-by, Sleep, sleep, sleep!

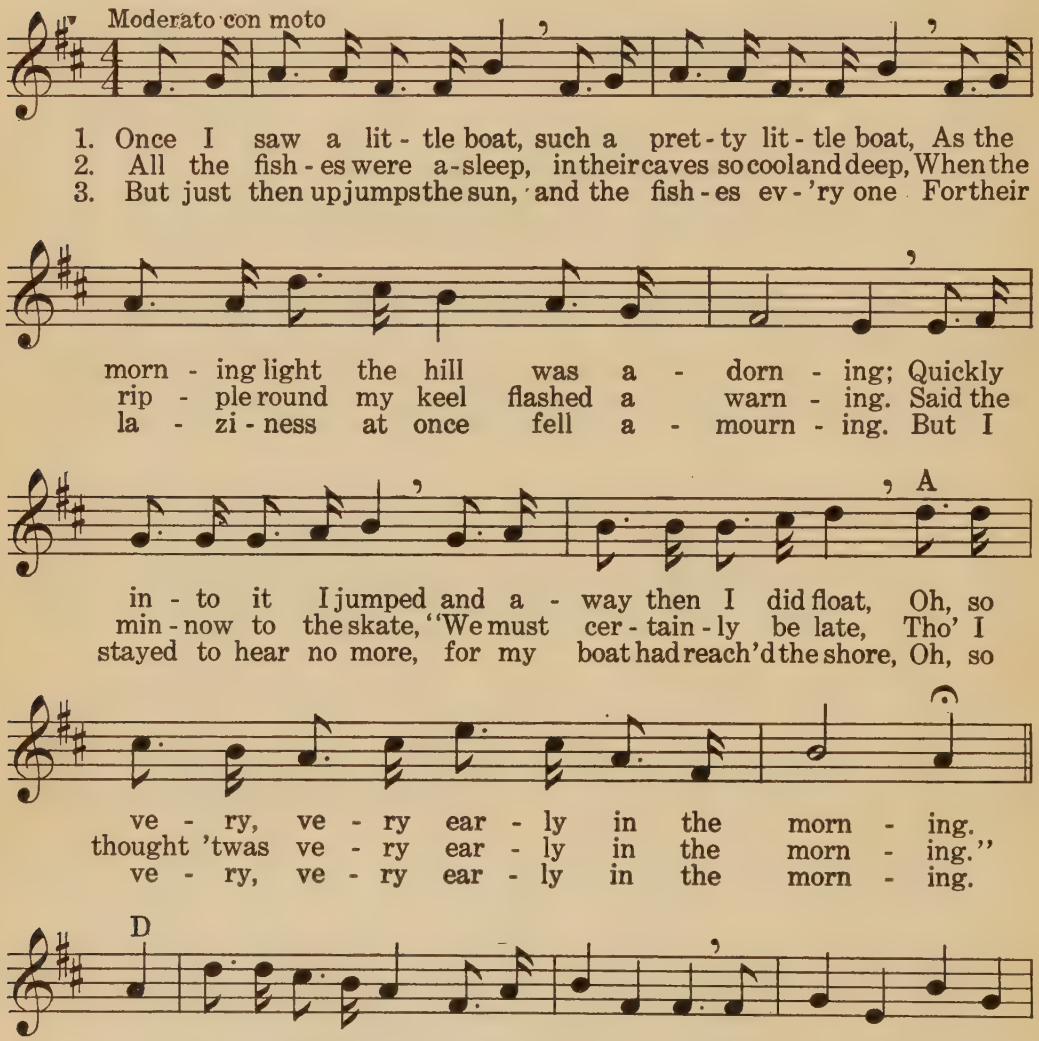
# What I Love

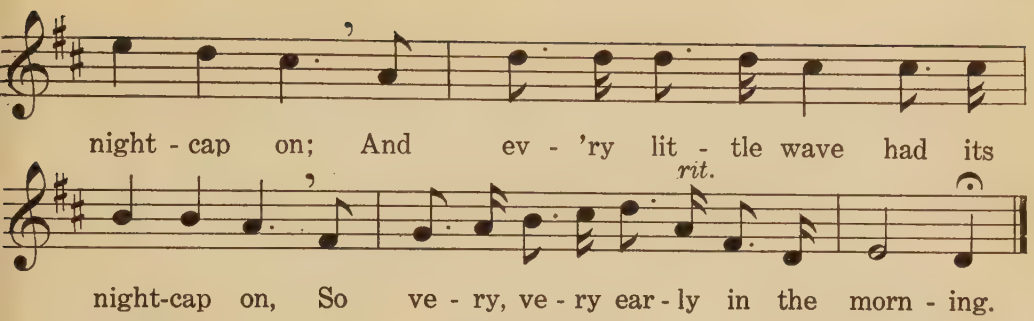
Hugo Kaun
*Composed for this Series*


mf
The dai-sies white are dear to me; I love their gol - den
B
eyes. I love the gold of the but - ter - fly And the blue of the
C
mf
f
brooks and skies. But when a rose, a lit - tle red rose, Nods to
f
me from the wall, I say, "O rose, O dear lit-tle rose, I
f
love you best of all!" I say, "O rose, O dear lit-tle
G
f
rose, I love you best of all!"

# A Song for Hal

Laura E. Richards
From *In My Nursery*
Copyright, 1890, by Roberts Brothers

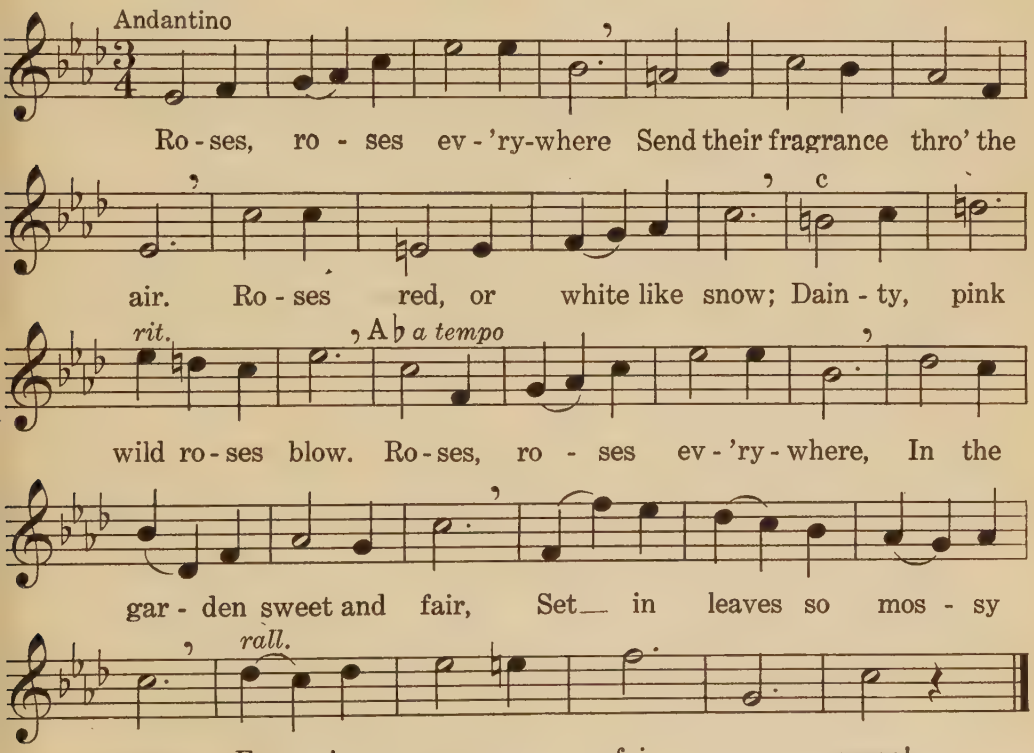
Daniel Protheroe
*Composed for this Series*

Moderato con moto
1. Once I saw a lit - tle boat, such a pret - ty lit - tle boat, As the
2. All the fish - es were a-sleep, in their caves so cool and deep, When the
3. But just then up jumps the sun, and the fish - es ev - 'ry one For their
morn - ing light the hill was a - dorn - ing; Quickly
rip - ple round my keel flashed a warn - ing. Said the
la - zi - ness at once fell a - mourn - ing. But I
A
in - to it I jumped and a - way then I did float, Oh, so
min - now to the skate, "We must cer - tain - ly be late, Tho' I
stayed to hear no more, for my boat had reach'd the shore, Oh, so
ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.
thought 'twas ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing."
ve - ry, ve - ry ear - ly in the morn - ing.
D
And ev - 'ry lit - tle wave had its nightcap on, Its nightcap, white cap,




# Roses

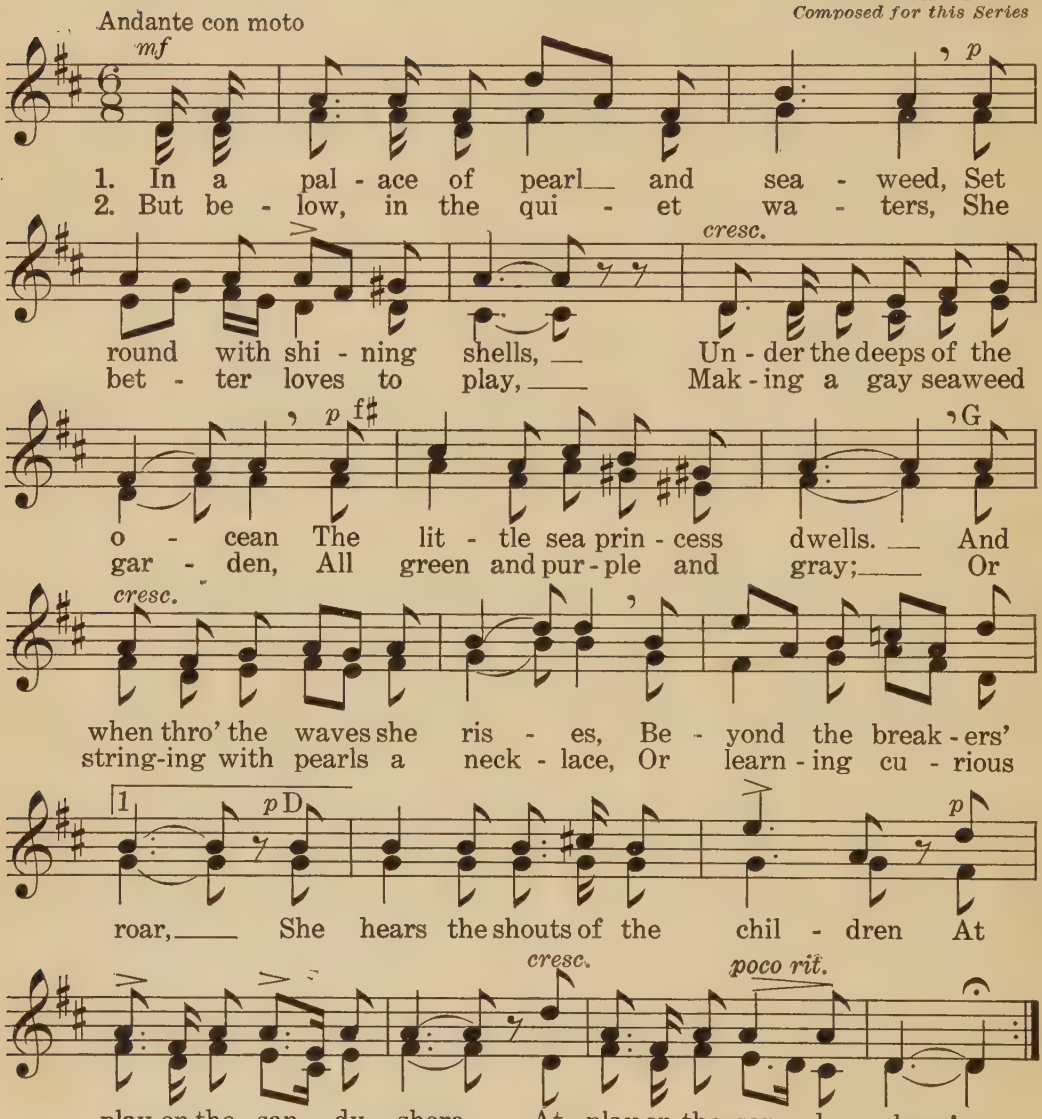
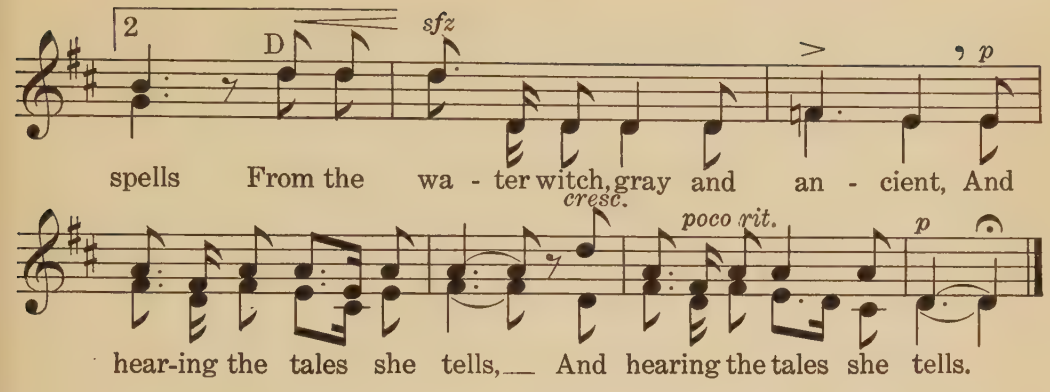
Estelle P. Cushman

Estelle P. Cushman


Andantino
Ro - ses, ro - ses ev - 'ry-where Send their fragrance thro' the
air. Ro - ses red, or white like snow; Dain - ty, pink
rit.
A♭ a tempo
wild ro - ses blow. Ro - ses, ro - ses ev - 'ry - where, In the
gar - den sweet and fair, Set in leaves so mos - sy
rall.
green. Ev - 'ry rose a fai - ry queen!

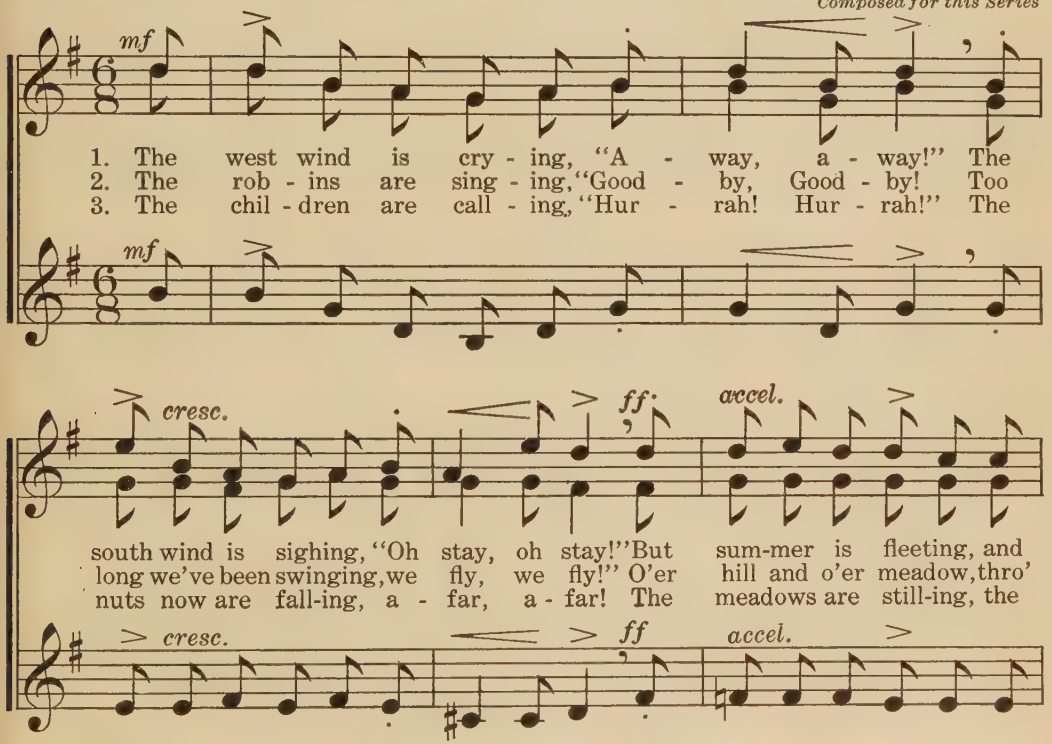
# The Sea Princess

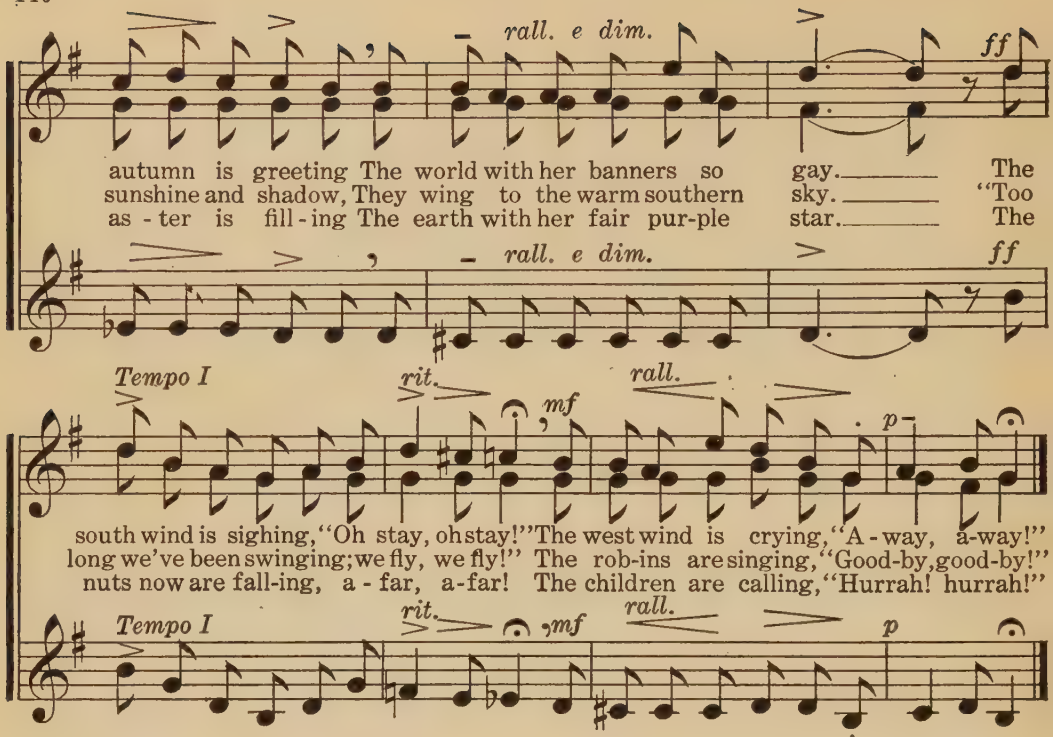
Max Bruch
*Composed for this Series*


Andante con moto
mf
p
1. In a pal - ace of pearl and sea - weed, Set
2. But be - low, in the qui - et wa - ters, She
round with shi - ning shells, Un - der the deeps of the
bet - ter loves to play, Mak - ing a gay seaweed
cresc.
p
f
G
o - cean The lit - tle sea prin - cess dwells. And
gar - den, All green and pur - ple and gray; Or
cresc.
when thro' the waves she ris - es, Be - yond the break - ers'
string-ing with pearls a neck - lace, Or learn - ing cu - rious
1
p
D
roar, She hears the shouts of the chil - dren At
p
cresc.
poco rit.
play on the san - dy shore, At play on the san - dy shore!

# Summer's Good-by

Elsie Cobb

Reginald de Koven
*Composed for this Series*

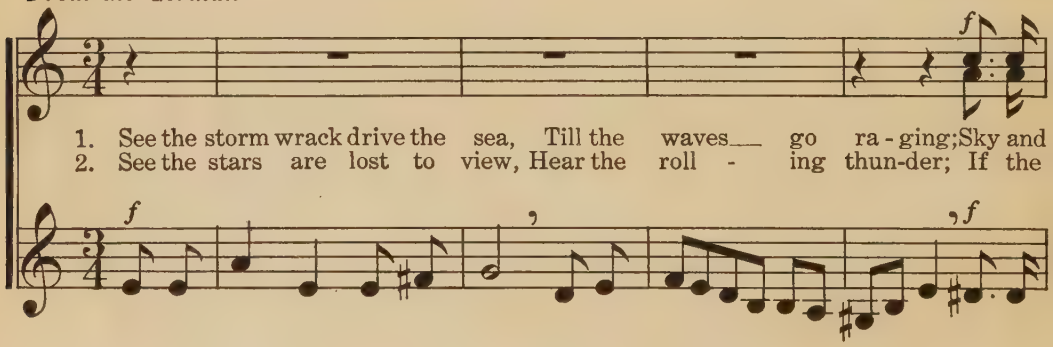
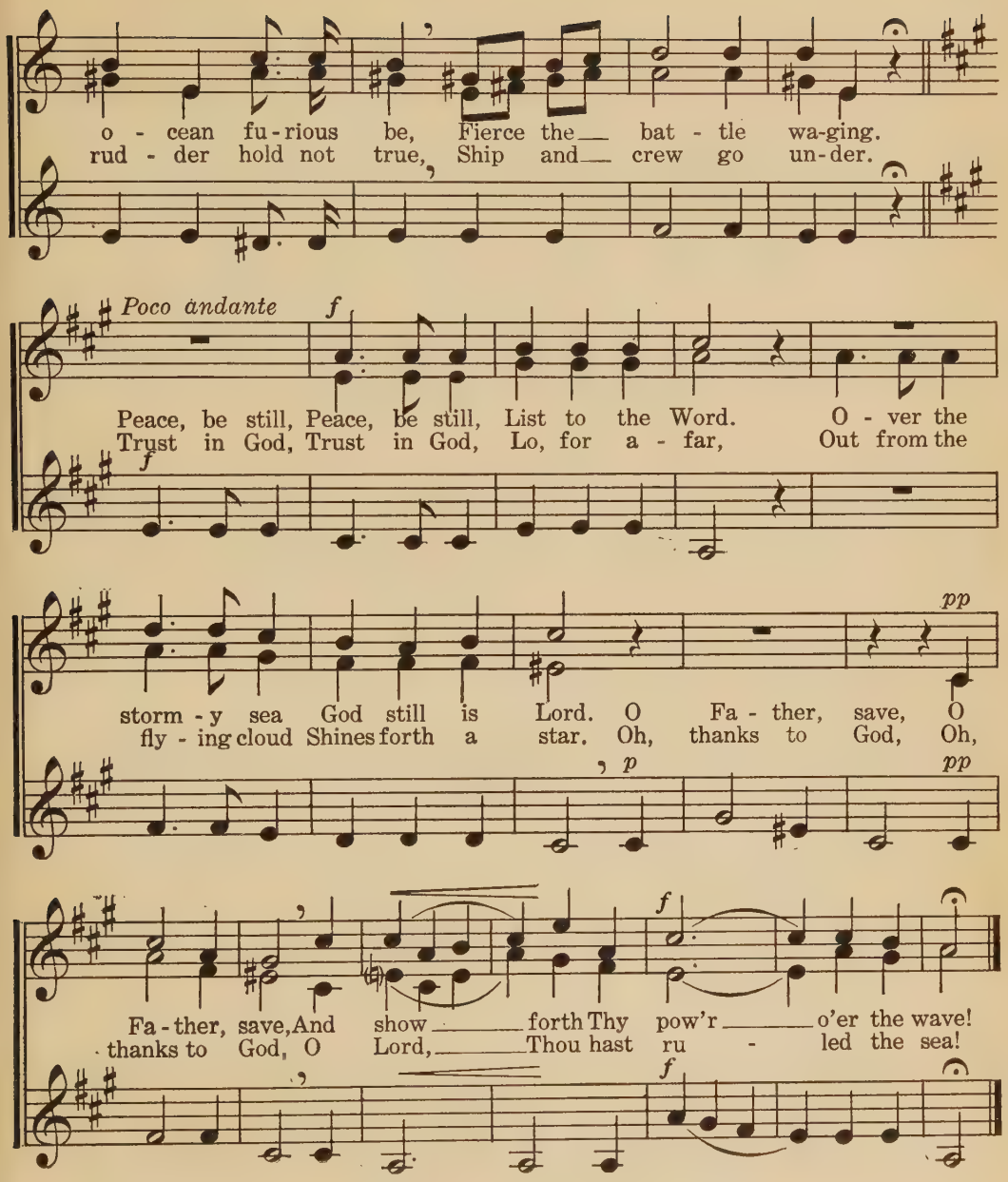

mf
1. The west wind is cry - ing, "A - way, a - way!" The
2. The rob - ins are sing - ing, "Good - by, Good - by! Too
3. The chil - dren are call - ing, "Hur - rah! Hur - rah!" The
mf
cresc.
ff
accel.
south wind is sighing, "Oh stay, oh stay!" But sum-mer is fleeting, and
long we've been swinging, we fly, we fly!" O'er hill and o'er meadow, thro'
nuts now are fall-ing, a - far, a - far! The meadows are still-ing, the
cresc.
ff
accel.


rall. e dim.
ff
autumn is greeting The world with her banners so gay. The
sunshine and shadow, They wing to the warm southern sky. "Too
as - ter is fill - ing The earth with her fair pur-ple star. The
rall. e dim.
ff
Tempo I
rit.
mf
rall.
p
south wind is sighing, "Oh stay, oh stay!" The west wind is crying, "A - way, a-way!"
long we've been swinging; we fly, we fly!" The rob-ins are singing, "Good-by, good-by!"
nuts now are fall-ing, a - far, a-far! The children are calling, "Hurrah! hurrah!"
Tempo I
rit.
mf
rall.
p

# Storm at Sea

M. Louise Baum
*From the German*

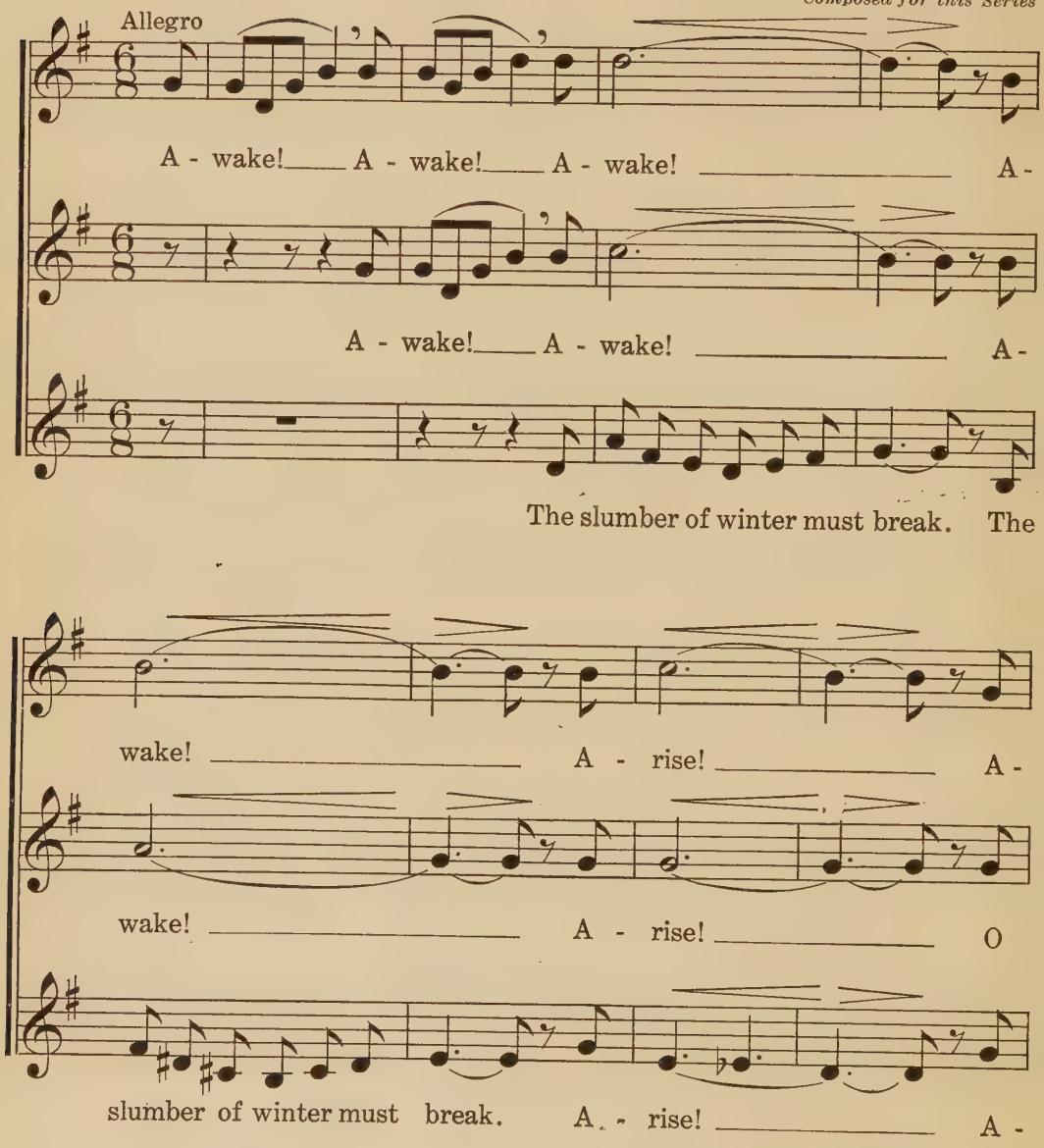
Julius Dürner

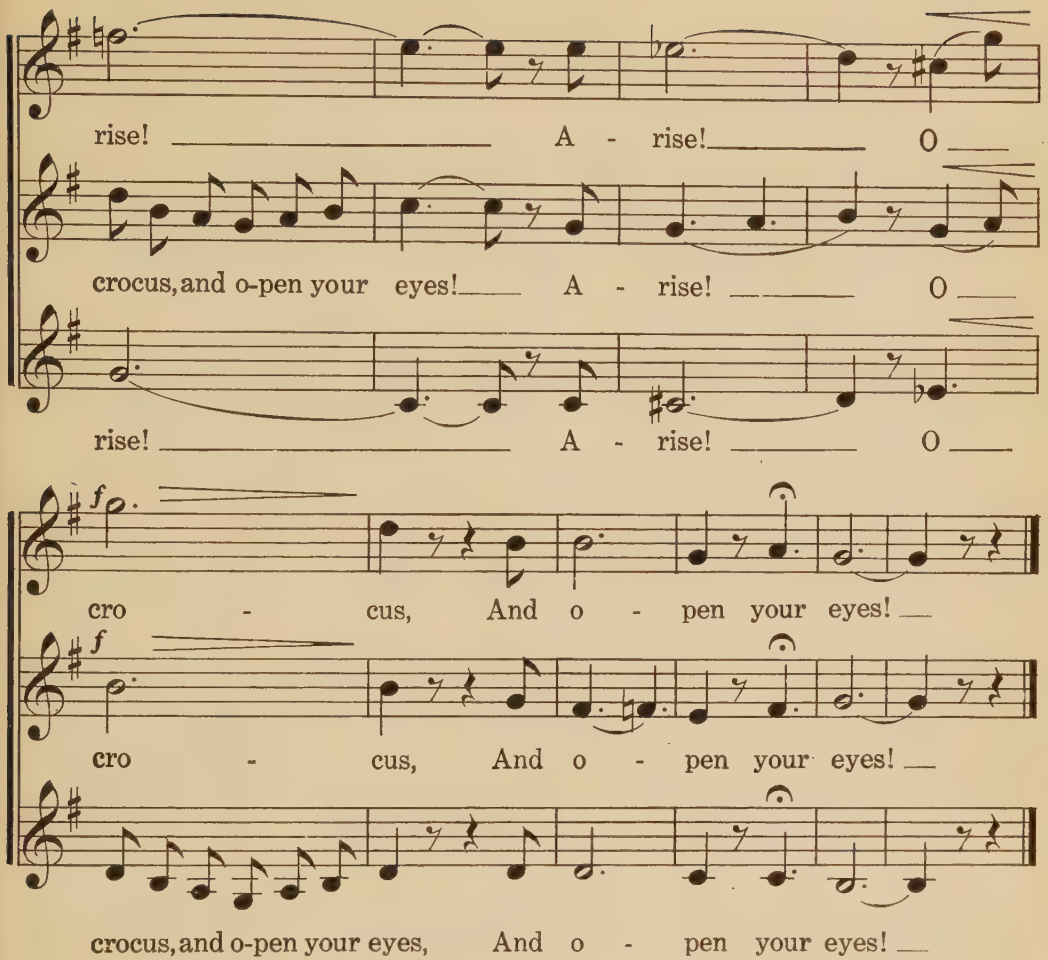

f
1. See the storm wrack drive the sea, Till the waves go ra - ging; Sky and
2. See the stars are lost to view, Hear the roll - ing thun-der; If the
f
f

o - cean fu-rious be, Fierce the bat - tle wa-ging.
rud - der hold not true, Ship and crew go un-der.
Poco andante
f
Peace, be still, Peace, be still, List to the Word. O - ver the
Trust in God, Trust in God, Lo, for a - far, Out from the
f
pp
storm - y sea God still is Lord. O Fa - ther, save, O
fly - ing cloud Shines forth a star. Oh, thanks to God, Oh,
p
pp
f
Fa - ther, save, And show forth Thy pow'r o'er the wave!
thanks to God, O Lord, Thou hast ru - led the sea!
f

# A Trumpet Call of Spring

May Morgan

W. Otto Miessner
*Composed for this Series*

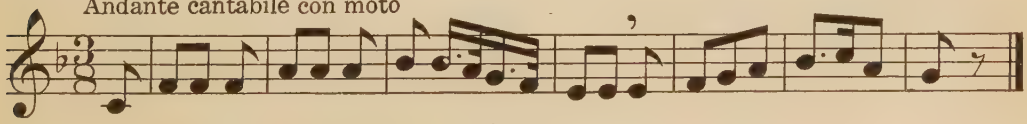

Allegro
A - wake! A - wake! A - wake! A -
A - wake! A - wake! A -
The slumber of winter must break. The
wake! A - rise! A -
wake! A - rise! O
slumber of winter must break. A - rise! A -


rise! A - rise! O
crocus, and o-pen your eyes! A - rise! O
rise! A - rise! O
cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes!
cro - cus, And o - pen your eyes!
crocus, and o-pen your eyes, And o - pen your eyes!

# Theme

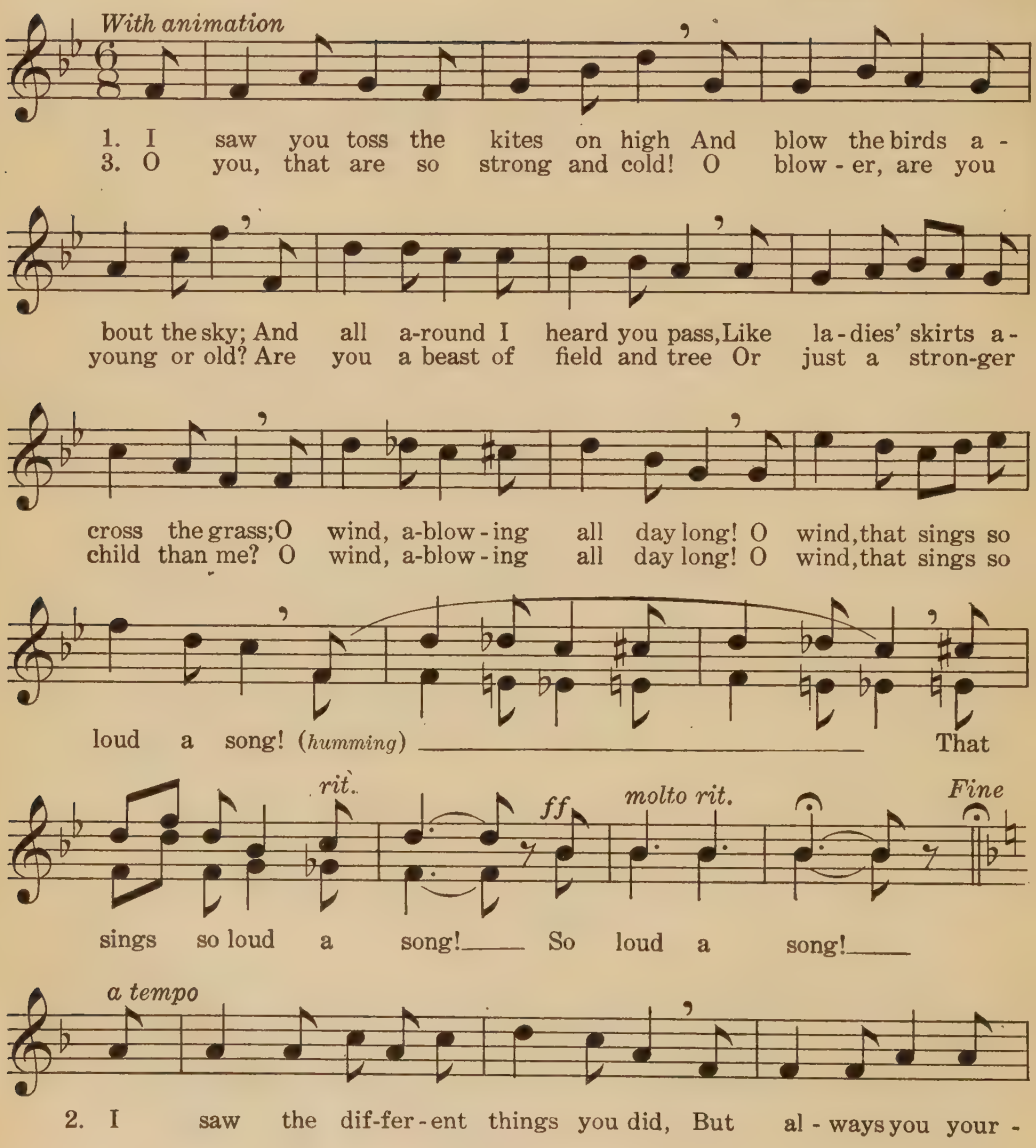
From *The First Symphony* — Ludwig van Beethoven

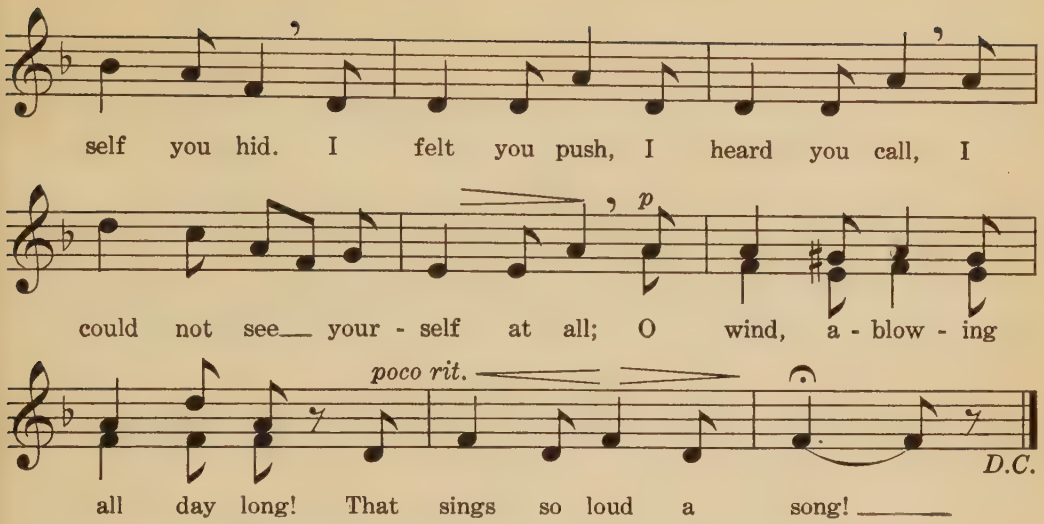
Andante cantabile con moto



# The Wind

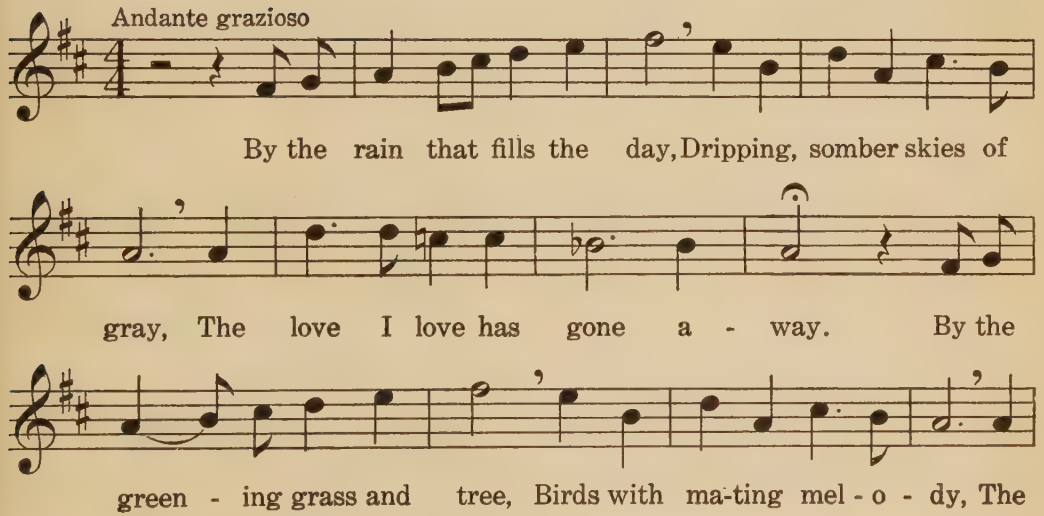
Robert Louis Stevenson

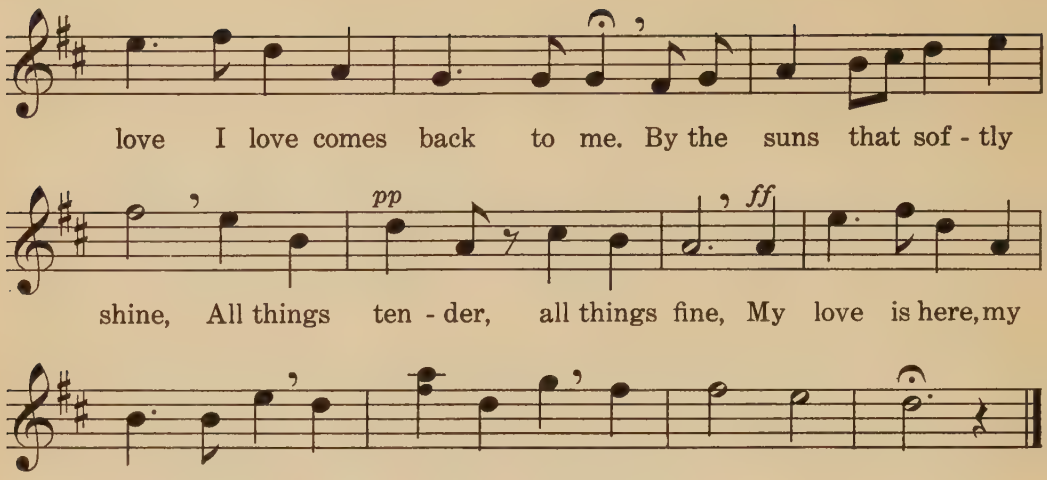
Victor Herbert
*Composed for this Series*

With animation
1. I saw you toss the kites on high And blow the birds a -
3. O you, that are so strong and cold! O blow - er, are you
bout the sky; And all a-round I heard you pass, Like la - dies' skirts a -
young or old? Are you a beast of field and tree Or just a stron-ger
cross the grass; O wind, a-blow - ing all day long! O wind, that sings so
child than me? O wind, a-blow - ing all day long! O wind, that sings so
loud a song! (humming) That
rit.
ff
molto rit.
Fine
sings so loud a song! So loud a song!
a tempo
2. I saw the dif-fer - ent things you did, But al - ways you your -


self you hid. I felt you push, I heard you call, I
p
could not see your - self at all; O wind, a - blow - ing
poco rit.
D.C.
all day long! That sings so loud a song!

# By the Rain

Wallace Rice

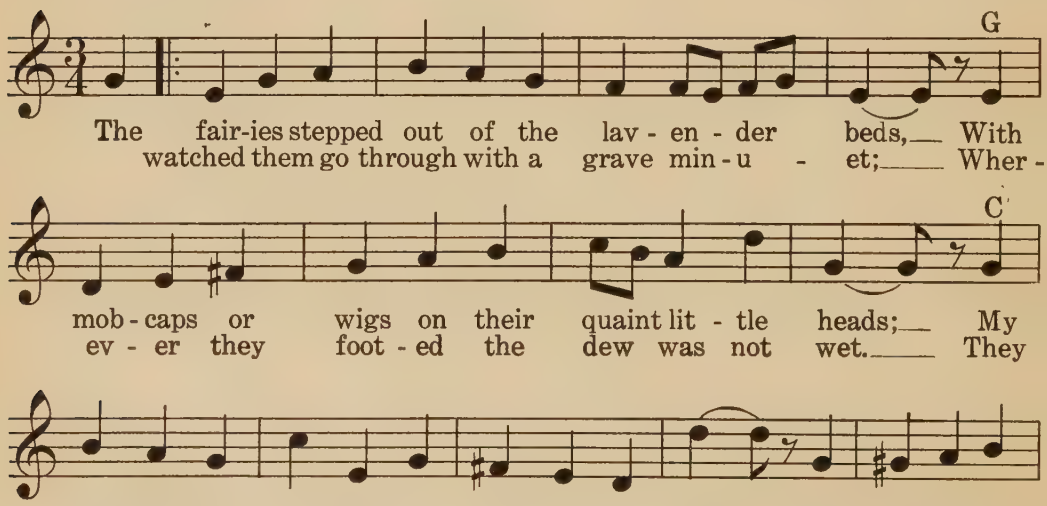
C. H. Mills
*Composed for this Series*

Andante grazioso
By the rain that fills the day, Dripping, somber skies of
gray, The love I love has gone a - way. By the
green - ing grass and tree, Birds with ma-ting mel - o - dy, The

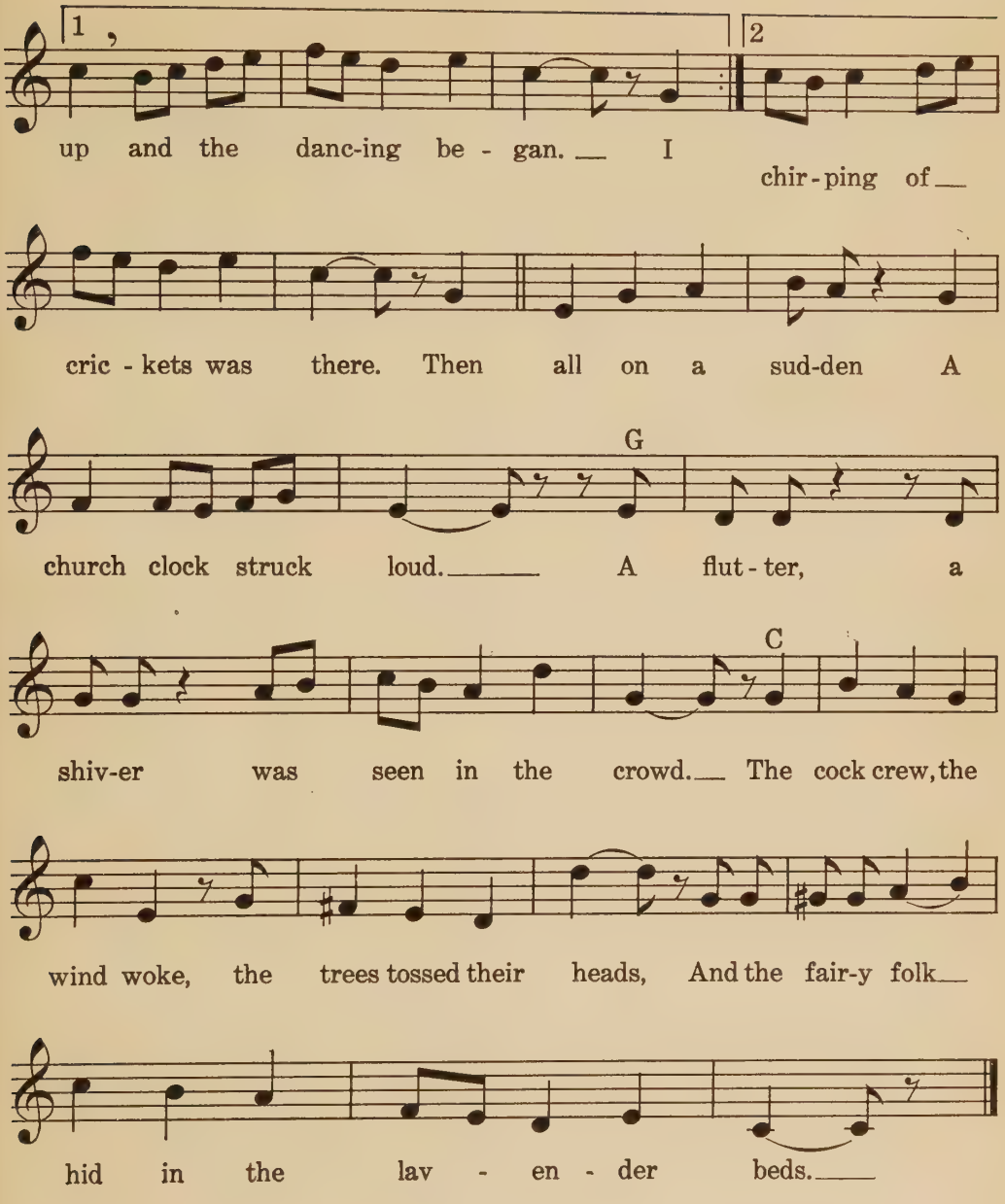

love I love comes back to me. By the suns that sof - tly
pp
ff
shine, All things ten - der, all things fine, My love is here, my
love is mine; My love is here, my love is mine.

# The Lavender Beds

William Brighty Rands

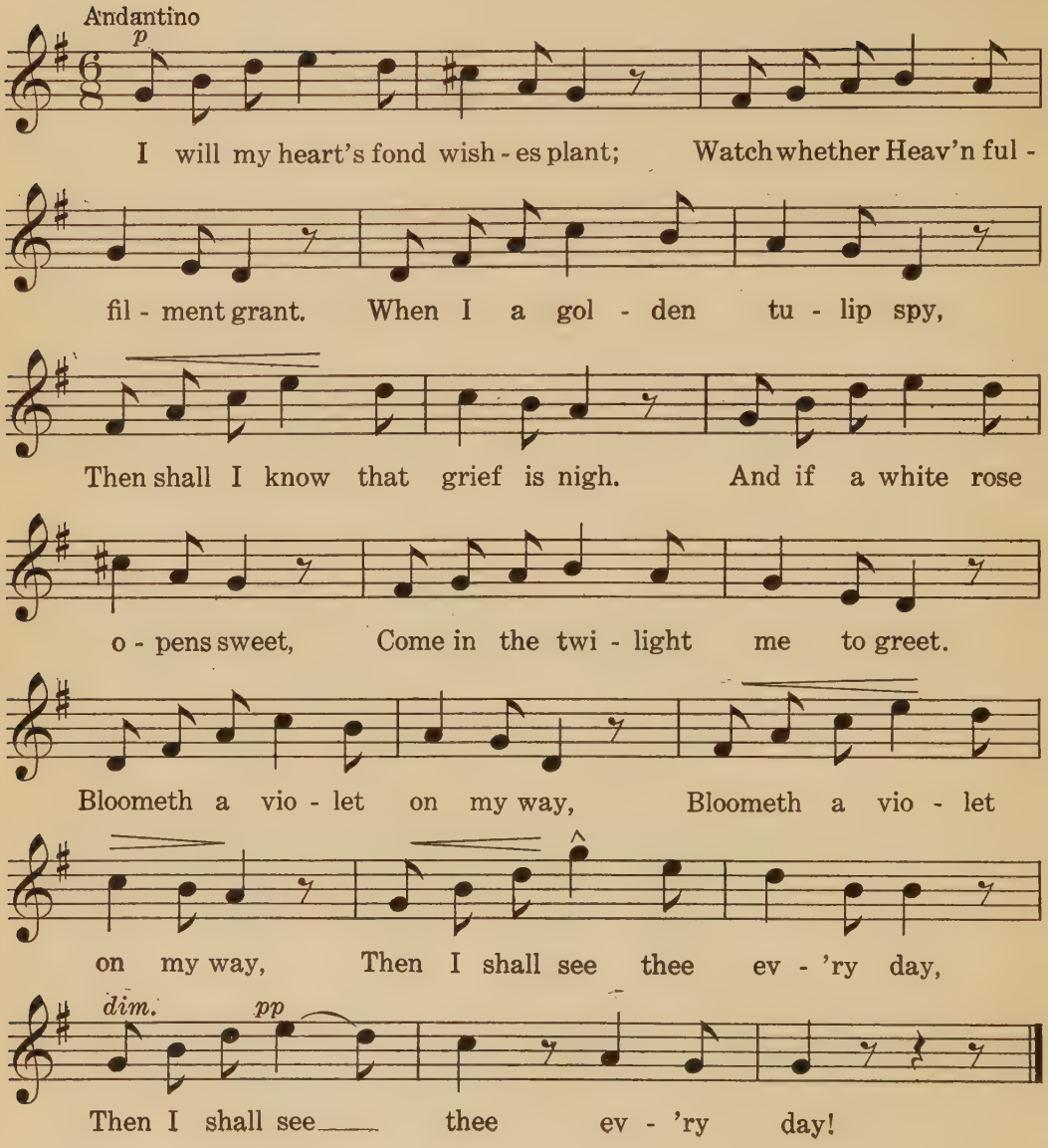
Frank van der Stucken
*Composed for this Series*


G
The fair-ies stepped out of the lav - en - der beds, With
watched them go through with a grave min - u - et; Wher -
C
mob - caps or wigs on their quaint lit - tle heads; My
ev - er they foot - ed the dew was not wet. They
lord had a sword and my la - dy a fan; The mu-sic struck
bowed and they cur-tsied, the brave and the fair, And laughter like


1
2
up and the danc-ing be - gan. I
chir - ping of
cric - kets was there. Then all on a sud-den A
G
church clock struck loud. A flut - ter, a
C
shiv-er was seen in the crowd. The cock crew, the
wind woke, the trees tossed their heads, And the fair-y folk
hid in the lav - en - der beds.

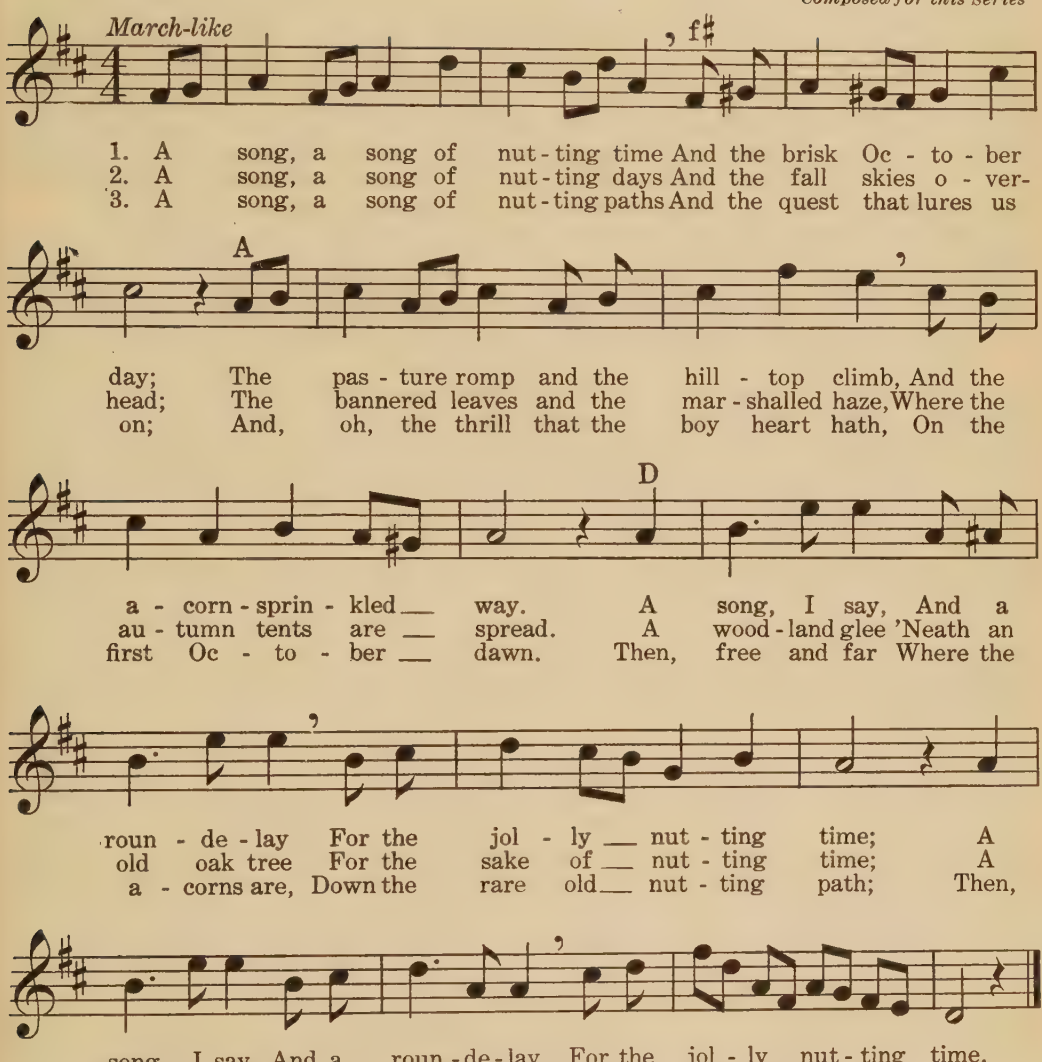
# Flowery Omens

Anton Dvořák


Andantino
p
I will my heart's fond wish - es plant; Watch whether Heav'n ful -
fil - ment grant. When I a gol - den tu - lip spy,
Then shall I know that grief is nigh. And if a white rose
o - pens sweet, Come in the twi - light me to greet.
Bloometh a vio - let on my way, Bloometh a vio - let
on my way, Then I shall see thee ev - 'ry day,
dim.
pp
Then I shall see thee ev - 'ry day!

# October Song

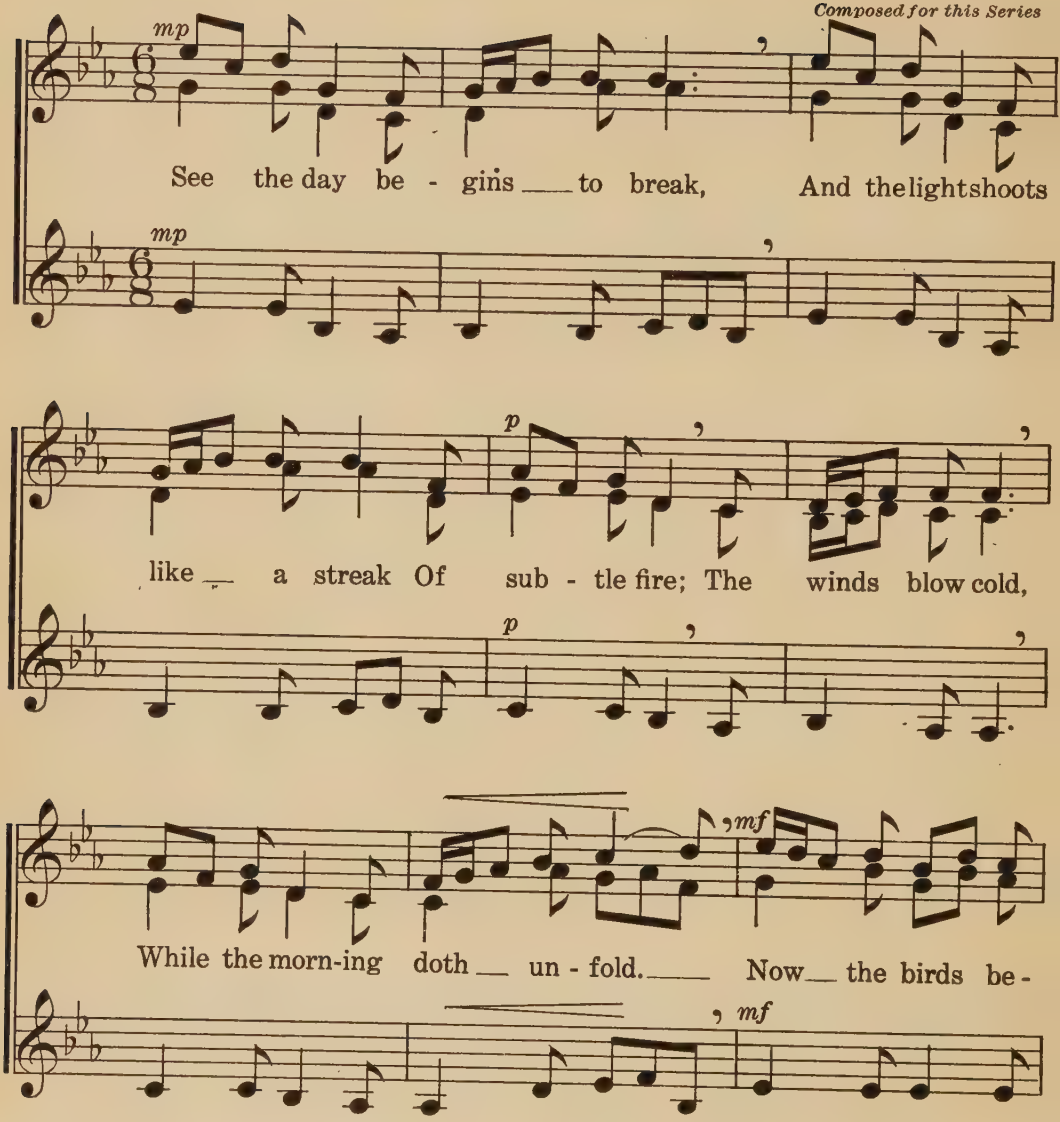
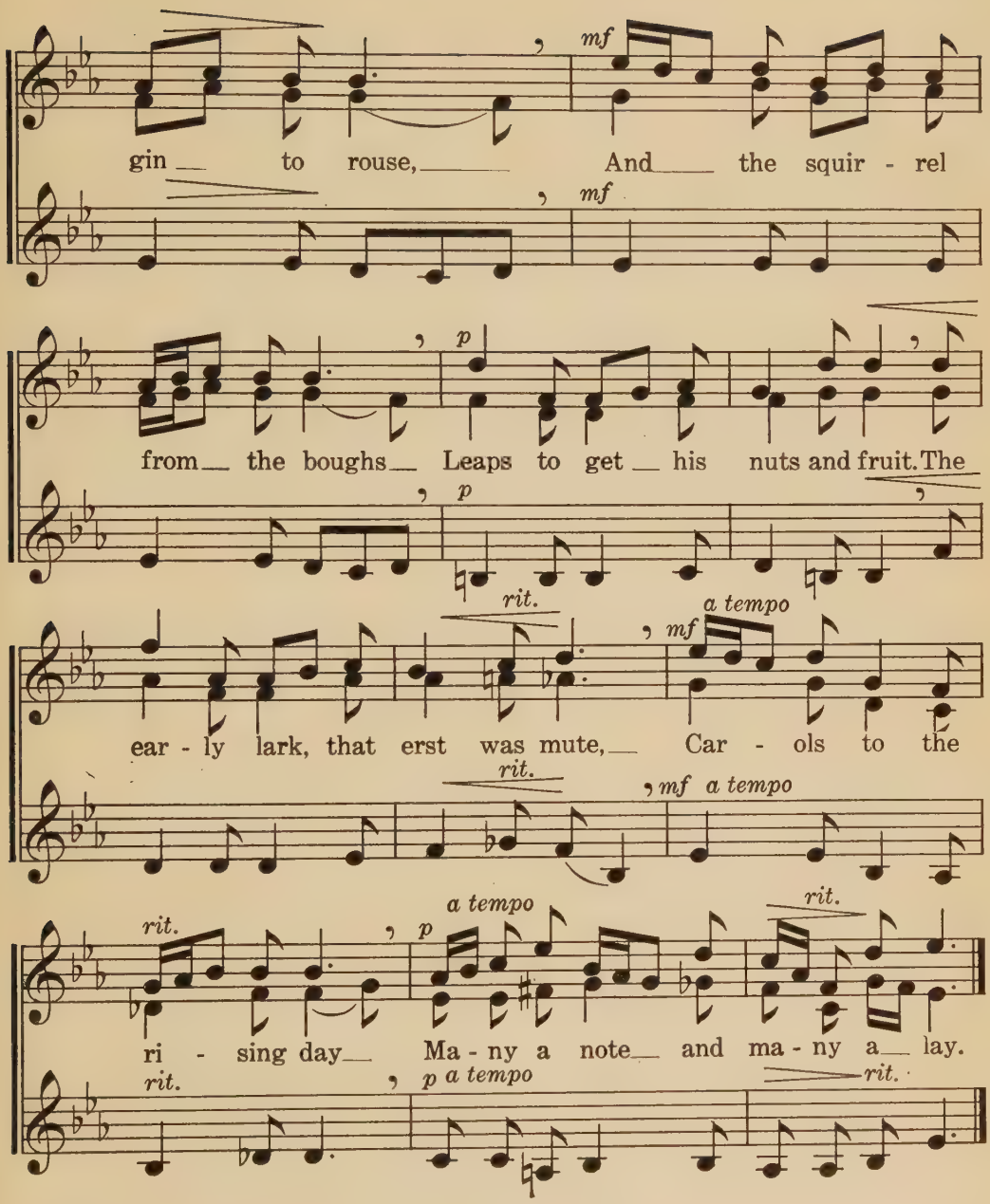
Frank Walcott Hutt

Rudolph Ganz
*Composed for this Series*

March-like
f
A
D
1. A song, a song of nut - ting time And the brisk Oc - to - ber
2. A song, a song of nut - ting days And the fall skies o - ver-
3. A song, a song of nut - ting paths And the quest that lures us
day; The pas - ture romp and the hill - top climb, And the
head; The bannered leaves and the mar - shalled haze, Where the
on; And, oh, the thrill that the boy heart hath, On the
a - corn - sprin - kled way. A song, I say, And a
au - tumn tents are spread. A wood - land glee 'Neath an
first Oc - to - ber dawn. Then, free and far Where the
roun - de - lay For the jol - ly nut - ting time; A
old oak tree For the sake of nut - ting time; A
a - corns are, Down the rare old nut - ting path; Then,
song, I say, And a roun - de - lay For the jol - ly nut - ting time.
woodland glee 'Neath an old oak tree, For the sake of nut - ting time.
free and far Where the a - corns are, Down the rare old nut - ting path.

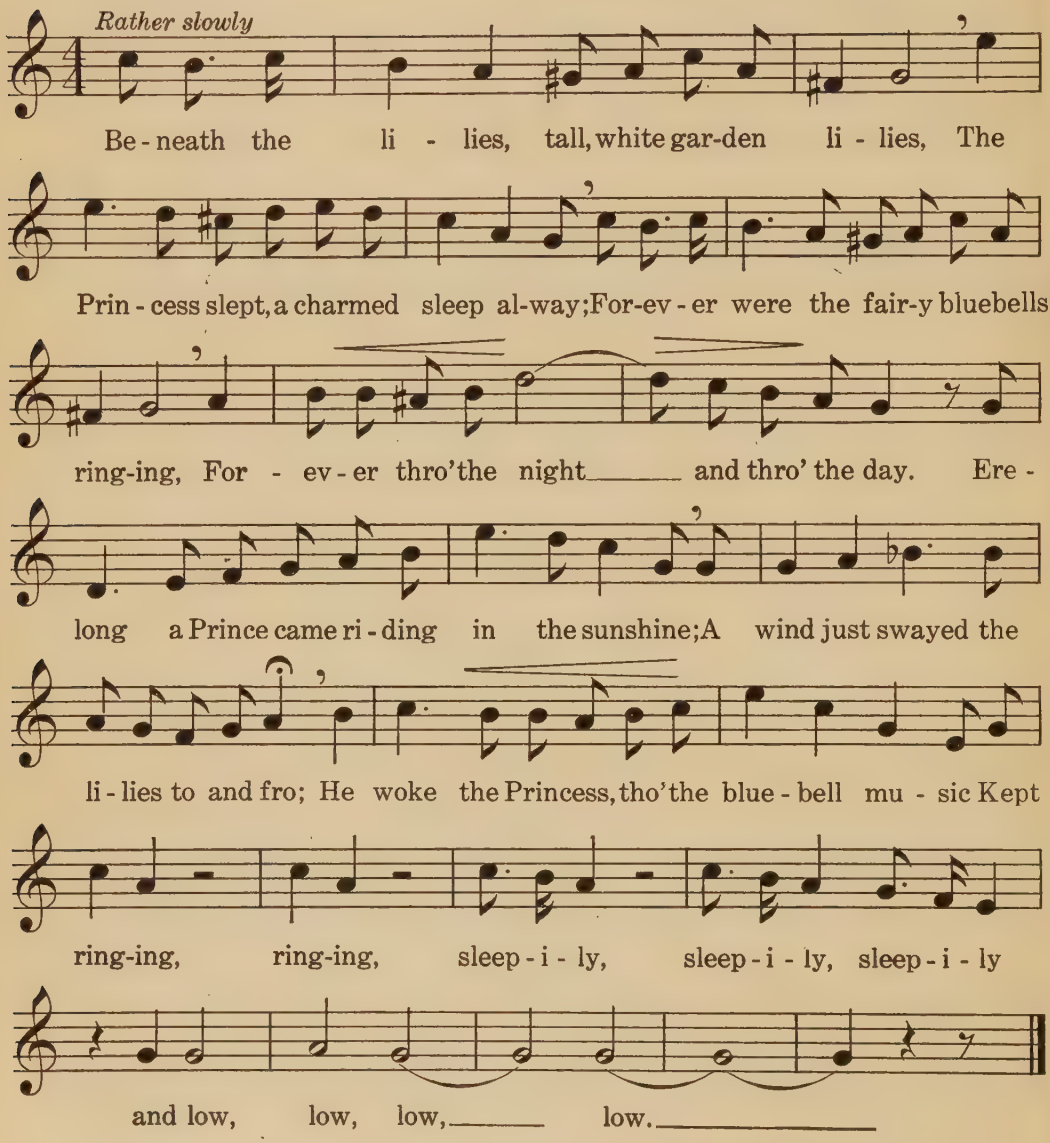
# Morning

John Fletcher

Arthur Farwell
*Composed for this Series*


mp
See the day be - gins to break, And the light shoots
mp
like a streak Of sub - tle fire; The winds blow cold,
p
p
While the morn-ing doth un - fold. Now the birds be -
mf
mf

gin to rouse, And the squir - rel
mf
mf
from the boughs Leaps to get his nuts and fruit. The
p
p
ear - ly lark, that erst was mute, Car - ols to the
rit.
a tempo
mf
rit.
mf a tempo
ri - sing day Ma - ny a note and ma - ny a lay.
rit.
a tempo
p
rit.
rit.
p a tempo
rit.

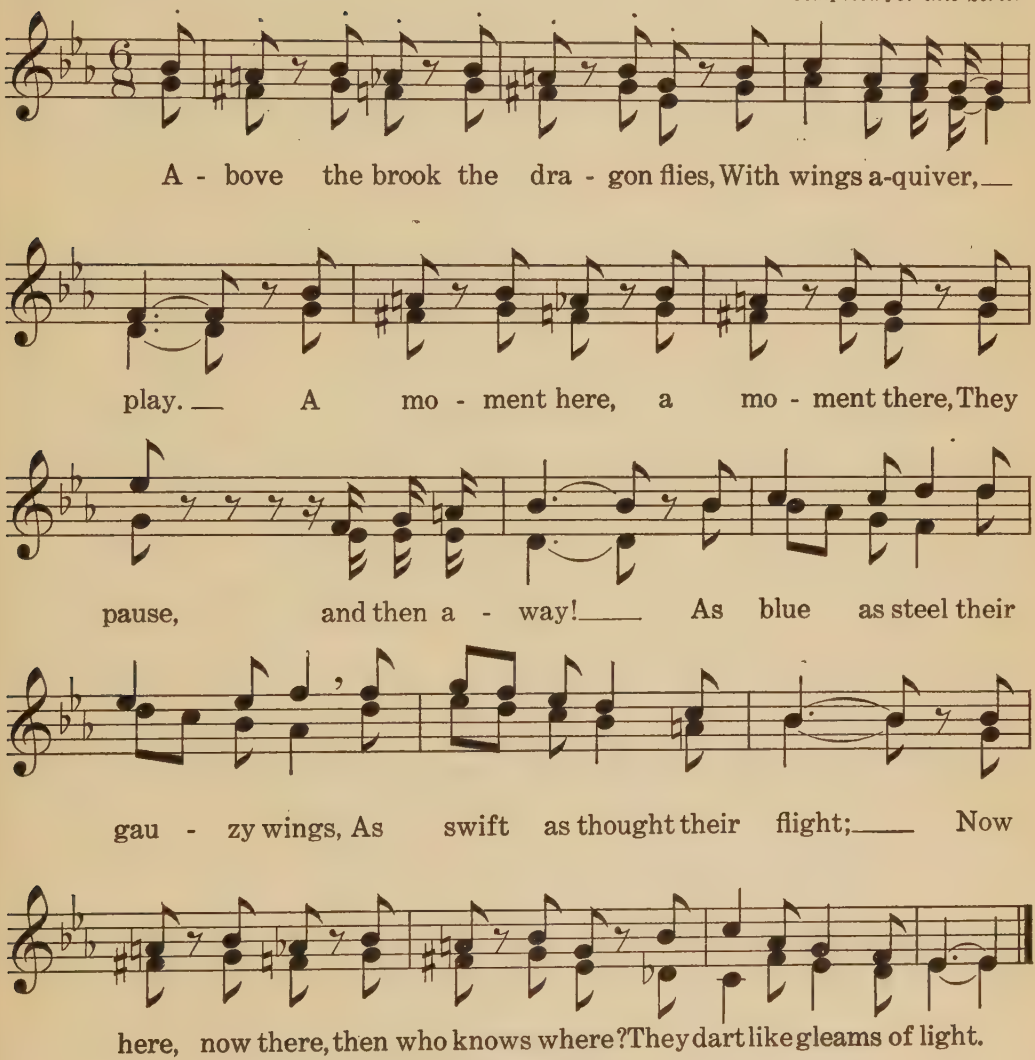
# Beneath the Lilies

Kate Greenaway — Horatio Parker

Rather slowly
Be - neath the li - lies, tall, white gar-den li - lies, The
Prin - cess slept, a charmed sleep al-way; For-ev - er were the fair-y bluebells
ring-ing, For - ev - er thro'the night and thro' the day. Ere -
long a Prince came ri - ding in the sunshine; A wind just swayed the
li - lies to and fro; He woke the Princess, tho'the blue - bell mu - sic Kept
ring-ing, ring-ing, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly, sleep - i - ly
and low, low, low, low.

# Dragon Flies

May Morgan

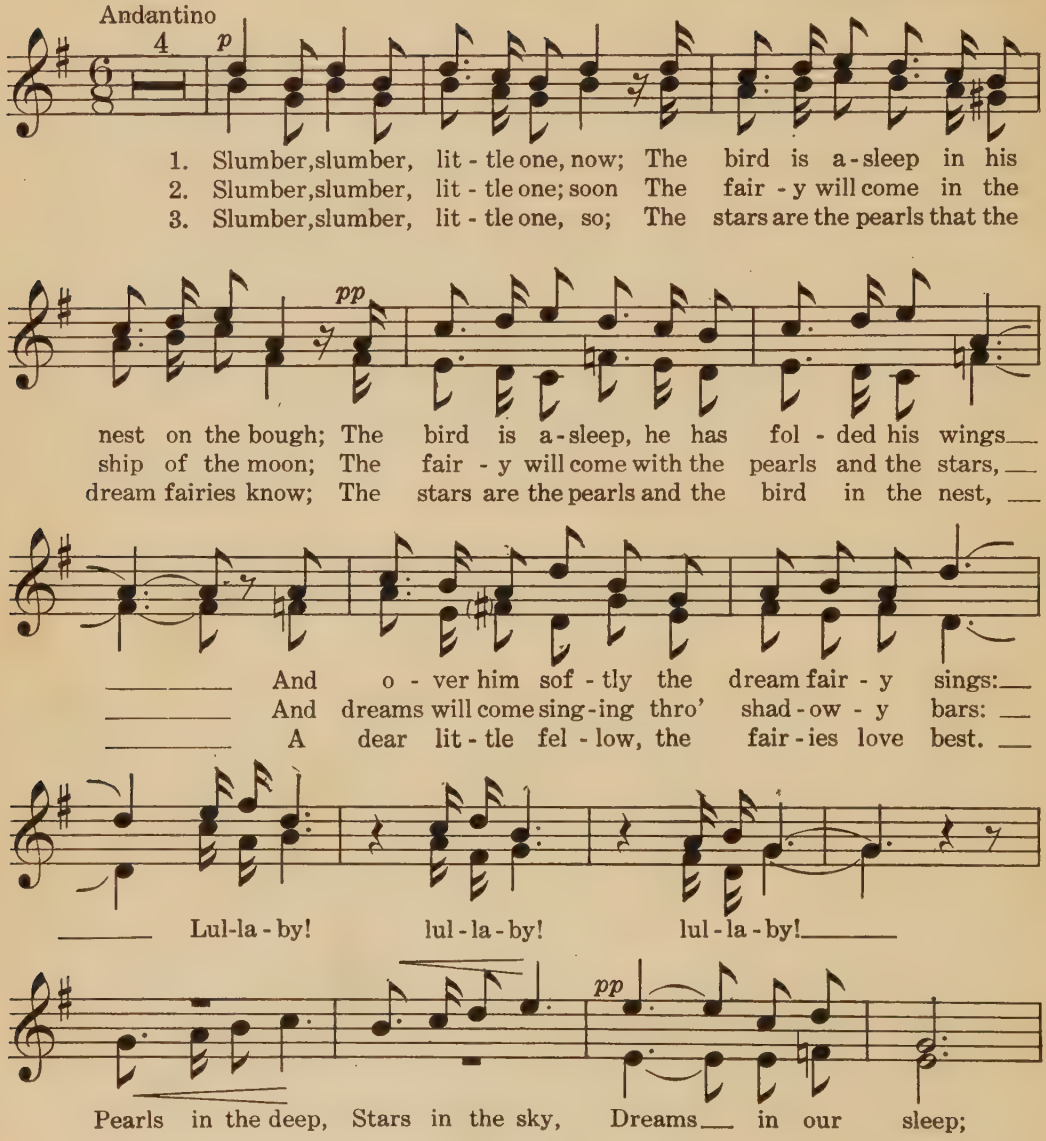
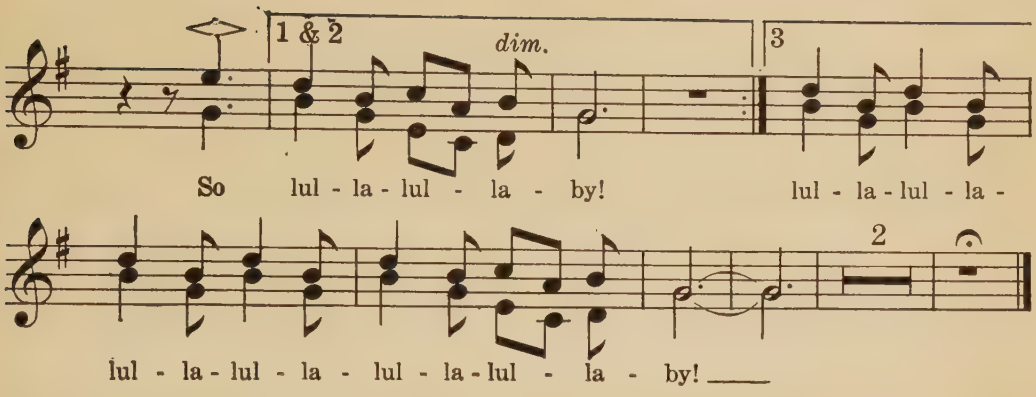
Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*


A - bove the brook the dra - gon flies, With wings a-quiver,
play. A mo - ment here, a mo - ment there, They
pause, and then a - way! As blue as steel their
gau - zy wings, As swift as thought their flight; Now
here, now there, then who knows where? They dart like gleams of light.

# Lullaby

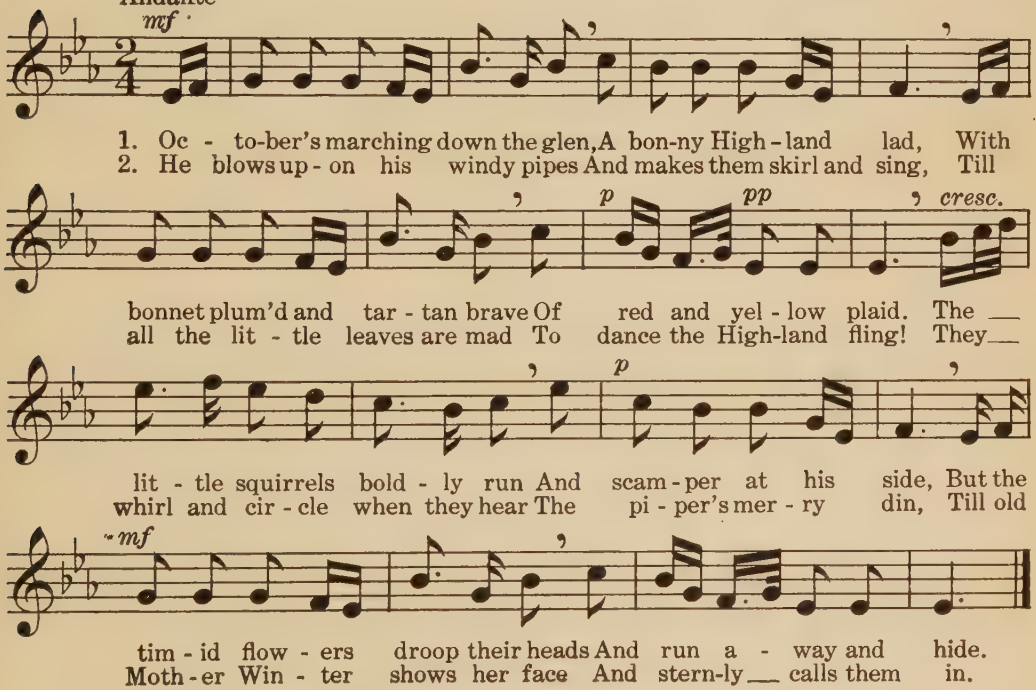
Frank Dempster Sherman

Charles Villiers Stanford
*Composed for this Series*


Andantino
p
1. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one, now; The bird is a - sleep in his
2. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one; soon The fair - y will come in the
3. Slumber, slumber, lit - tle one, so; The stars are the pearls that the
pp
nest on the bough; The bird is a - sleep, he has fol - ded his wings
ship of the moon; The fair - y will come with the pearls and the stars,
dream fairies know; The stars are the pearls and the bird in the nest,
And o - ver him sof - tly the dream fair - y sings:
And dreams will come sing - ing thro' shad - ow - y bars:
A dear lit - tle fel - low, the fair - ies love best.
Lul-la - by! lul - la - by! lul - la - by!
pp
Pearls in the deep, Stars in the sky, Dreams in our sleep;

# The Scotch Piper

Pauline Frances Camp

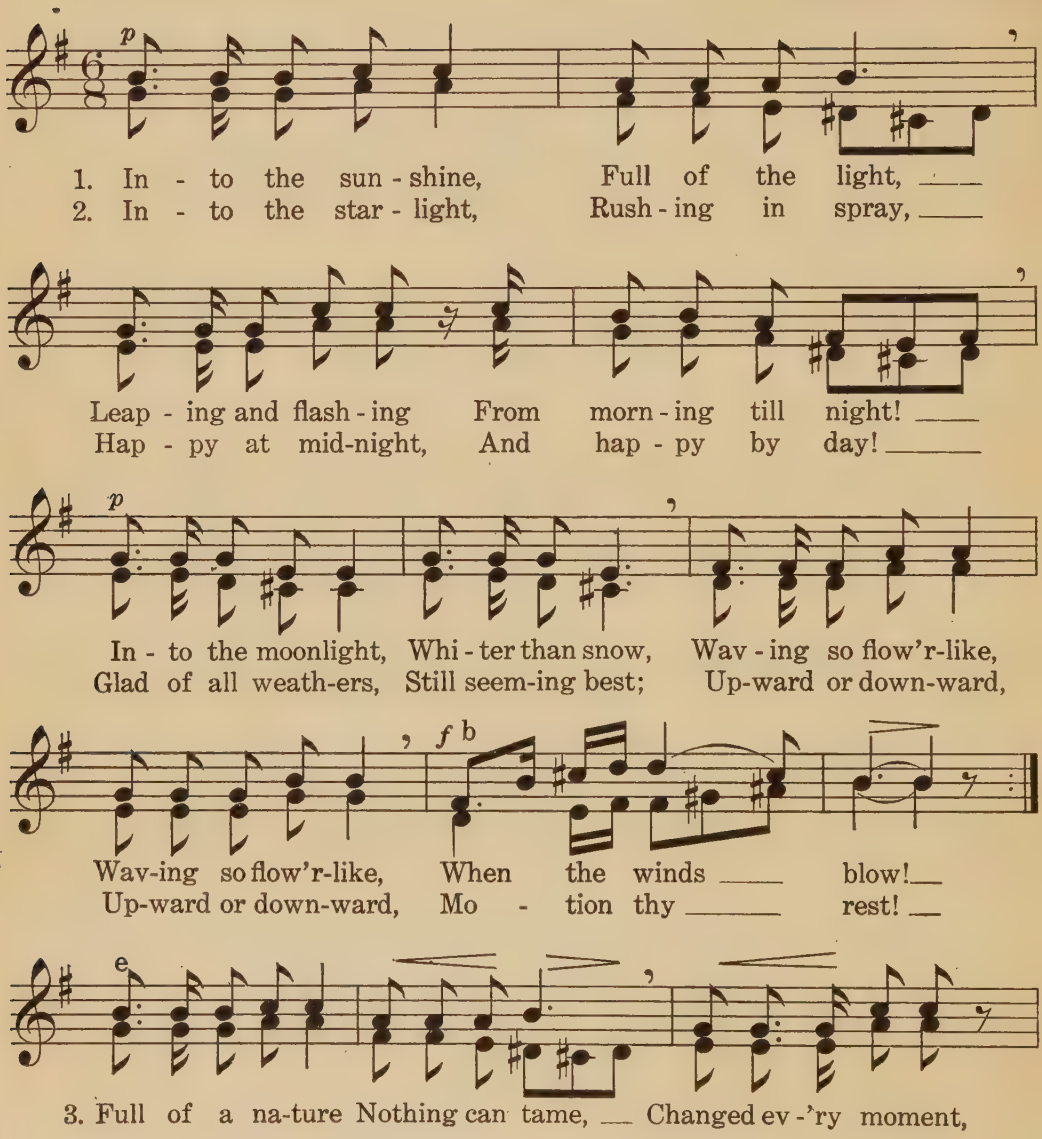
Scotch Folk Song

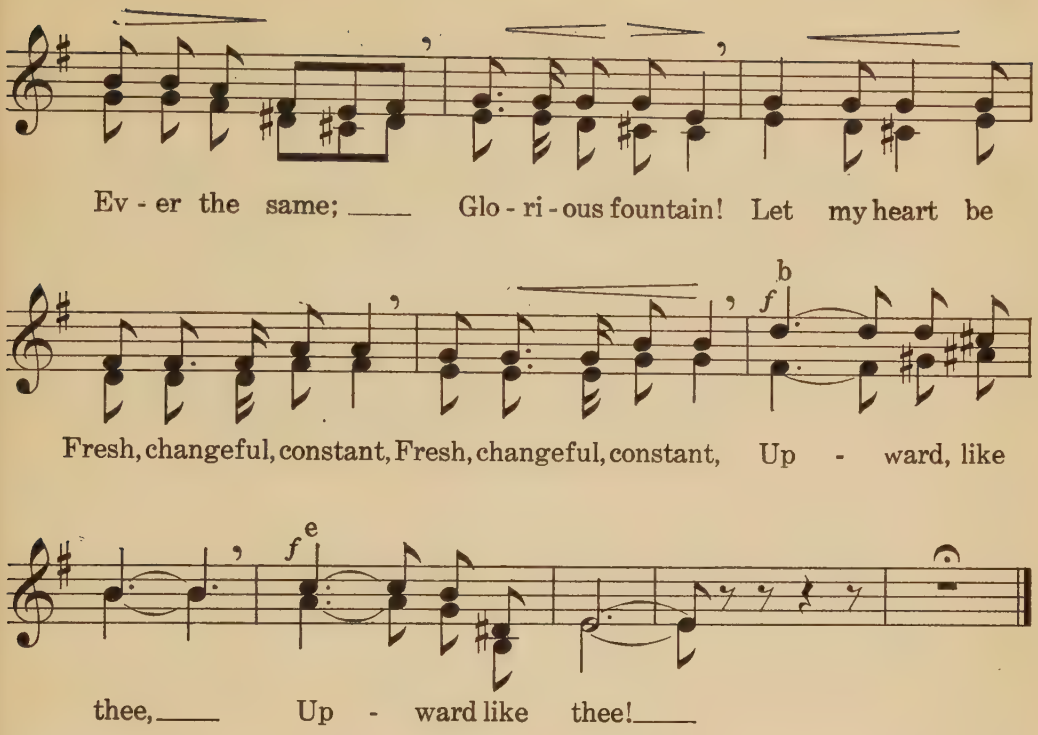

Andante
mf
1. Oc - to-ber's marching down the glen, A bon-ny High - land lad, With
2. He blows up - on his windy pipes And makes them skirl and sing, Till
p
pp
cresc.
bonnet plum'd and tar - tan brave Of red and yel - low plaid. The
all the lit - tle leaves are mad To dance the High-land fling! They
p
lit - tle squirrels bold - ly run And scam - per at his side, But the
whirl and cir - cle when they hear The pi - per's mer - ry din, Till old
mf
tim - id flow - ers droop their heads And run a - way and hide.
Moth - er Win - ter shows her face And stern-ly calls them in.

# The Fountain

James Russell Lowell

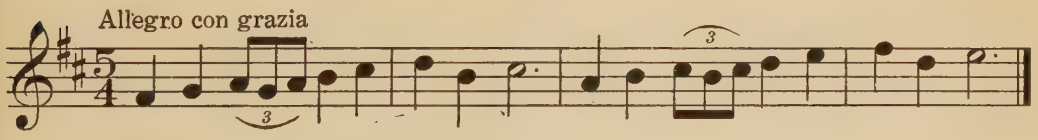
Hugo Kaun
*Composed for this Series*


p
1. In - to the sun - shine, Full of the light,
2. In - to the star - light, Rush - ing in spray,
Leap - ing and flash - ing From morn - ing till night!
Hap - py at mid-night, And hap - py by day!
p
In - to the moonlight, Whi - ter than snow, Wav - ing so flow'r-like,
Glad of all weath-ers, Still seem-ing best; Up-ward or down-ward,
f b
Wav-ing so flow'r-like, When the winds blow!
Up-ward or down-ward, Mo - tion thy rest!
e
3. Full of a na-ture Nothing can tame, Changed ev -'ry moment,

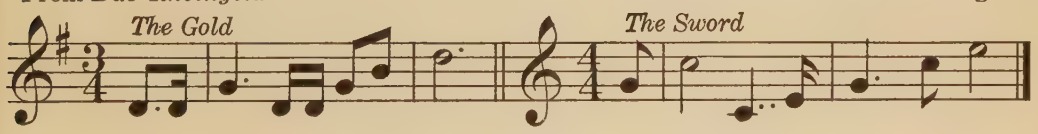

Ev - er the same; ___ Glo - ri - ous fountain! Let my heart be
b
f
Fresh, changeful, constant, Fresh, changeful, constant, Up - ward, like
e
f
thee, ___ Up - ward like thee! ___

# Themes

From *The Sixth Symphony* — Peter I. Tschaikowsky



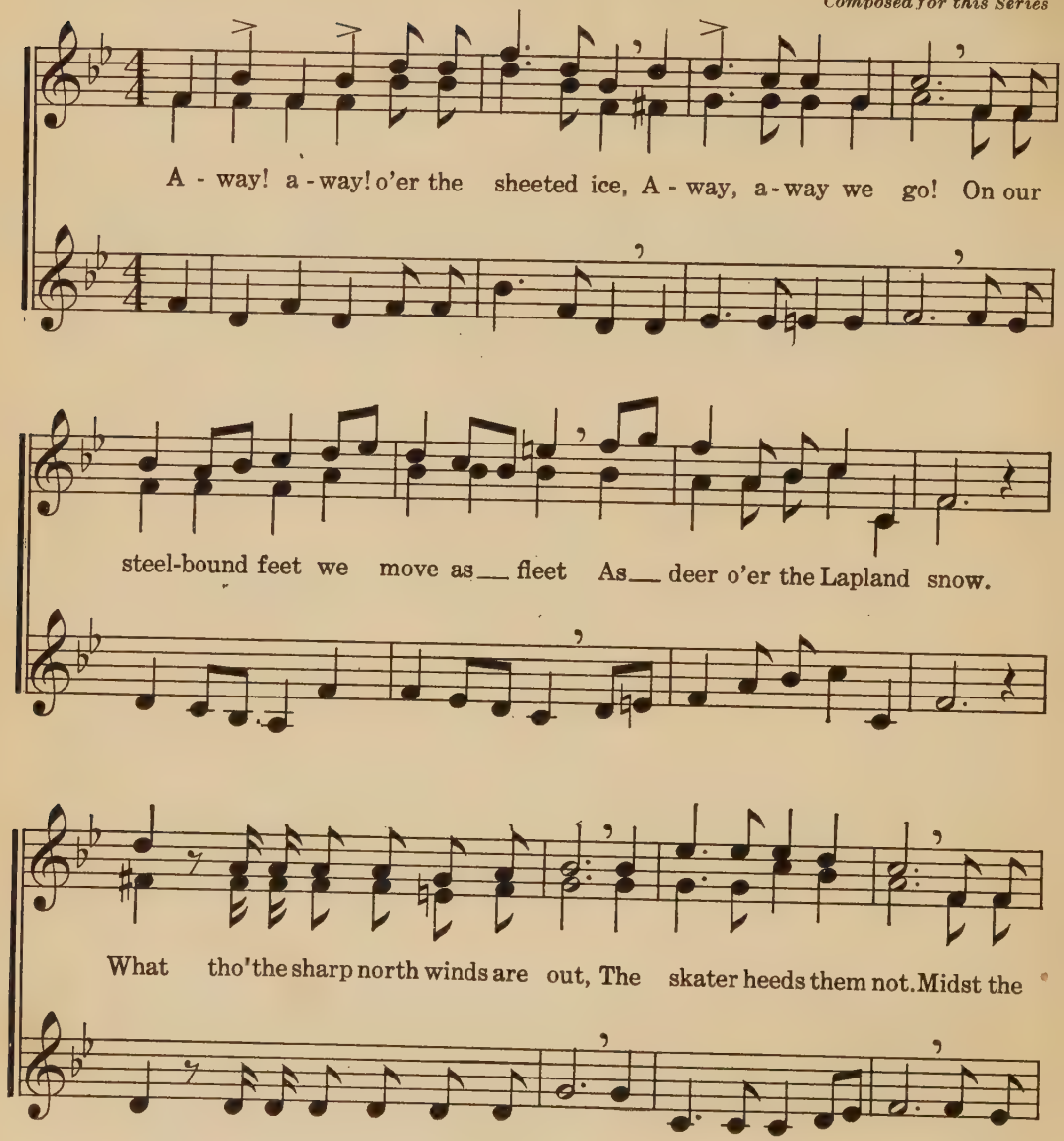

From *Das Rheingold* — Richard Wagner

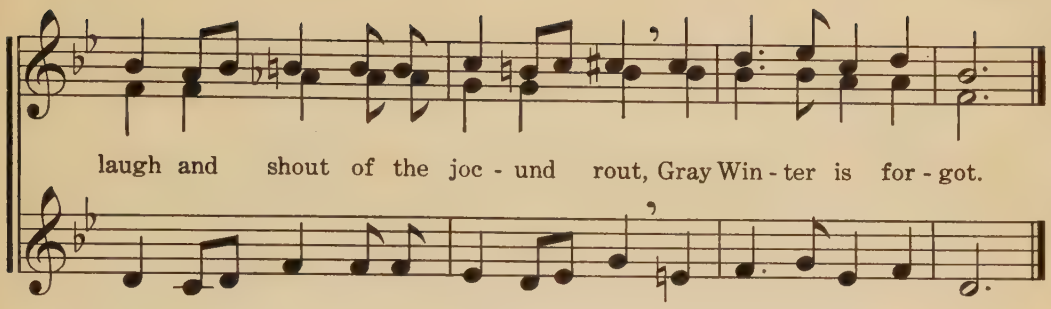


# Skating Song

Ephraim Peabody

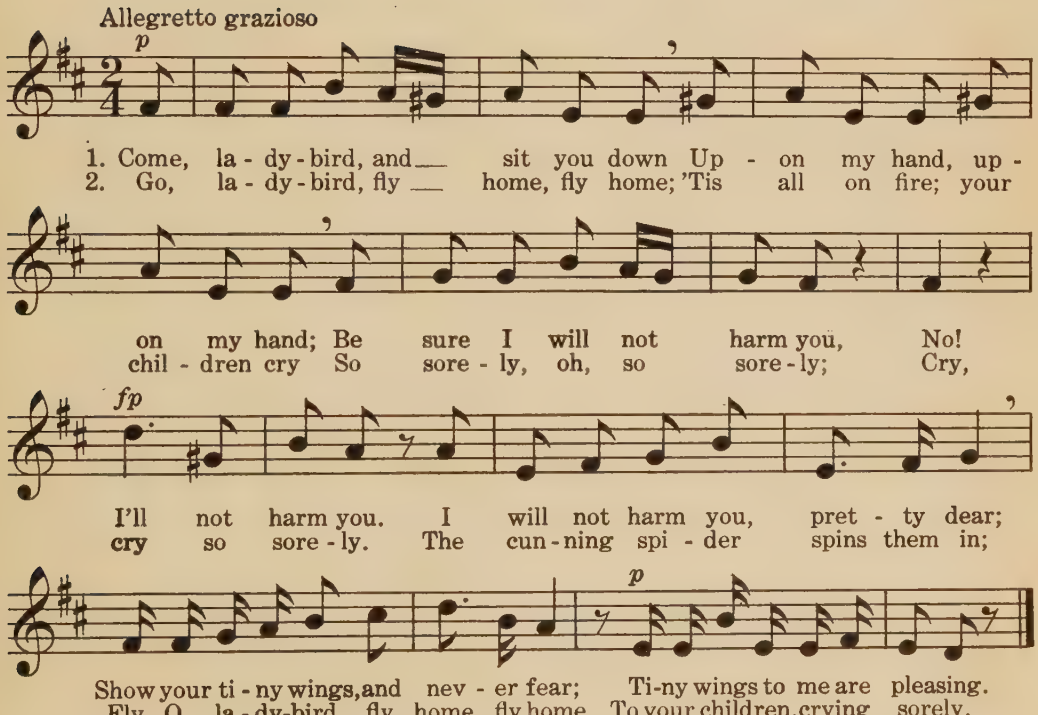
Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*


A - way! a - way! o'er the sheeted ice, A - way, a - way we go! On our
steel-bound feet we move as fleet As deer o'er the Lapland snow.
What tho' the sharp north winds are out, The skater heeds them not. Midst the




# Ladybird

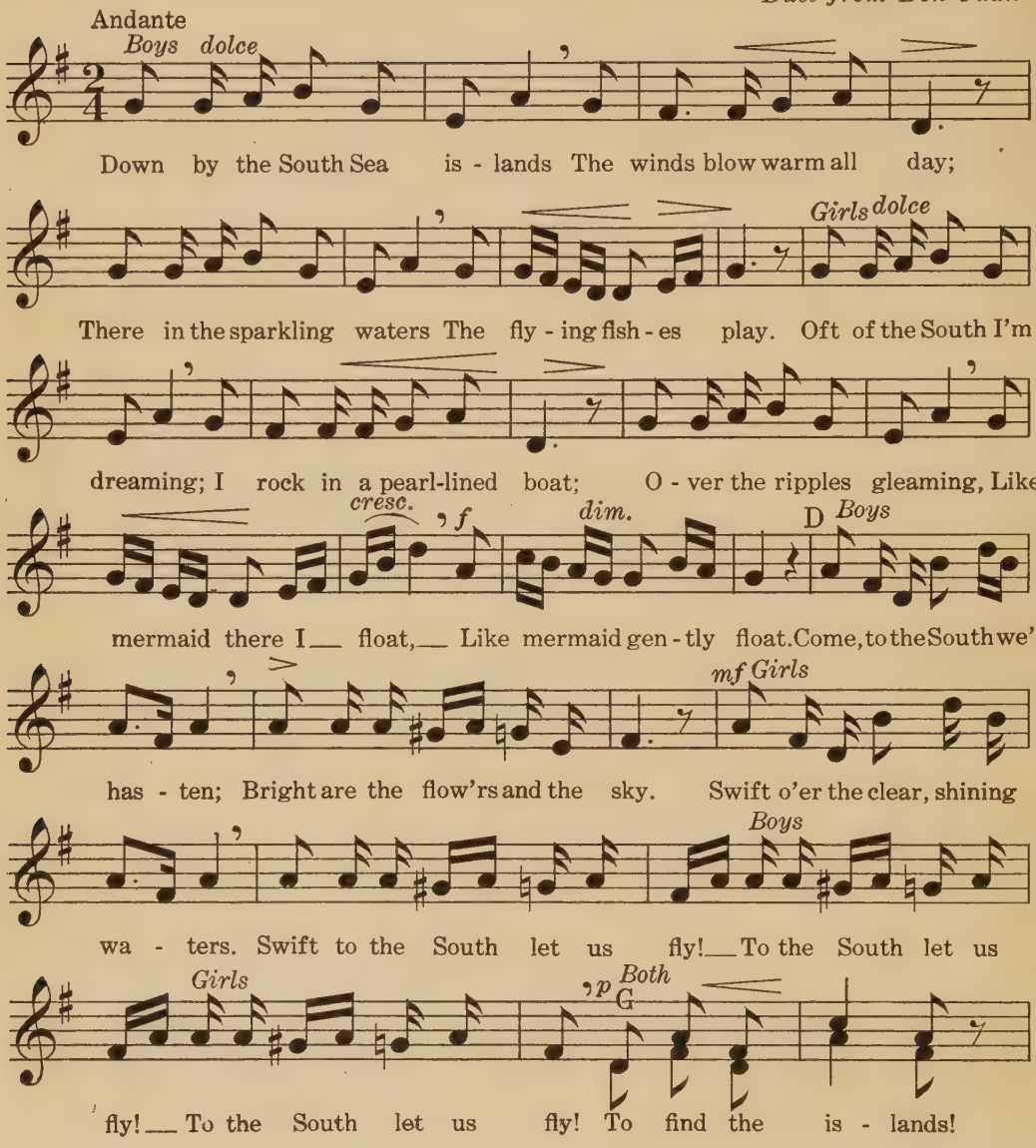
Robert Schumann

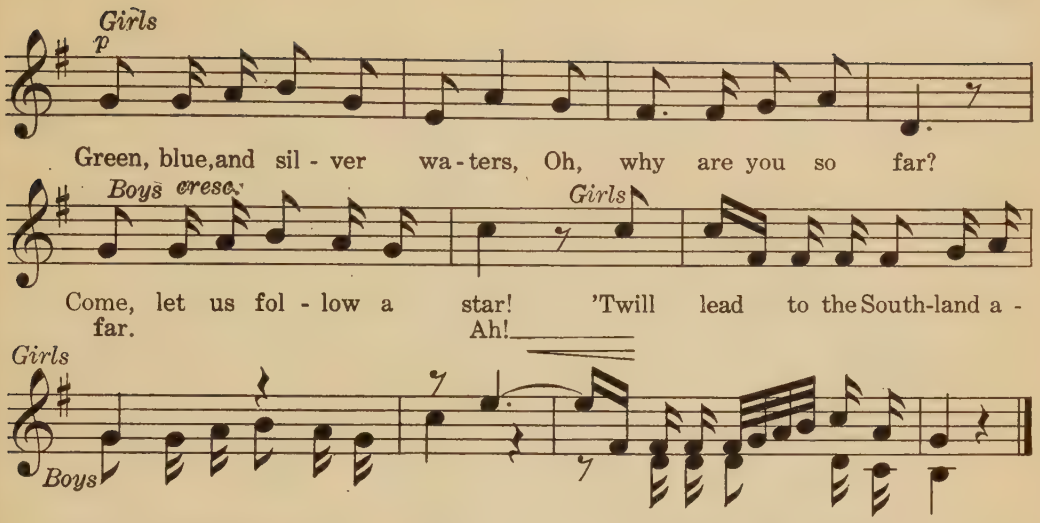

Allegretto grazioso
p
1. Come, la - dy - bird, and sit you down Up - on my hand, up -
2. Go, la - dy - bird, fly home, fly home; 'Tis all on fire; your
on my hand; Be sure I will not harm you, No!
chil - dren cry So sore - ly, oh, so sore - ly; Cry,
fp
I'll not harm you. I will not harm you, pret - ty dear;
cry so sore - ly. The cun - ning spi - der spins them in;
p
Show your ti - ny wings, and nev - er fear; Ti-ny wings to me are pleasing.
Fly, O la - dy-bird, fly home, fly home To your children, crying sorely.

# The Southland

Margaret Aliona Dole

W. A. Mozart
*Duet from Don Juan*

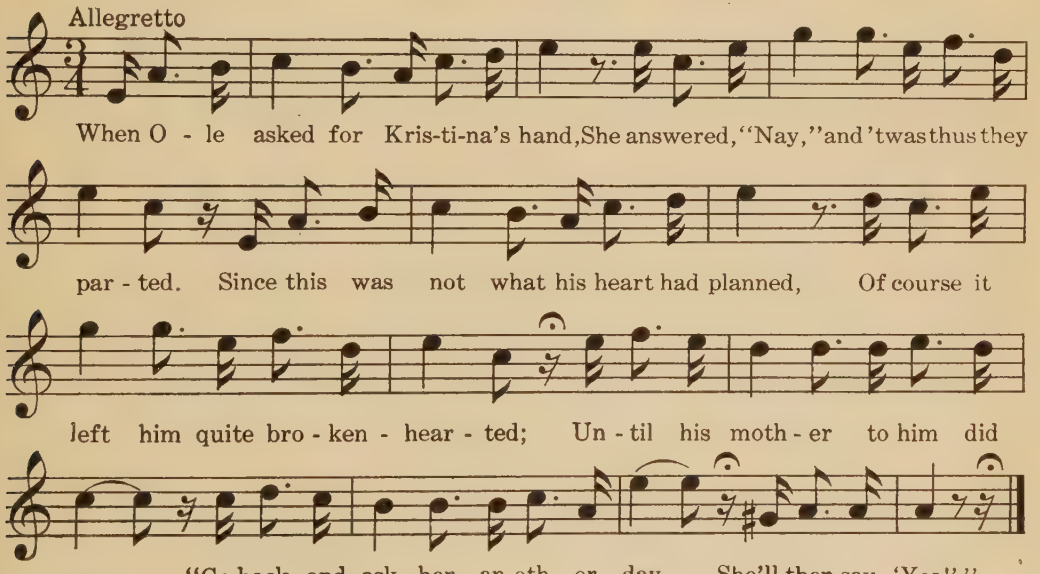

Andante
Boys dolce
Down by the South Sea is - lands The winds blow warm all day;
Girls dolce
There in the sparkling waters The fly - ing fish - es play. Oft of the South I'm
dreaming; I rock in a pearl-lined boat; O - ver the ripples gleaming, Like
cresc.
f
dim.
D Boys
mermaid there I___ float,___ Like mermaid gen - tly float. Come, to the South we'll
mf Girls
has - ten; Bright are the flow'rs and the sky. Swift o'er the clear, shining
Boys
wa - ters. Swift to the South let us fly!___ To the South let us
Girls
p Both
G
fly!___ To the South let us fly! To find the is - lands!


Girls
p
Green, blue, and sil - ver wa - ters, Oh, why are you so far?
Boys cresc.
Girls
Come, let us fol - low a star! 'Twill lead to the South-land a - far.
Ah!
Girls
Boys
Come, let us fol - low a star! To the South - land a - far!

# Yea and Nay

Frederick H. Martens
*From the Norwegian*

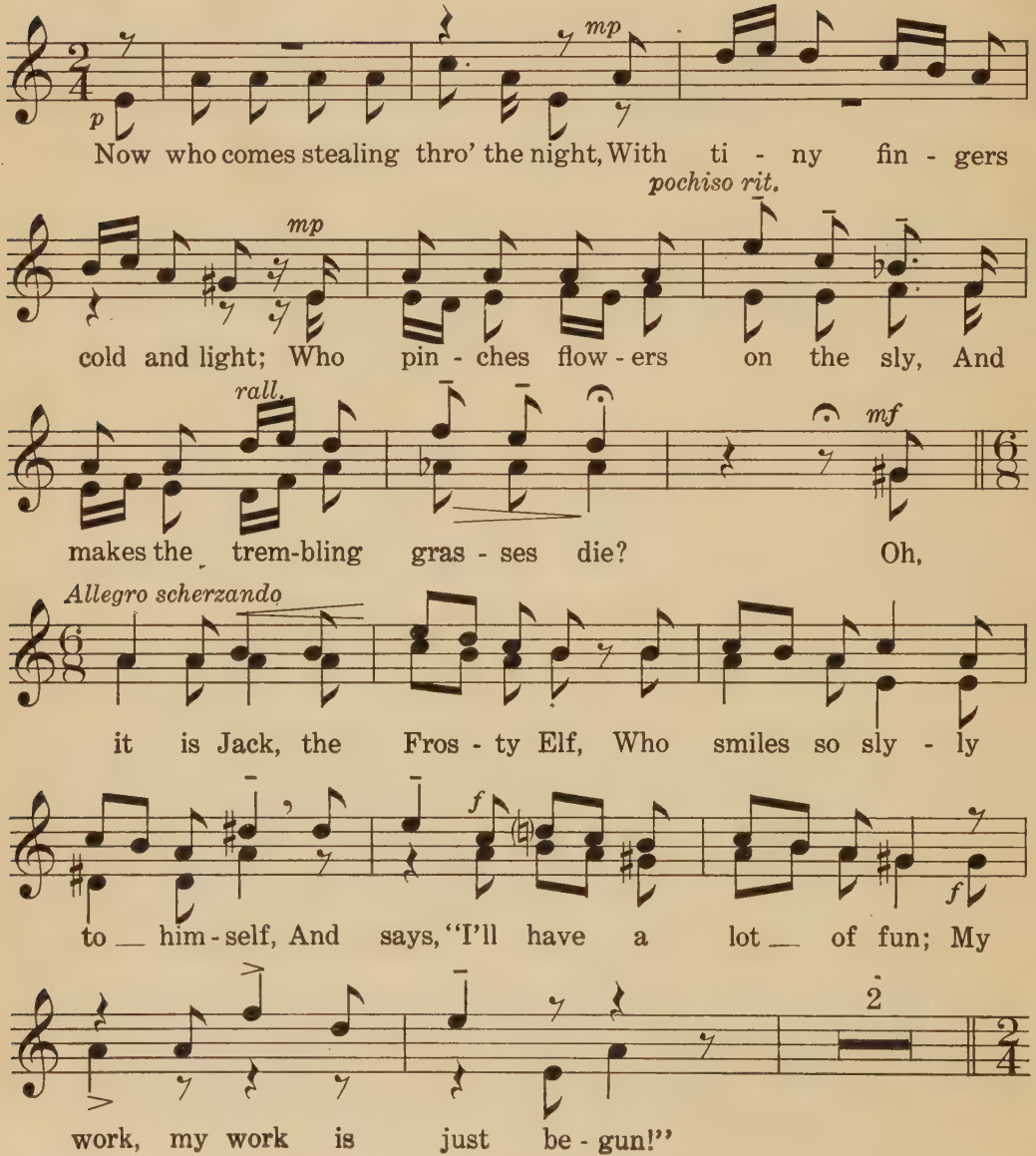
Norwegian Folk Song

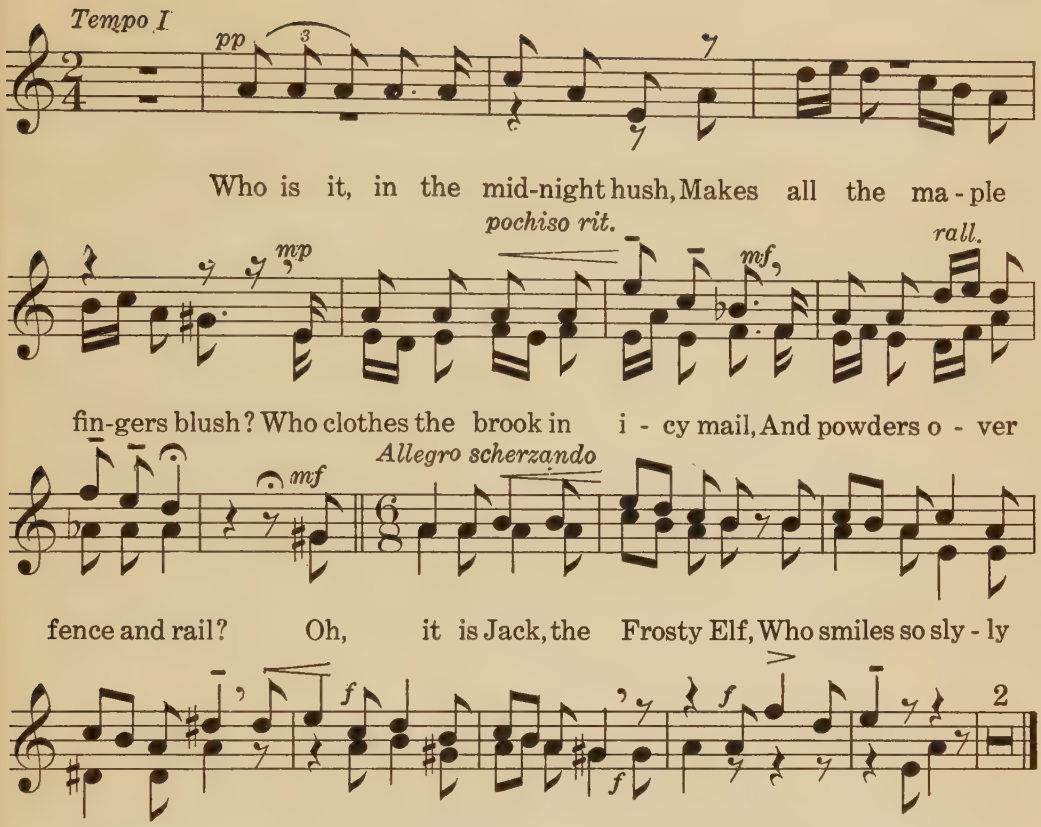

Allegretto
When O - le asked for Kris-ti-na's hand, She answered, "Nay," and 'twas thus they
par - ted. Since this was not what his heart had planned, Of course it
left him quite bro - ken - hear - ted; Un - til his moth - er to him did
say, "Go back and ask her an-oth - er day, She'll then say 'Yea!'"

# Jack Frost

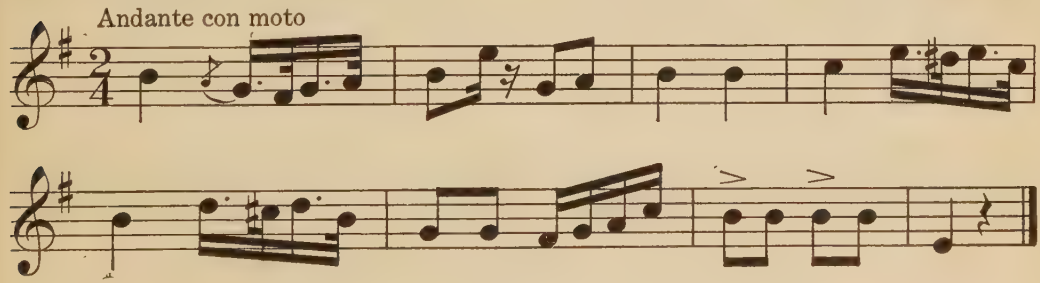
Kate Louise Brown

H. Clough-Leighter
*Composed for this Series*


p
mp
Now who comes stealing thro' the night, With ti - ny fin - gers
pochiso rit.
mp
cold and light; Who pin - ches flow - ers on the sly, And
rall.
mf
makes the trem-bling gras - ses die? Oh,
Allegro scherzando
it is Jack, the Fros - ty Elf, Who smiles so sly - ly
f
f
to him - self, And says, "I'll have a lot of fun; My
work, my work is just be - gun!"

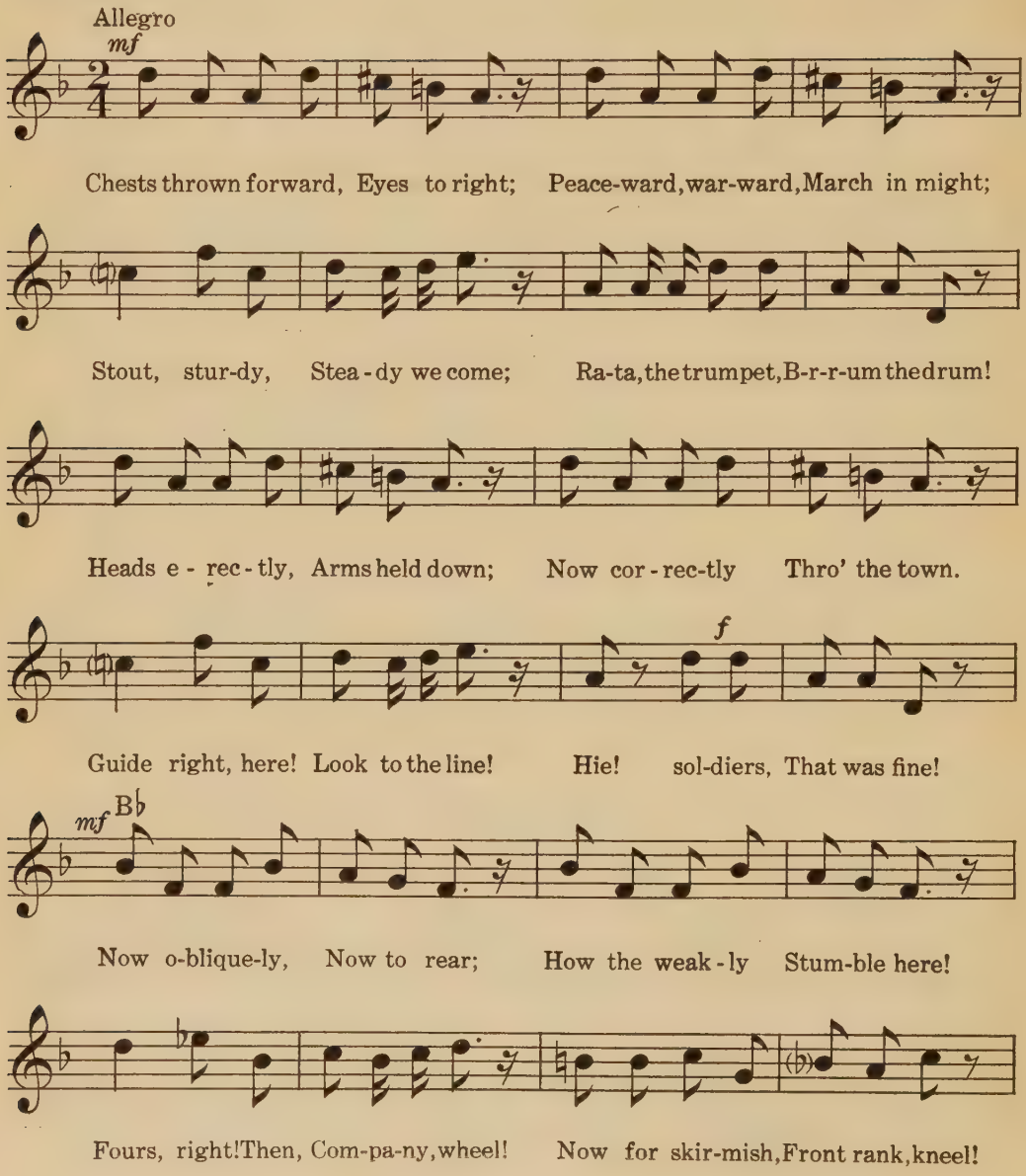

Tempo I
pp
3
Who is it, in the mid-night hush, Makes all the ma - ple
pochiso rit.
mp
mf
rall.
fin-gers blush? Who clothes the brook in i - cy mail, And powders o - ver
Allegro scherzando
mf
fence and rail? Oh, it is Jack, the Frosty Elf, Who smiles so sly - ly
f
f
f
2
to himself, And says, "I'll have a lot of fun; My work, my work is just begun!"

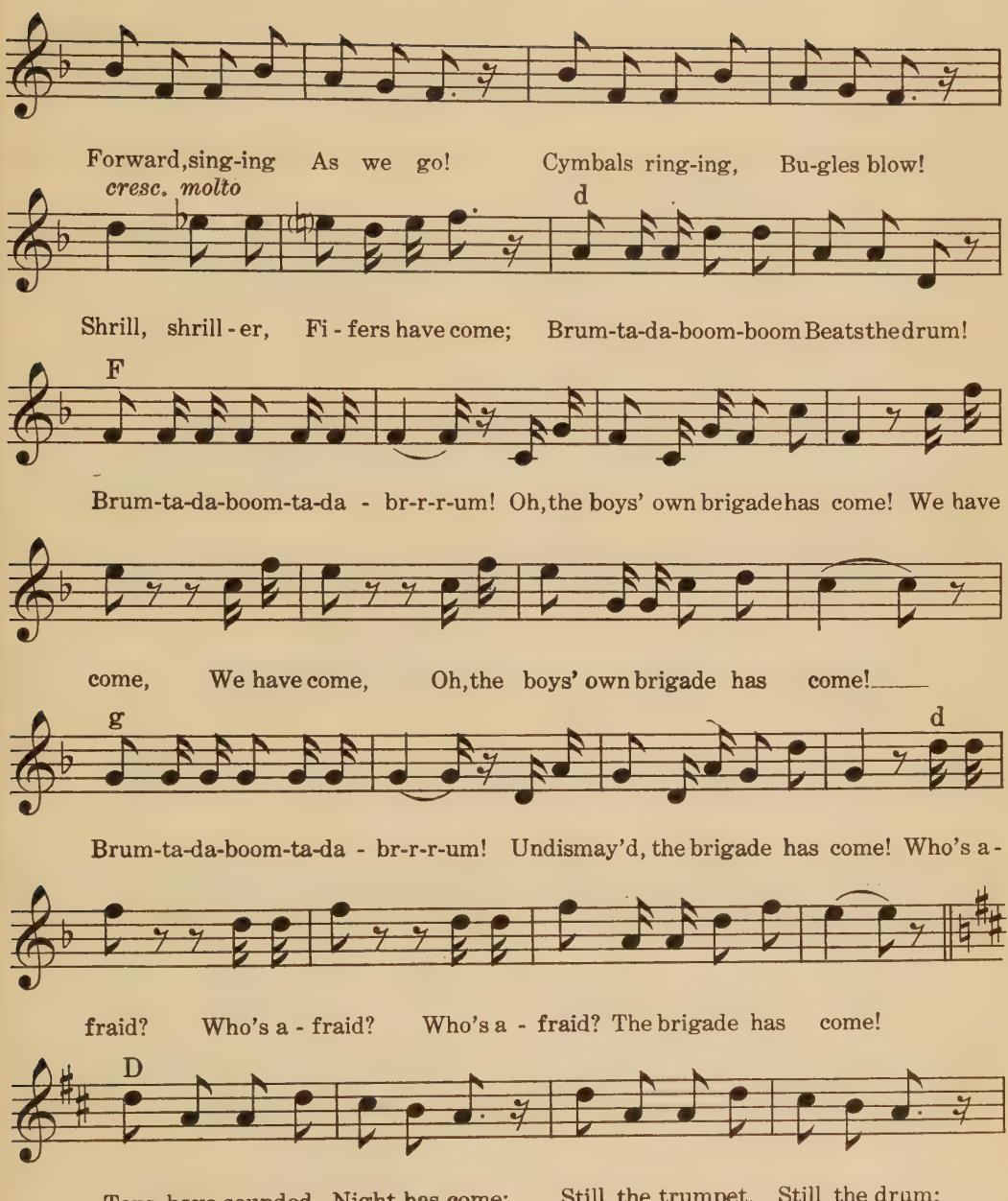
# Theme

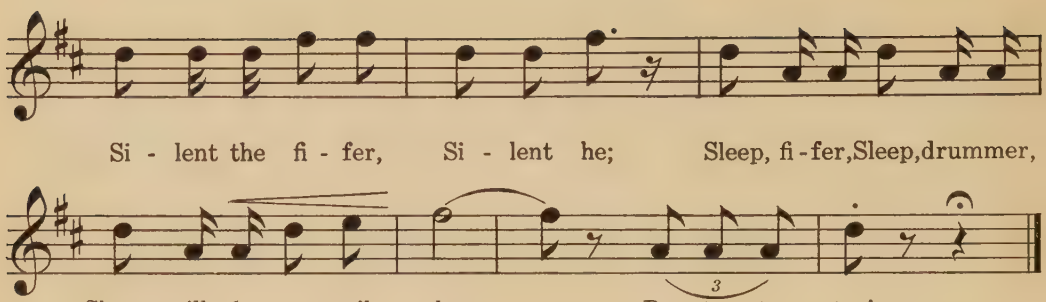
From *The Symphony in C* — Franz Schubert

# The Boys' Song

Seymour Barnard
*From the French*

Georges Bizet


Allegro
mf
Chests thrown forward, Eyes to right; Peace-ward, war-ward, March in might;
Stout, stur-dy, Stea-dy we come; Ra-ta, the trumpet, B-r-r-um the drum!
Heads e-rec-tly, Arms held down; Now cor-rec-tly Thro' the town.
f
Guide right, here! Look to the line! Hie! sol-diers, That was fine!
mf
Now o-blique-ly, Now to rear; How the weak-ly Stum-ble here!
Fours, right! Then, Com-pa-ny, wheel! Now for skir-mish, Front rank, kneel!

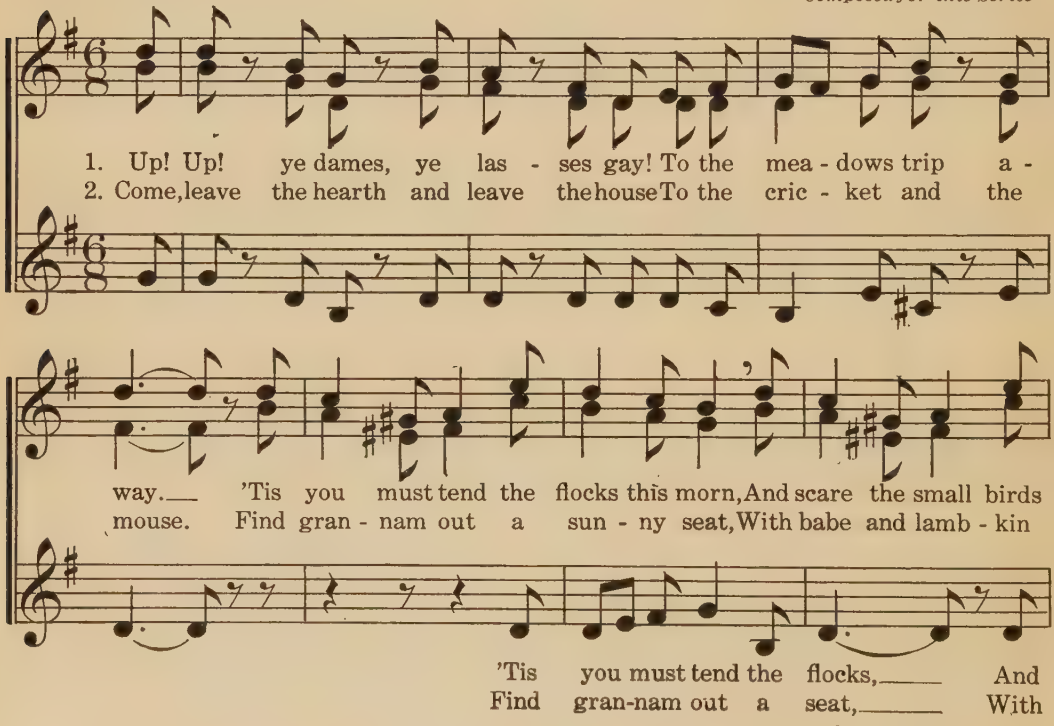

Forward, sing-ing As we go! Cymbals ring-ing, Bu-gles blow!
cresc. molto
d
Shrill, shrill-er, Fi-fers have come; Brum-ta-da-boom-boom Beats the drum!
F
Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Oh, the boys' own brigade has come! We have
come, We have come, Oh, the boys' own brigade has come!
g
d
Brum-ta-da-boom-ta-da - br-r-r-um! Undismay'd, the brigade has come! Who's a-
fraid? Who's a-fraid? Who's a-fraid? The brigade has come!
D
Taps have sounded, Night has come; Still the trumpet, Still the drum;

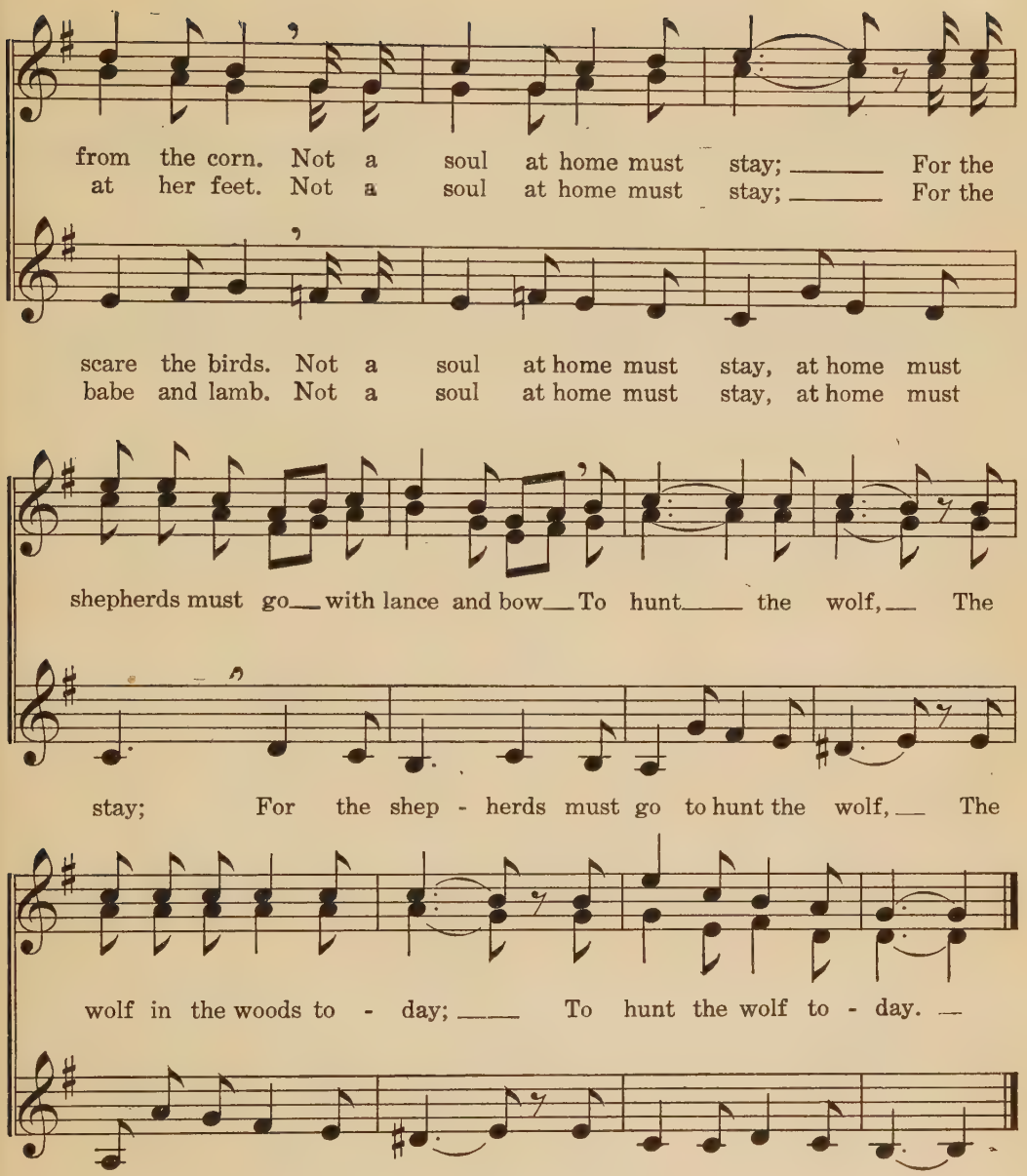



# Choral Song of Illyrian Peasants

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

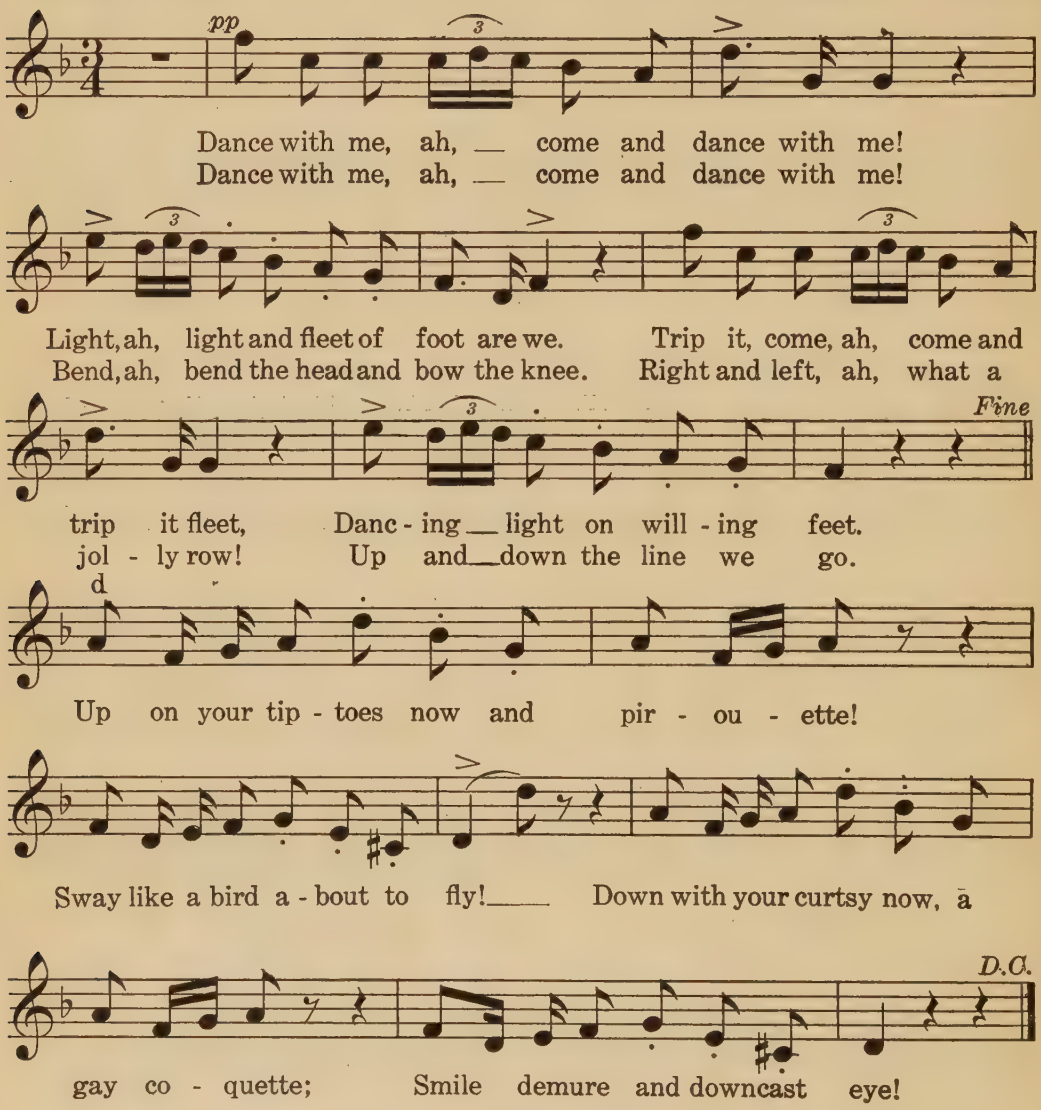
Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*


1. Up! Up! ye dames, ye las - ses gay! To the mea - dows trip a -
2. Come, leave the hearth and leave the house To the cric - ket and the
way. 'Tis you must tend the flocks this morn, And scare the small birds
mouse. Find gran - nam out a sun - ny seat, With babe and lamb - kin
'Tis you must tend the flocks, And
Find gran-nam out a seat, With


from the corn. Not a soul at home must stay; For the
at her feet. Not a soul at home must stay; For the
scare the birds. Not a soul at home must stay, at home must
babe and lamb. Not a soul at home must stay, at home must
shepherds must go with lance and bow To hunt the wolf, The
stay; For the shep - herds must go to hunt the wolf, The
wolf in the woods to - day; To hunt the wolf to - day.

# Come, Dance with Me

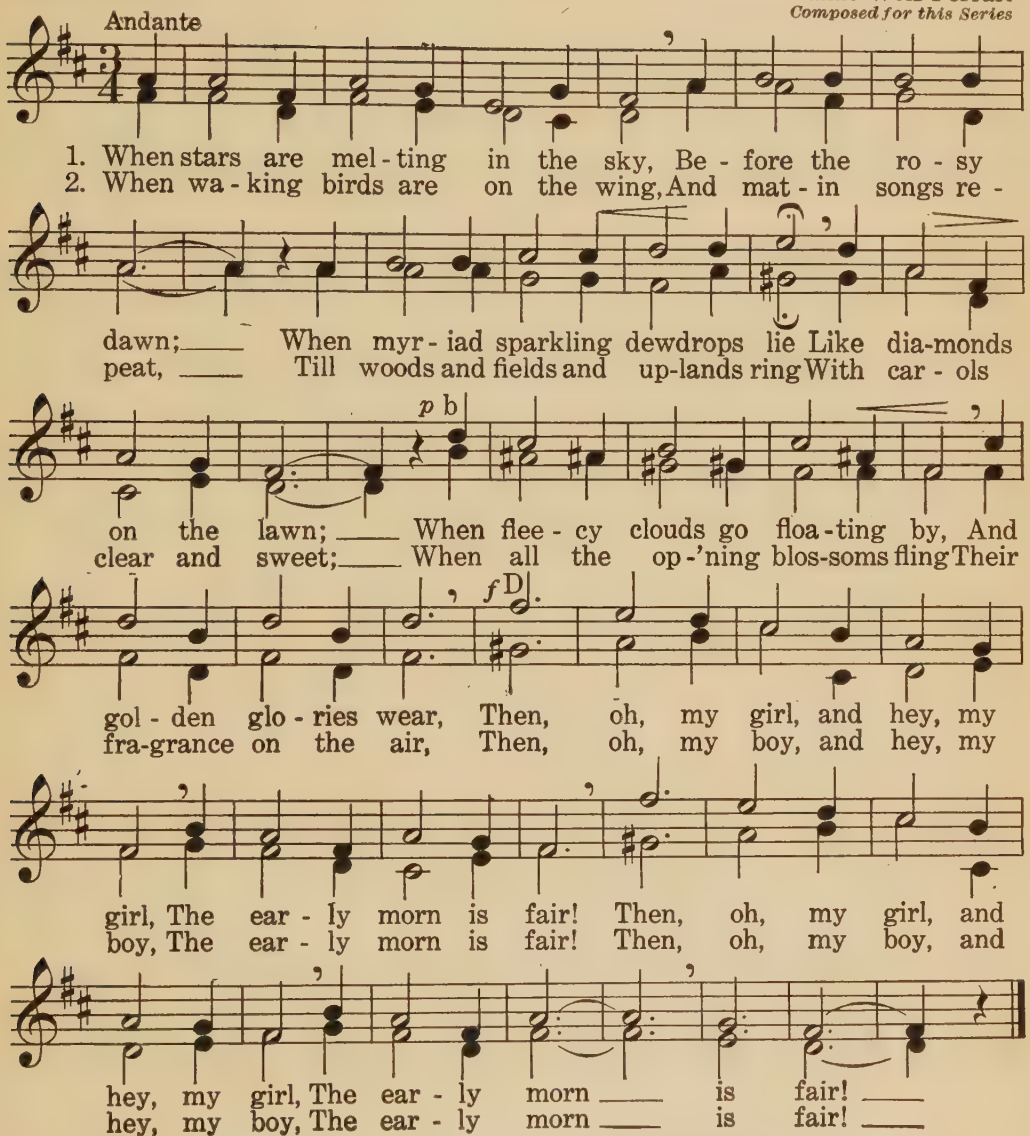
Alice C. D. Riley — Neapolitan Folk Song


pp
Dance with me, ah, come and dance with me!
Dance with me, ah, come and dance with me!
Light, ah, light and fleet of foot are we. Trip it, come, ah, come and
Bend, ah, bend the head and bow the knee. Right and left, ah, what a
Fine
trip it fleet, Danc - ing light on will - ing feet.
jol - ly row! Up and down the line we go.
D.
Up on your tip - toes now and pir - ou - ette!
Sway like a bird a - bout to fly! Down with your curtsy now, a
D.C.
gay co - quette; Smile demure and downcast eye!

# A Morning Song

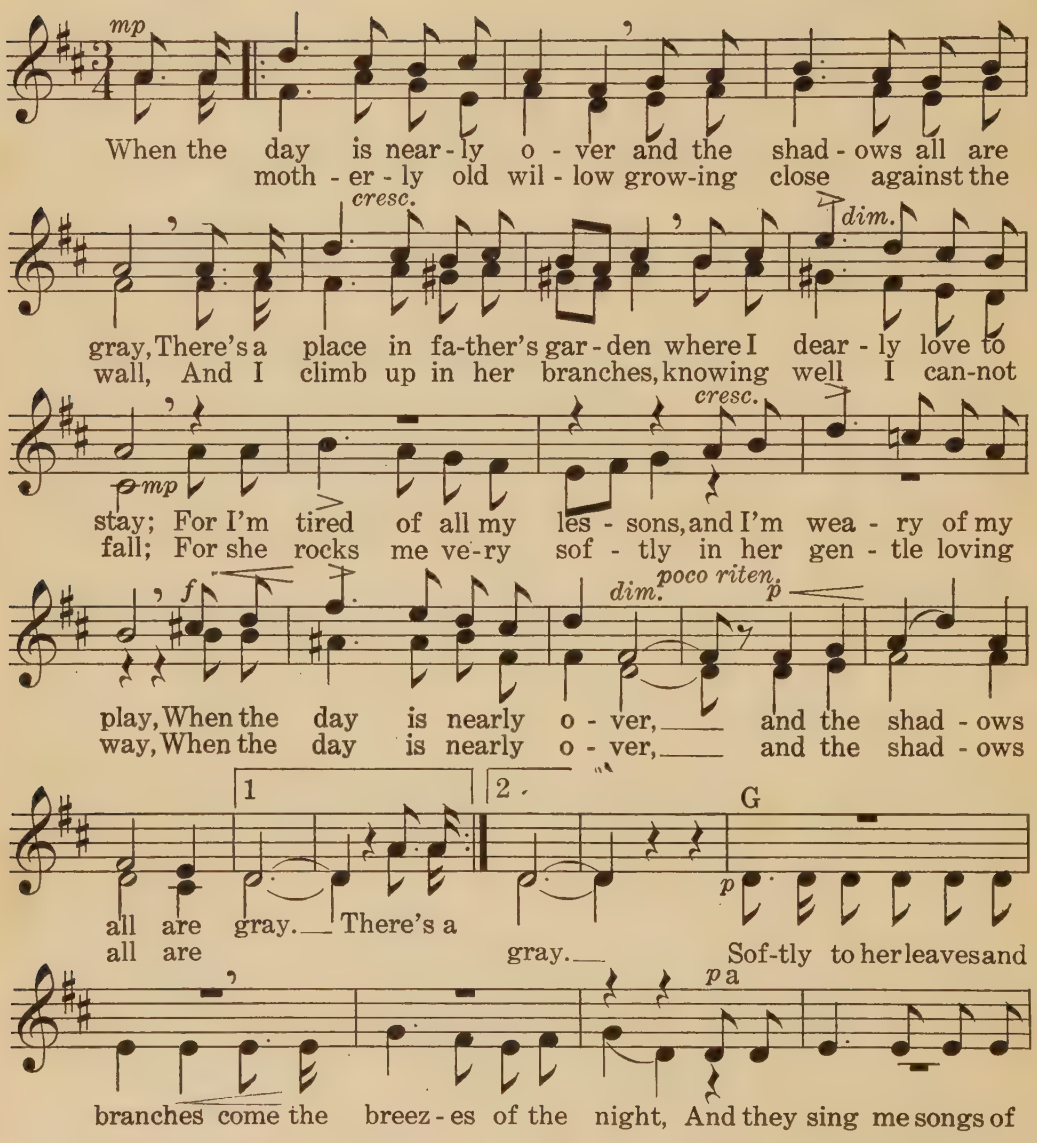
Anna M. Pratt

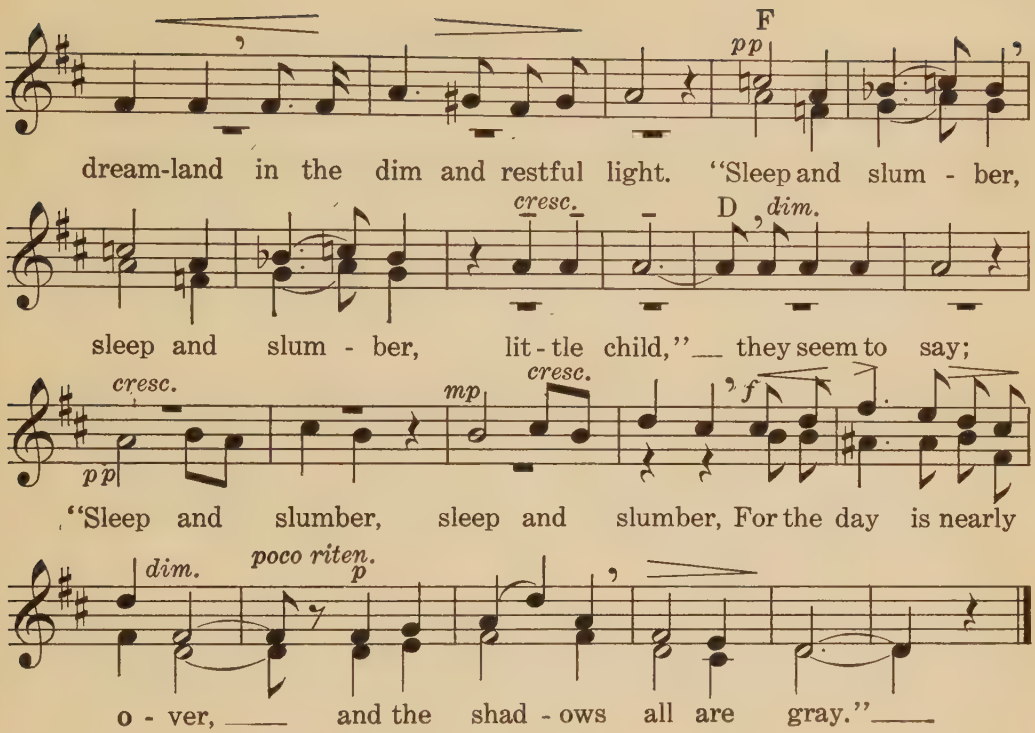
Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari
*Composed for this Series*

Andante

1. When stars are mel - ting in the sky, Be - fore the ro - sy
2. When wa - king birds are on the wing, And mat - in songs re -
dawn; When myr - iad sparkling dewdrops lie Like dia-monds
peat, Till woods and fields and up-lands ring With car - ols
p b
on the lawn; When flee - cy clouds go floa - ting by, And
clear and sweet; When all the op -'ning blos-soms fling Their
f D
gol - den glo - ries wear, Then, oh, my girl, and hey, my
fra-grance on the air, Then, oh, my boy, and hey, my
girl, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my girl, and
boy, The ear - ly morn is fair! Then, oh, my boy, and
hey, my girl, The ear - ly morn is fair!
hey, my boy, The ear - ly morn is fair!

# A Child's Fancy

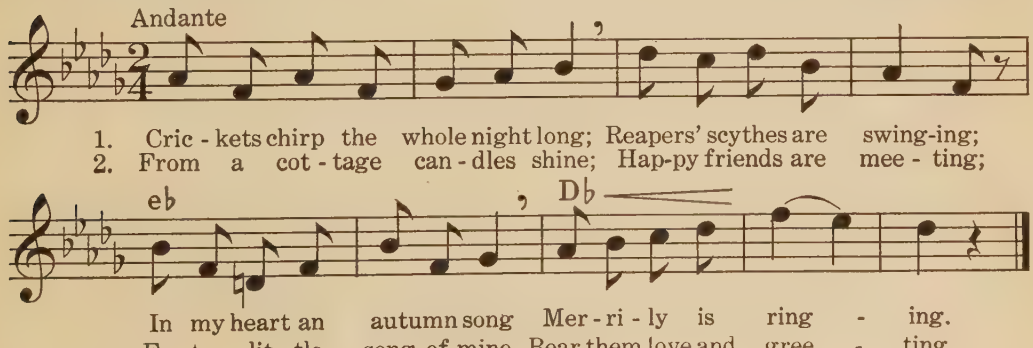
Miriam S. Clark

John E. West
*Composed for this Series*

mp
When the day is near - ly o - ver and the shad - ows all are
moth - er - ly old wil - low grow-ing close against the
cresc.
dim.
gray, There's a place in fa-ther's gar - den where I dear - ly love to
wall, And I climb up in her branches, knowing well I can-not
mp
cresc.
stay; For I'm tired of all my les - sons, and I'm wea - ry of my
fall; For she rocks me ve-ry sof - tly in her gen - tle loving
f
dim.
poco riten.
p
play, When the day is nearly o - ver, and the shad - ows
way, When the day is nearly o - ver, and the shad - ows
1
2
G
p
all are gray. There's a
all are gray. Sof-tly to her leaves and
p a
branches come the breez - es of the night, And they sing me songs of




# Greeting

Maud Wilder Goodwin — Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy


Andante
1. Cric - kets chirp the whole night long; Reapers' scythes are swing-ing;
2. From a cot - tage can - dles shine; Hap-py friends are mee - ting;
eb
Db
In my heart an autumn song Mer - ri - ly is ring - ing.
En - ter lit - tle song of mine, Bear them love and gree - ting.

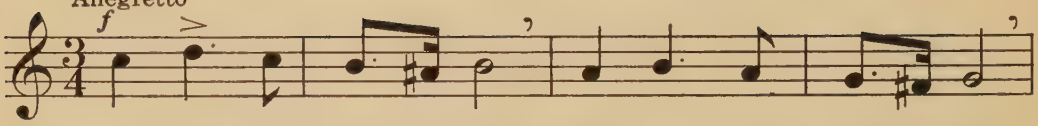
# Daybreak

Nellie Poorman
*From the Spanish*

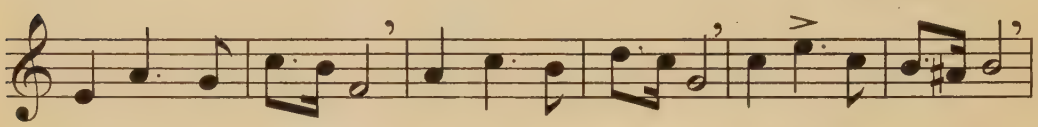
G. Calzolari

Allegretto

*f*



1. Dark - ness is ban - ished; Night stars have van - ished;
2. Stream-lets are flow - ing; Bright dew - drops glow - ing;

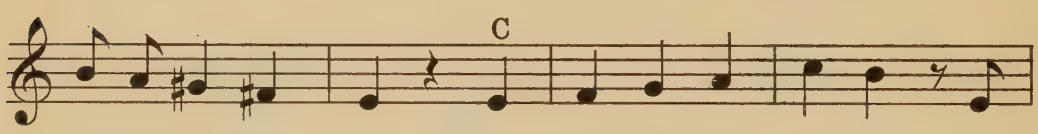


Soft clouds are flush - ing, Hills fain - tly blush - ing; Larks upward soar - ing,
Soft breez - es wan - der, Hith - er and yon - der; Nests are for - sa - ken,

E

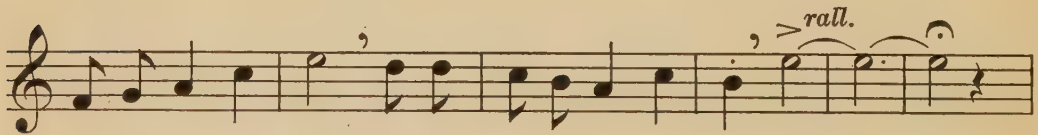
Glad song out - pour - ing, Her - alds of the morn - ing, They
Birds all a - wa - ken, Sing - ing songs of glad - ness To

C

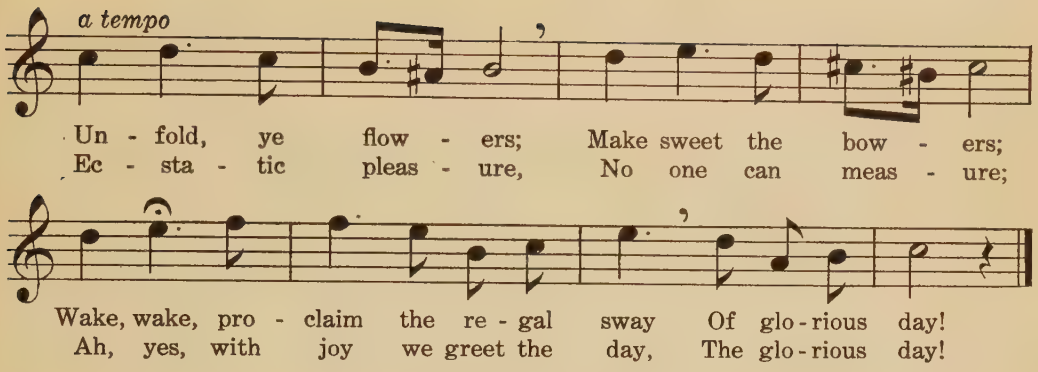


hail the god of day; Who com - eth a - dorn - ing The
greet the com - ing day. No place now for sad - ness; In

*rall.*



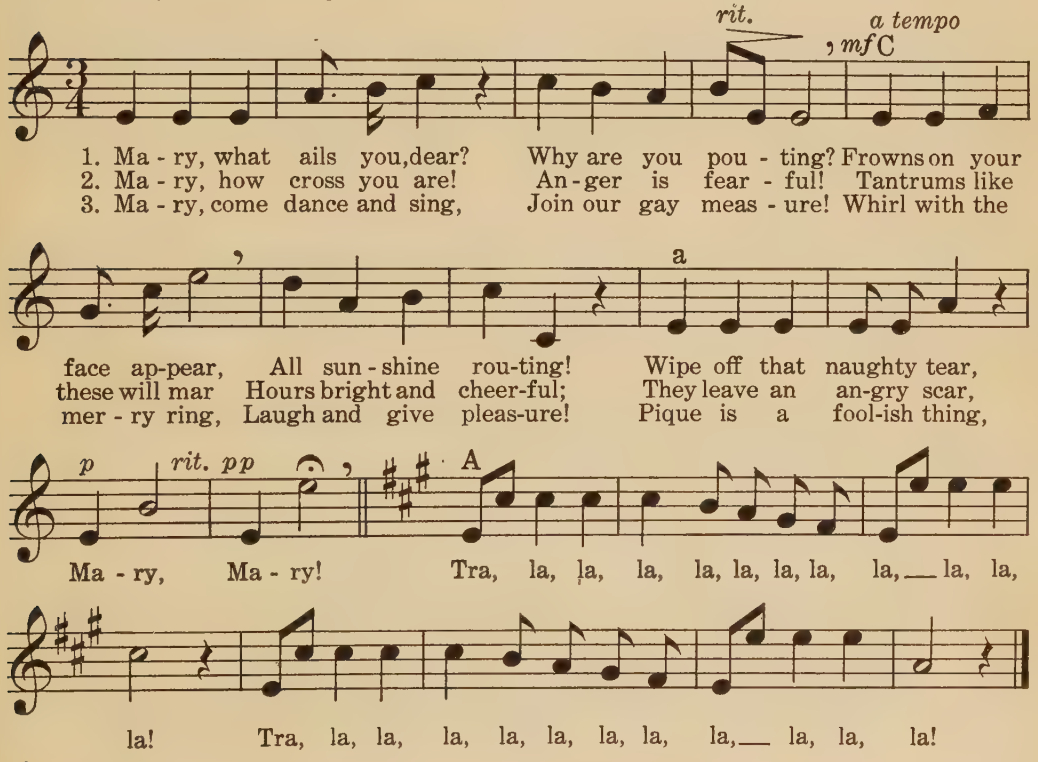
earth with ro - sy light, Clo-thing all in splendor bright; Ah!_____
val - ley and on hill Glow-ing na-ture is a - thrill; Ah!_____


a tempo
Un - fold, ye flow - ers; Make sweet the bow - ers;
Ec - sta - tic pleas - ure, No one can meas - ure;
Wake, wake, pro - claim the re - gal sway Of glo - rious day!
Ah, yes, with joy we greet the day, The glo - rious day!

# Pouts and Smiles

Nathan Haskell Dole
*Paraphrased from a Dutch Song Game*

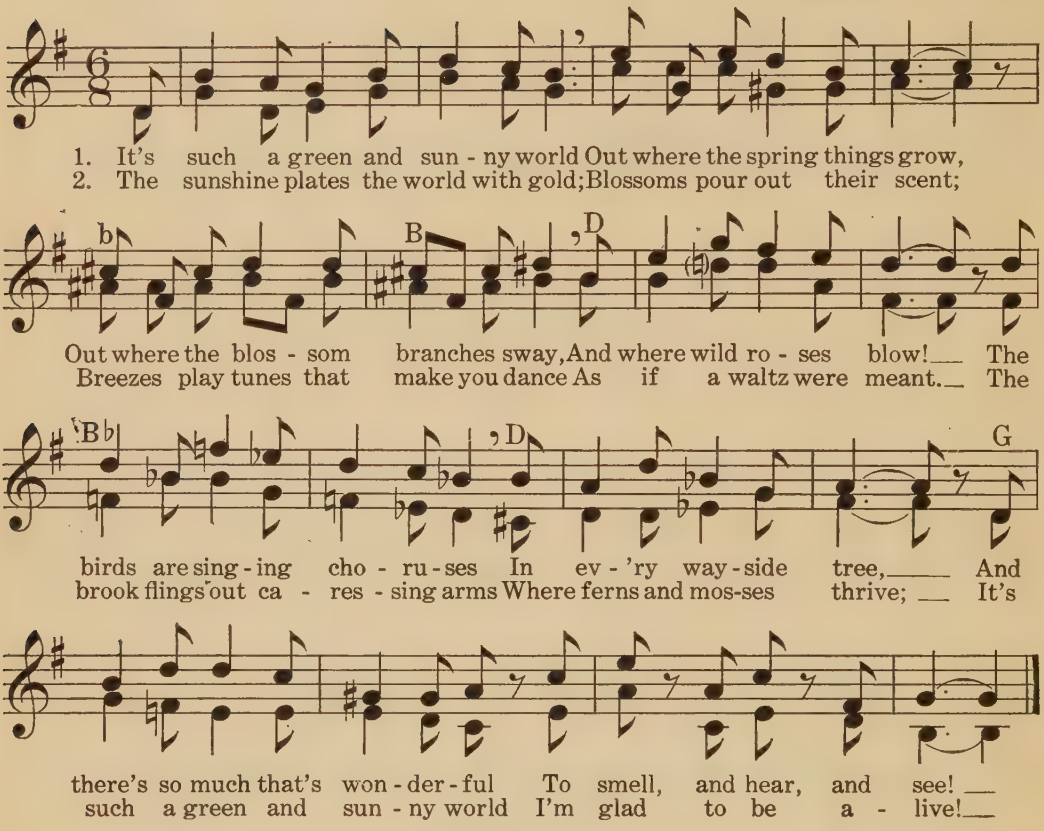
Catharina van Rennes


rit.
a tempo
mf
C
1. Ma - ry, what ails you, dear? Why are you pou - ting? Frowns on your
2. Ma - ry, how cross you are! An - ger is fear - ful! Tantrums like
3. Ma - ry, come dance and sing, Join our gay meas - ure! Whirl with the
a
face ap-pear, All sun - shine rou-ting! Wipe off that naughty tear,
these will mar Hours bright and cheer-ful; They leave an an-gry scar,
mer - ry ring, Laugh and give pleas-ure! Pique is a fool-ish thing,
p
rit. pp
A
Ma - ry, Ma - ry! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

# The Green World

Annie Willis McCullough

Vincent d'Indy
*Composed for this Series*

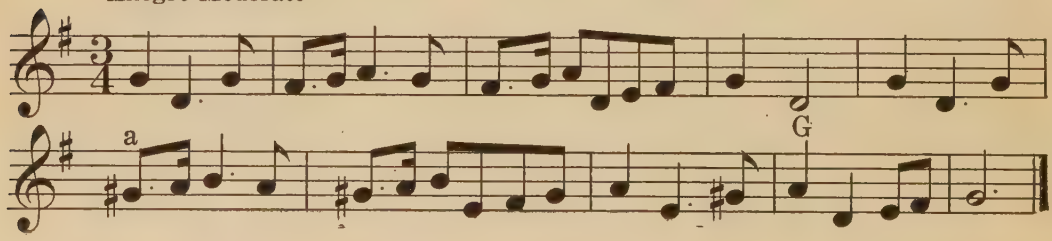

1. It's such a green and sun - ny world Out where the spring things grow,
2. The sunshine plates the world with gold; Blossoms pour out their scent;
Out where the blos - som branches sway, And where wild ro - ses blow! The
Breezes play tunes that make you dance As if a waltz were meant. The
birds are sing - ing cho - ru - ses In ev - 'ry way - side tree, And
brook flings out ca - res - sing arms Where ferns and mos-ses thrive; It's
there's so much that's won - der - ful To smell, and hear, and see!
such a green and sun - ny world I'm glad to be a - live!

# Theme

From *The B minor (unfinished) Symphony*

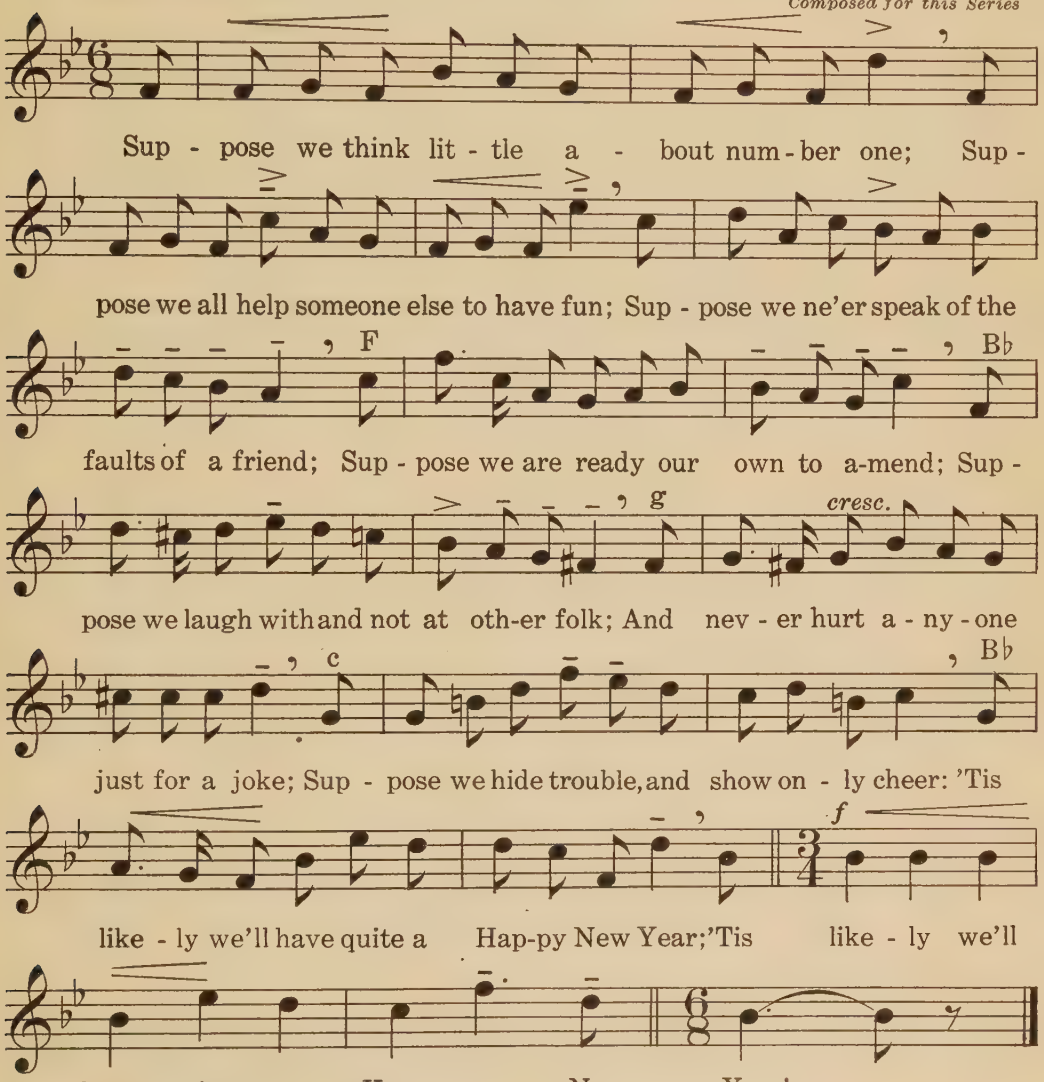
Franz Schubert

Allegro Moderato



# A Suggestion for a Happy New Year

Mary Mapes Dodge

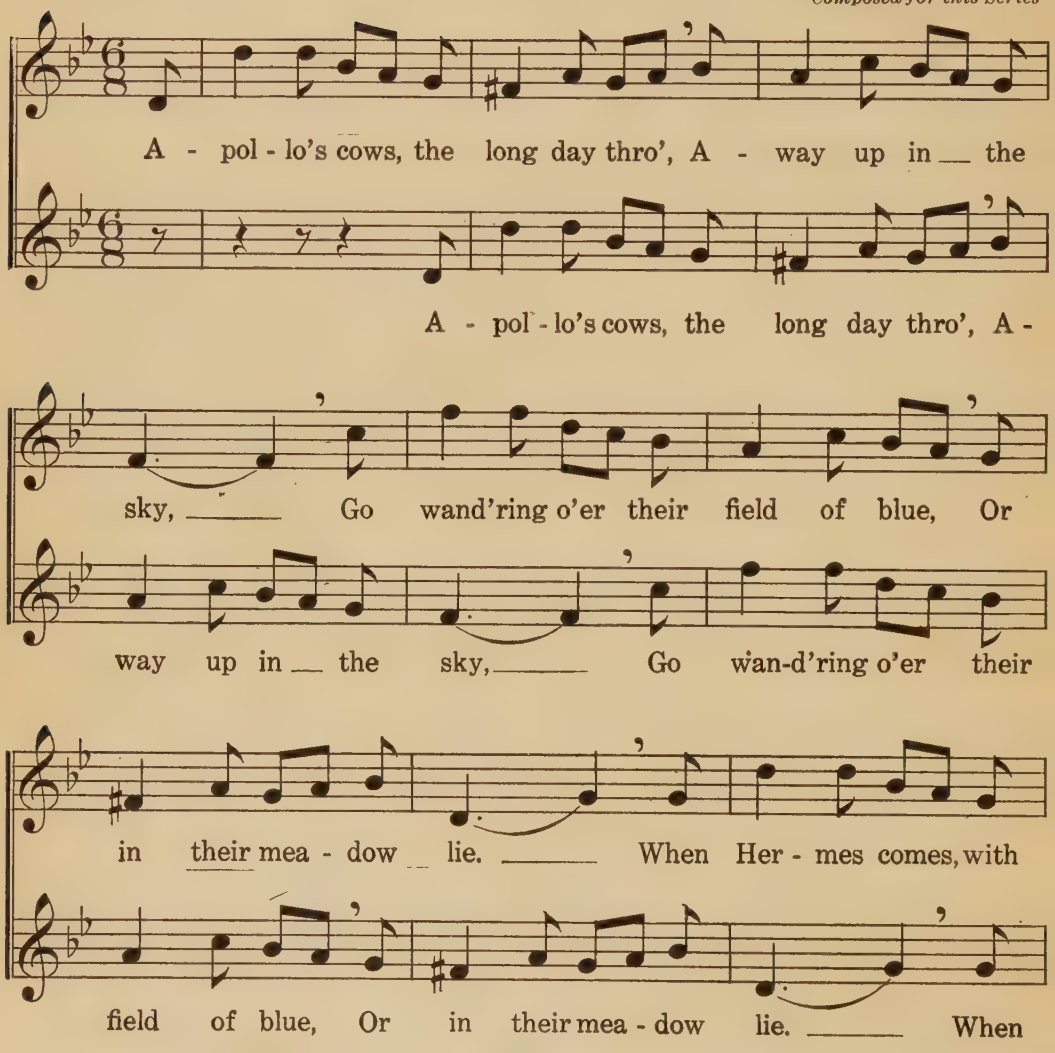
Homer N. Bartlett
*Composed for this Series*

Sup - pose we think lit - tle a - bout num - ber one; Sup -
pose we all help someone else to have fun; Sup - pose we ne'er speak of the
F
B♭
faults of a friend; Sup - pose we are ready our own to a-mend; Sup -
g
cresc.
pose we laugh with and not at oth-er folk; And nev - er hurt a - ny - one
c
B♭
just for a joke; Sup - pose we hide trouble, and show on - ly cheer: 'Tis
f
like - ly we'll have quite a Hap-py New Year; 'Tis like - ly we'll
have quite a Hap - py New Year!

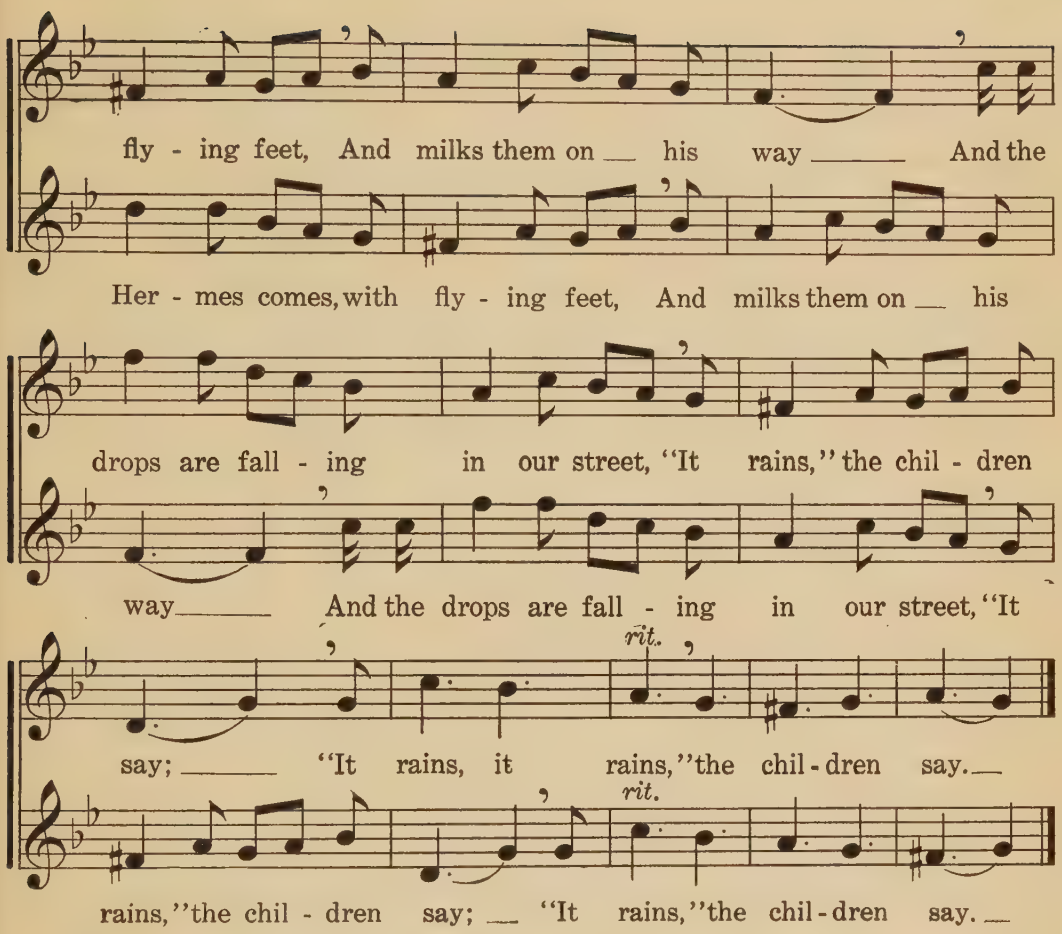
# Apollo's Cows

CANON

Florence C. Fox

Peter Christian Lutkin
*Composed for this Series*

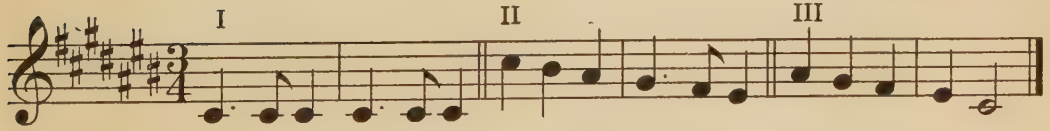

A - pol - lo's cows, the long day thro', A - way up in the
A - pol - lo's cows, the long day thro', A -
sky, Go wand'ring o'er their field of blue, Or
way up in the sky, Go wan-d'ring o'er their
in their mea - dow lie. When Her - mes comes, with
field of blue, Or in their mea - dow lie. When


fly - ing feet, And milks them on his way And the
Her - mes comes, with fly - ing feet, And milks them on his
drops are fall - ing in our street, "It rains," the chil - dren
way And the drops are fall - ing in our street, "It
rit.
say; "It rains, it rains," the chil - dren say.
rit.
rains," the chil - dren say; "It rains," the chil - dren say.

# Turn Again, Whittington

THREE-PART ROUND

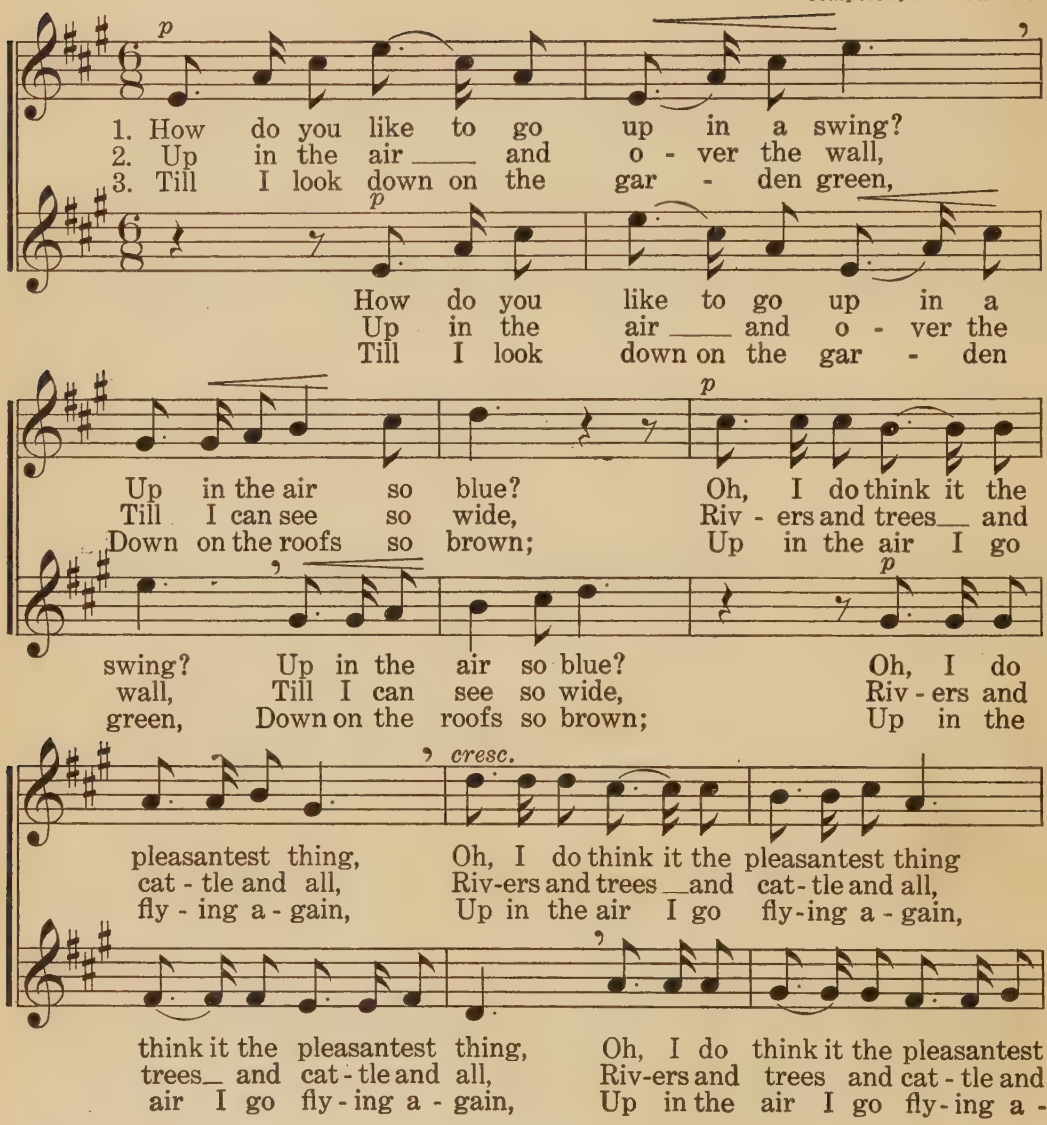
Old English Round

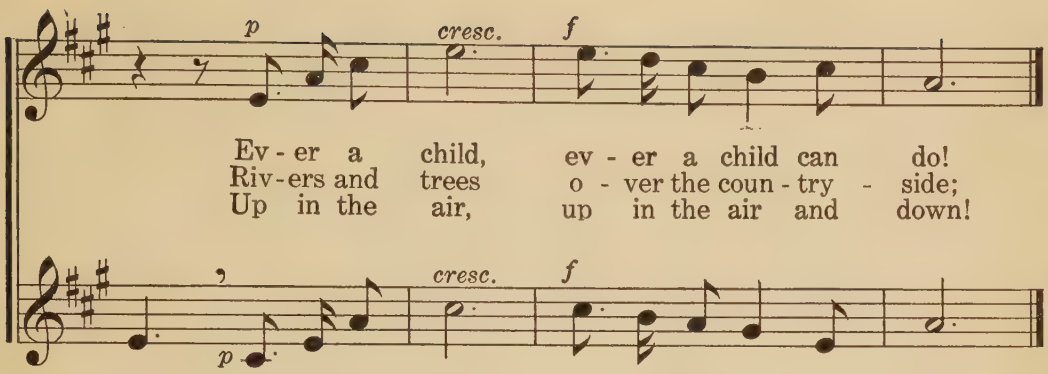



Turn a-gain, Whittington, Thou worthy ci - ti - zen; Lord Mayor of London.

# The Swing

Robert Louis Stevenson

Julius Röntgen
*Composed for this Series*

p
1. How do you like to go up in a swing?
2. Up in the air ___ and o - ver the wall,
3. Till I look down on the gar - den green,
p
How do you like to go up in a
Up in the air ___ and o - ver the
Till I look down on the gar - den
p
Up in the air so blue?
Till I can see so wide,
Down on the roofs so brown;
Oh, I do think it the
Riv - ers and trees___ and
Up in the air I go
p
swing? Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do
wall, Till I can see so wide, Riv - ers and
green, Down on the roofs so brown; Up in the
cresc.
pleasantest thing, Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
cat - tle and all, Riv-ers and trees ___and cat - tle and all,
fly - ing a - gain, Up in the air I go fly-ing a - gain,
think it the pleasantest thing, Oh, I do think it the pleasantest
trees___ and cat - tle and all, Riv-ers and trees and cat - tle and
air I go fly - ing a - gain, Up in the air I go fly-ing a -

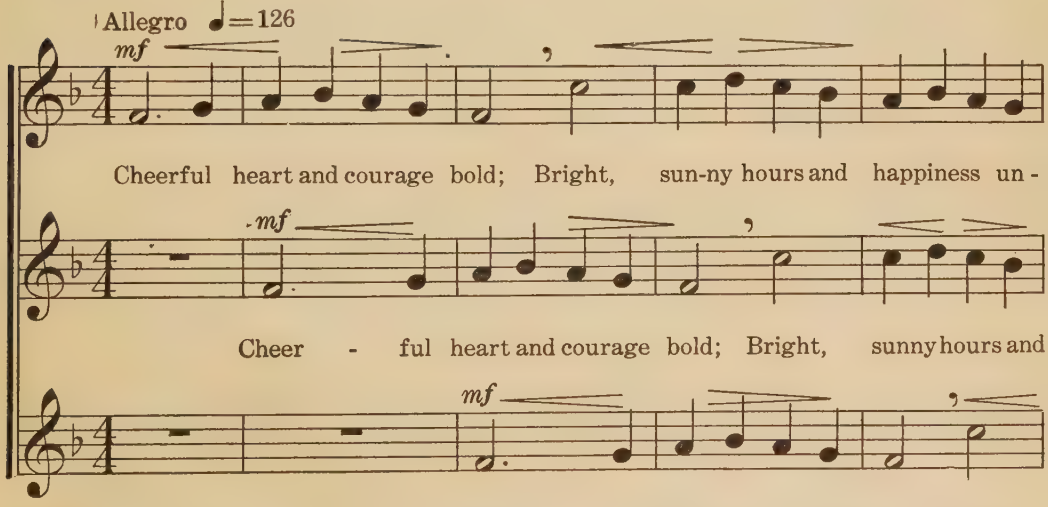

p
cresc.
f
Ev - er a child, ev - er a child can do!
Riv-ers and trees o - ver the coun - try - side;
Up in the air, up in the air and down!
cresc.
f
p
thing Ev - er a child, ev - er a child can do!
all, Riv-ers and trees o - ver the coun - try - side;
gain, Up in the air, up in the air and down!

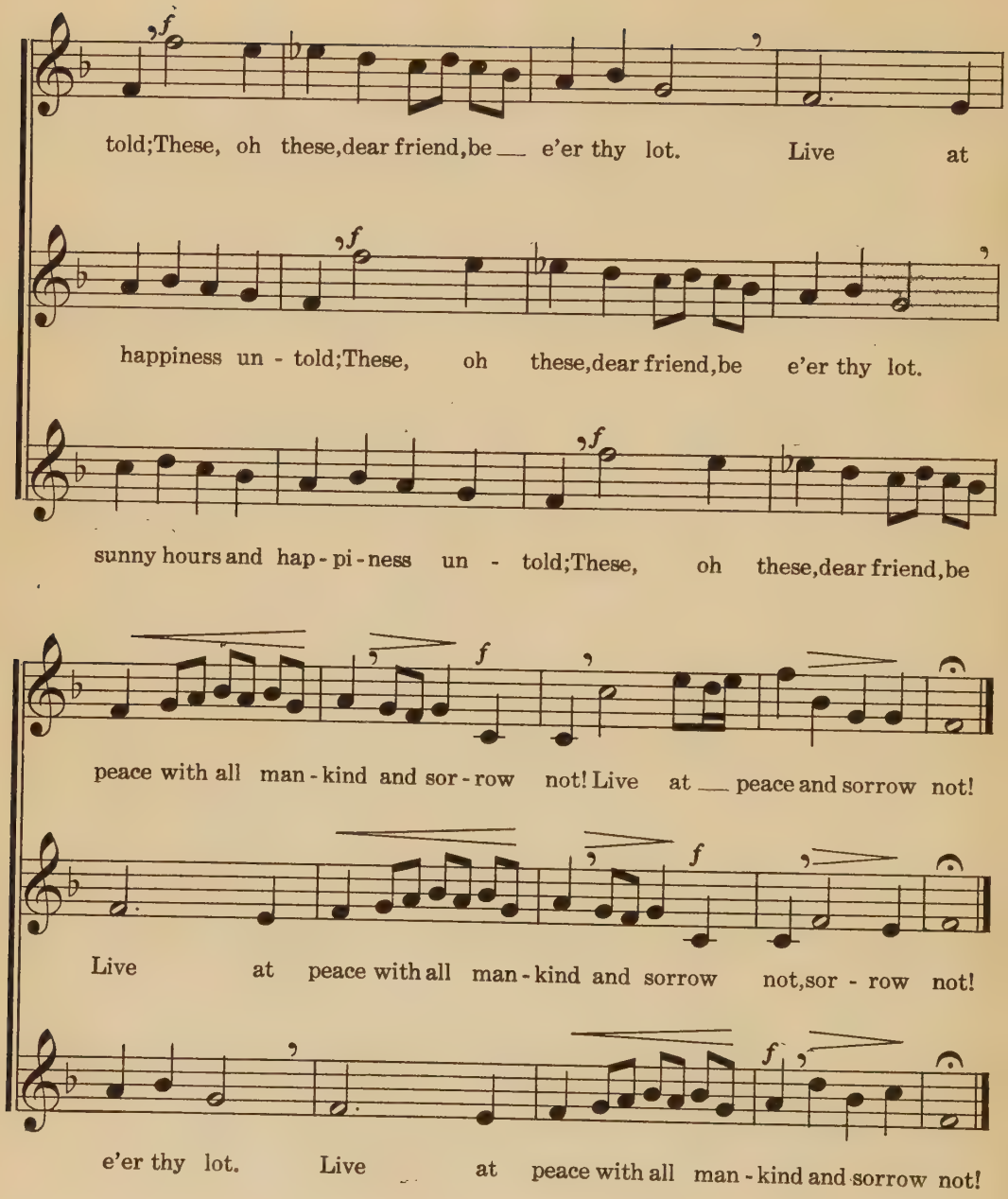
# Good Wishes

THREE-PART CANON

Anna G. Whitmore
*From the German*

W. A. Mozart


Allegro ♩=126
mf
Cheerful heart and courage bold; Bright, sun-ny hours and happiness un -
mf
Cheer - ful heart and courage bold; Bright, sunny hours and
mf
Cheer - ful heart and courage bold; Bright,

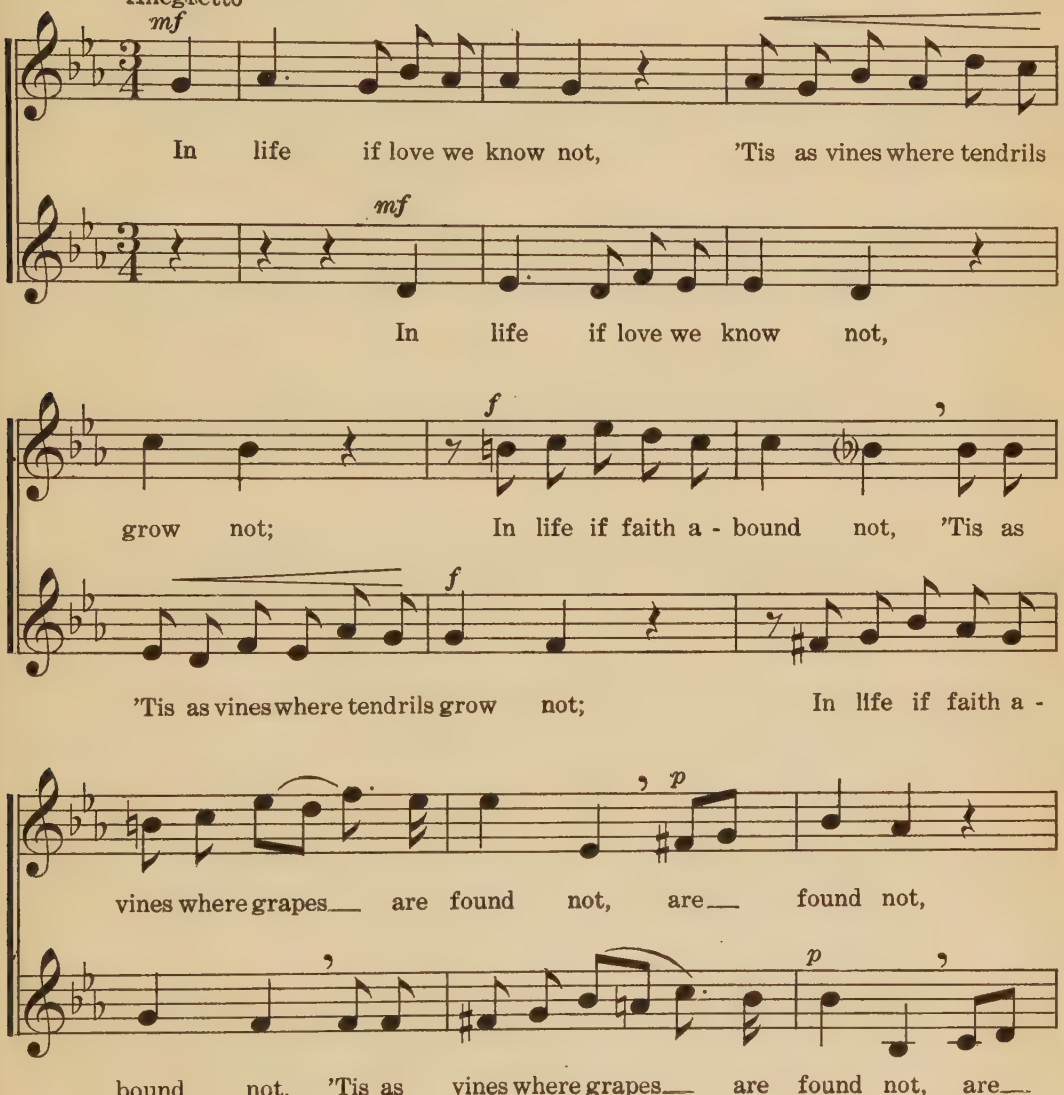

told;These, oh these,dear friend,be e'er thy lot. Live at
happiness un - told;These, oh these,dear friend,be e'er thy lot.
sunny hours and hap - pi - ness un - told;These, oh these,dear friend,be
peace with all man - kind and sor - row not! Live at peace and sorrow not!
Live at peace with all man - kind and sorrow not,sor - row not!
e'er thy lot. Live at peace with all man - kind and sorrow not!

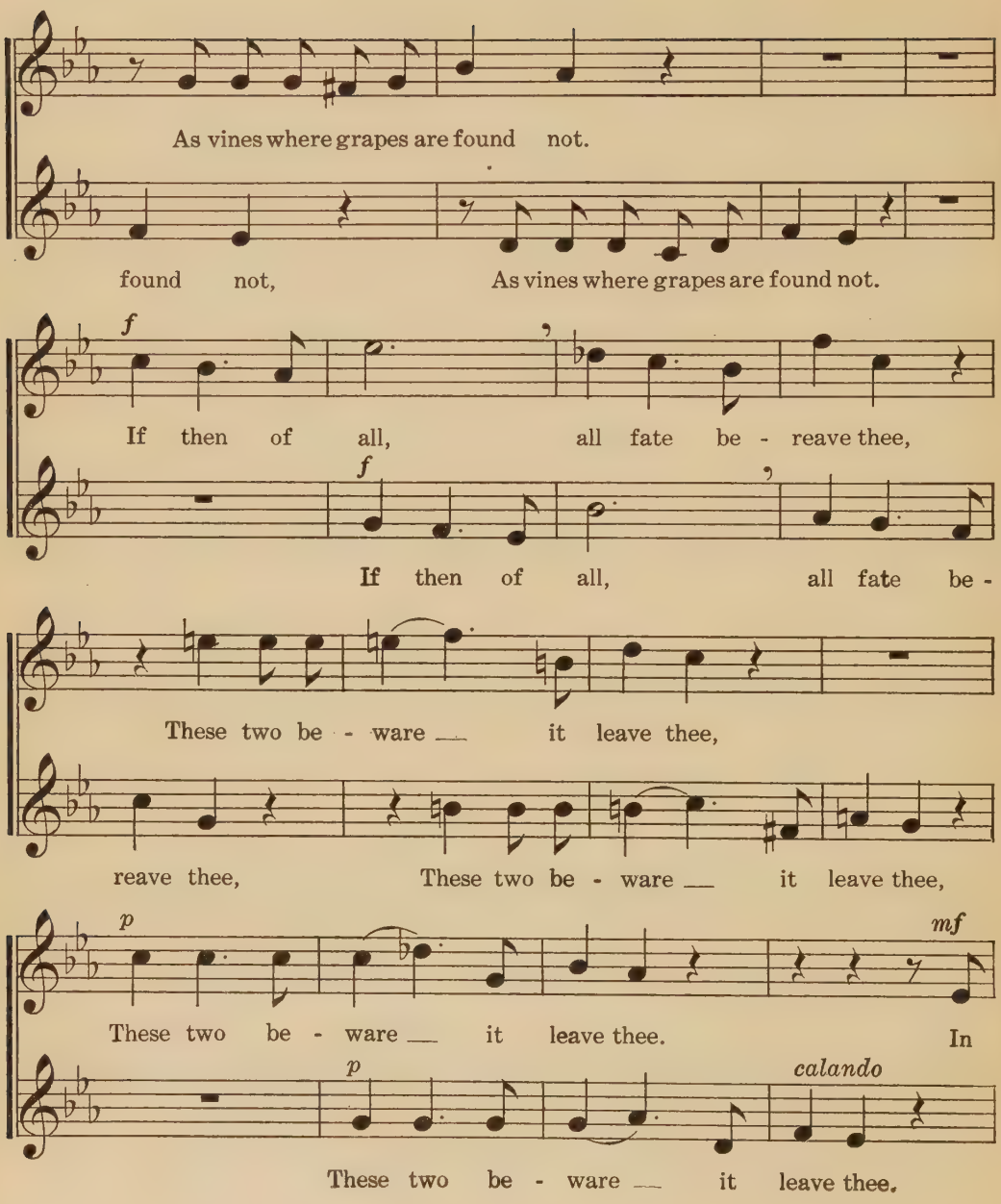
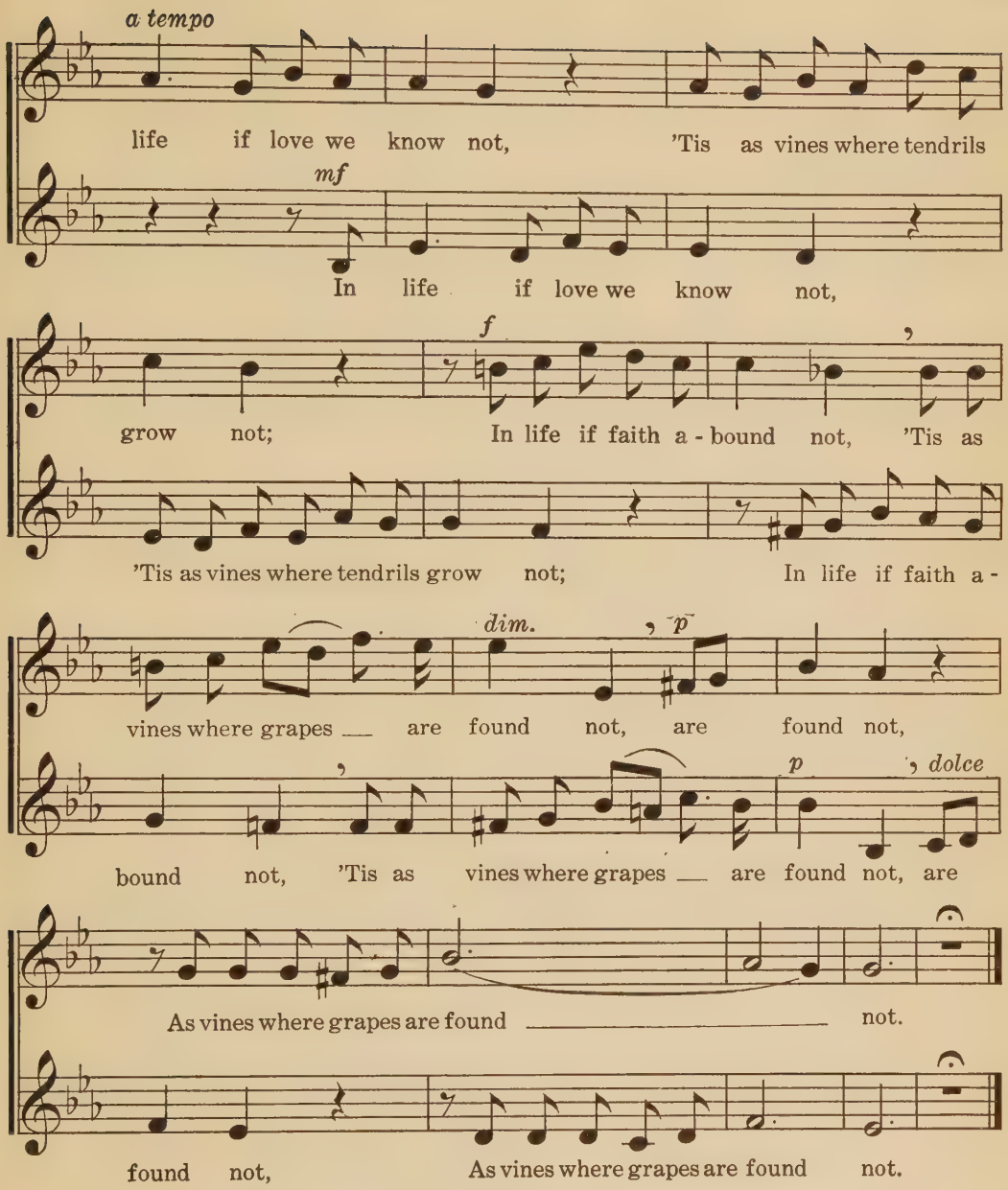
# In Life if Love We Know Not

CANON IN THE FOURTH BELOW

Friedrich V. Bodenstedt

Carl Reinecke

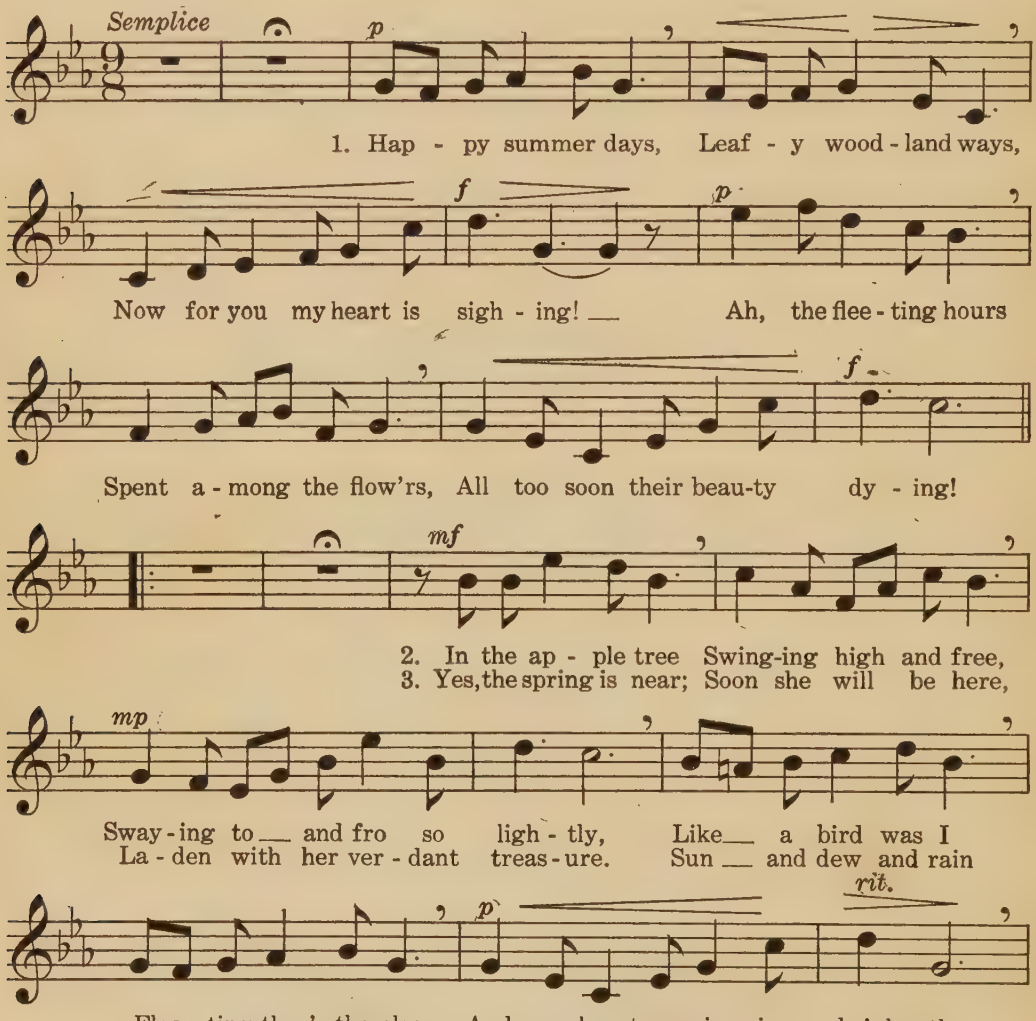
Allegretto

mf
In life if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where tendrils
mf
In life if love we know not,
f
grow not; In life if faith a - bound not, 'Tis as
f
'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a -
p
vines where grapes are found not, are found not,
p
bound not, 'Tis as vines where grapes are found not, are

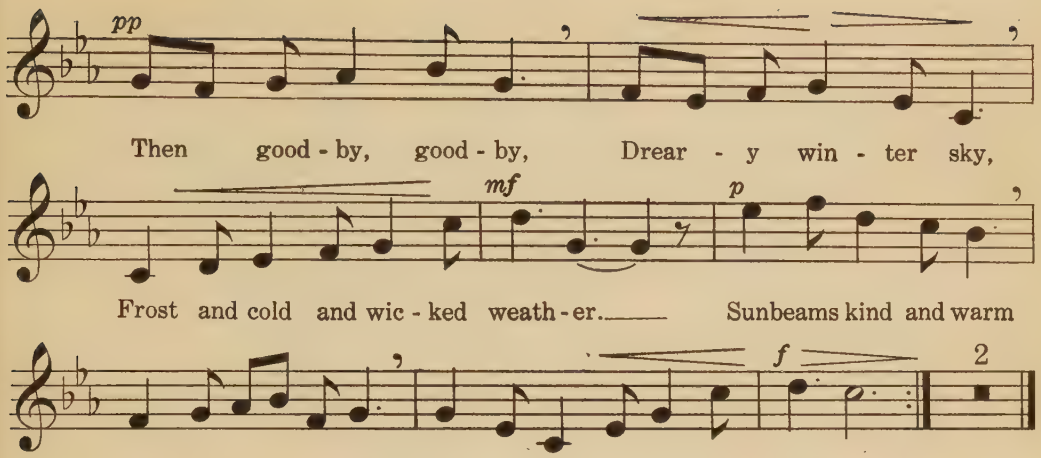

As vines where grapes are found not.
found not, As vines where grapes are found not.
f
If then of all, all fate be - reave thee,
f
If then of all, all fate be -
These two be - ware it leave thee,
reave thee, These two be - ware it leave thee,
p
mf
These two be - ware it leave thee. In
p
calando
These two be - ware it leave thee.

a tempo
life if love we know not, 'Tis as vines where tendrils
mf
In life if love we know not,
f
grow not; In life if faith a - bound not, 'Tis as
'Tis as vines where tendrils grow not; In life if faith a -
dim.
p
vines where grapes are found not, are found not,
p
dolce
bound not, 'Tis as vines where grapes are found not, are
As vines where grapes are found not.
found not, As vines where grapes are found not.

# Winter Longing

Abbie Farwell Brown
*From the Swedish*

Wilhelm Peterson-Berger

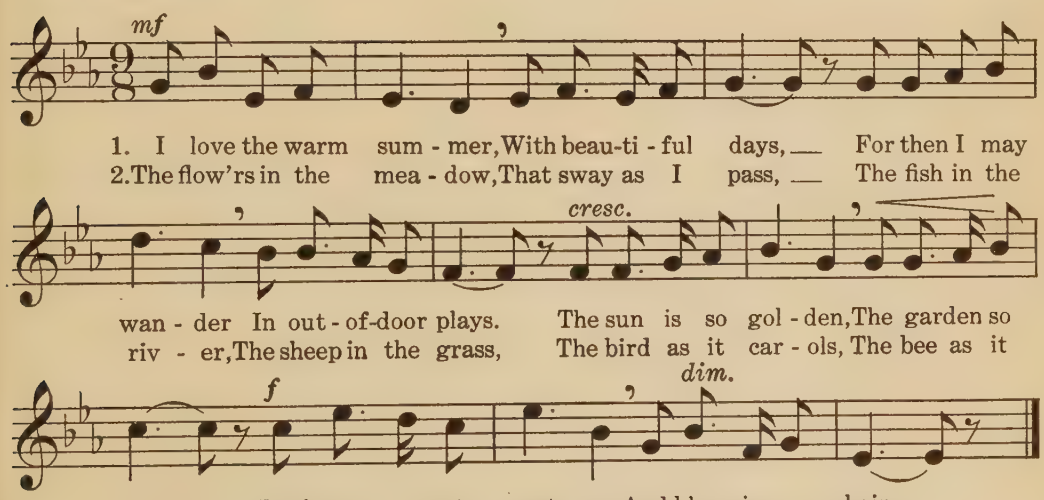

Semplice
p
1. Hap - py summer days, Leaf - y wood - land ways,
f
p
Now for you my heart is sigh - ing! Ah, the flee - ting hours
f
Spent a - mong the flow'rs, All too soon their beau-ty dy - ing!
mf
2. In the ap - ple tree Swing-ing high and free,
3. Yes, the spring is near; Soon she will be here,
mp
Sway - ing to and fro so ligh - tly, Like a bird was I
La - den with her ver - dant treas - ure. Sun and dew and rain
p
rit.
Floa - ting thro' the sky, And my heart was sing - ing brigh - tly.
Soon will bring a - gain All the mer - ry sum - mer pleas - ure.


pp
Then good - by, good - by, Drear - y win - ter sky,
mf
p
Frost and cold and wic - ked weath - er. Sunbeams kind and warm
f
2
Soon will work a charm;Snow and grief will melt to - geth - er!

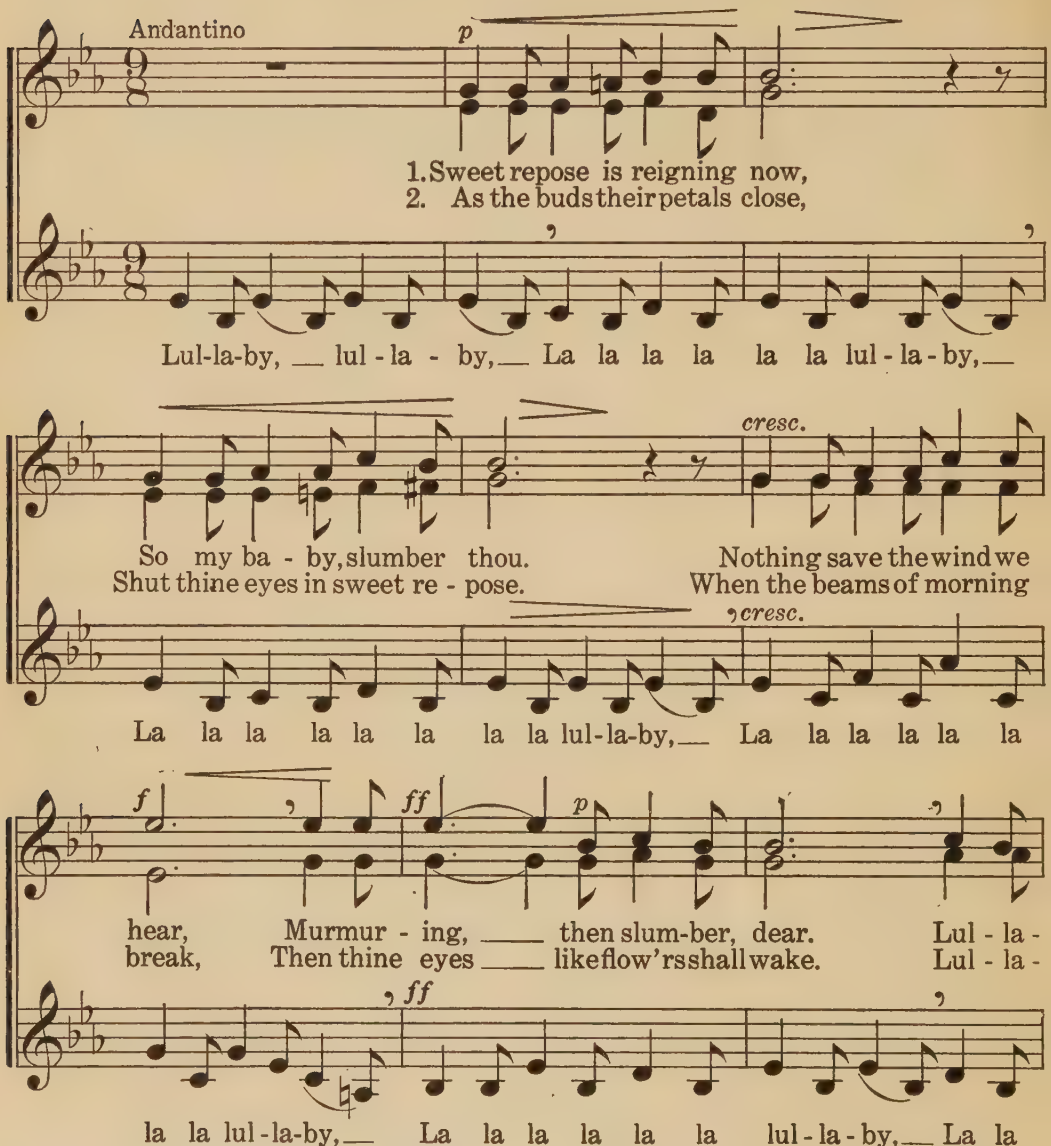
# The Joys of Summer

Miriam Clark Potter
*From the Dutch*

Catharina van Rennes


mf
1. I love the warm sum - mer, With beau-ti - ful days, For then I may
2. The flow'rs in the mea - dow, That sway as I pass, The fish in the
cresc.
wan - der In out - of-door plays. The sun is so gol - den, The garden so
riv - er, The sheep in the grass, The bird as it car - ols, The bee as it
f
dim.
fair; The breeze comes to meet me, And blows in my hair.
hums; They wel - come the sum - mer As soon as it comes!

# Sweet Repose is Reigning Now

Jules Benedict

Andantino
p
1. Sweet repose is reigning now,
2. As the buds their petals close,
Lul-la-by, lul - la - by, La la la la la la lul - la - by,
cresc.
So my ba - by, slumber thou.
Shut thine eyes in sweet re - pose.
Nothing save the wind we
When the beams of morning
cresc.
La la la la la la la la lul-la-by, La la la la la la
f
ff
p
hear, Murmur - ing, then slum-ber, dear.
break, Then thine eyes like flow'rs shall wake.
Lul - la -
Lul - la -
ff
la la lul - la-by, La la la la la la lul - la - by, La la

by, Lul - la - by, Slum - ber,

lul - la - by, La la lul - la - by, La la

slum - ber, slum - ber, dear.

la la la la La la lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

# Themes

From *The Fifth Symphony* — Peter I. Tschaikowsky

Andante Cantabile

I

From *Die Walküre* — Richard Wagner

II

Eb

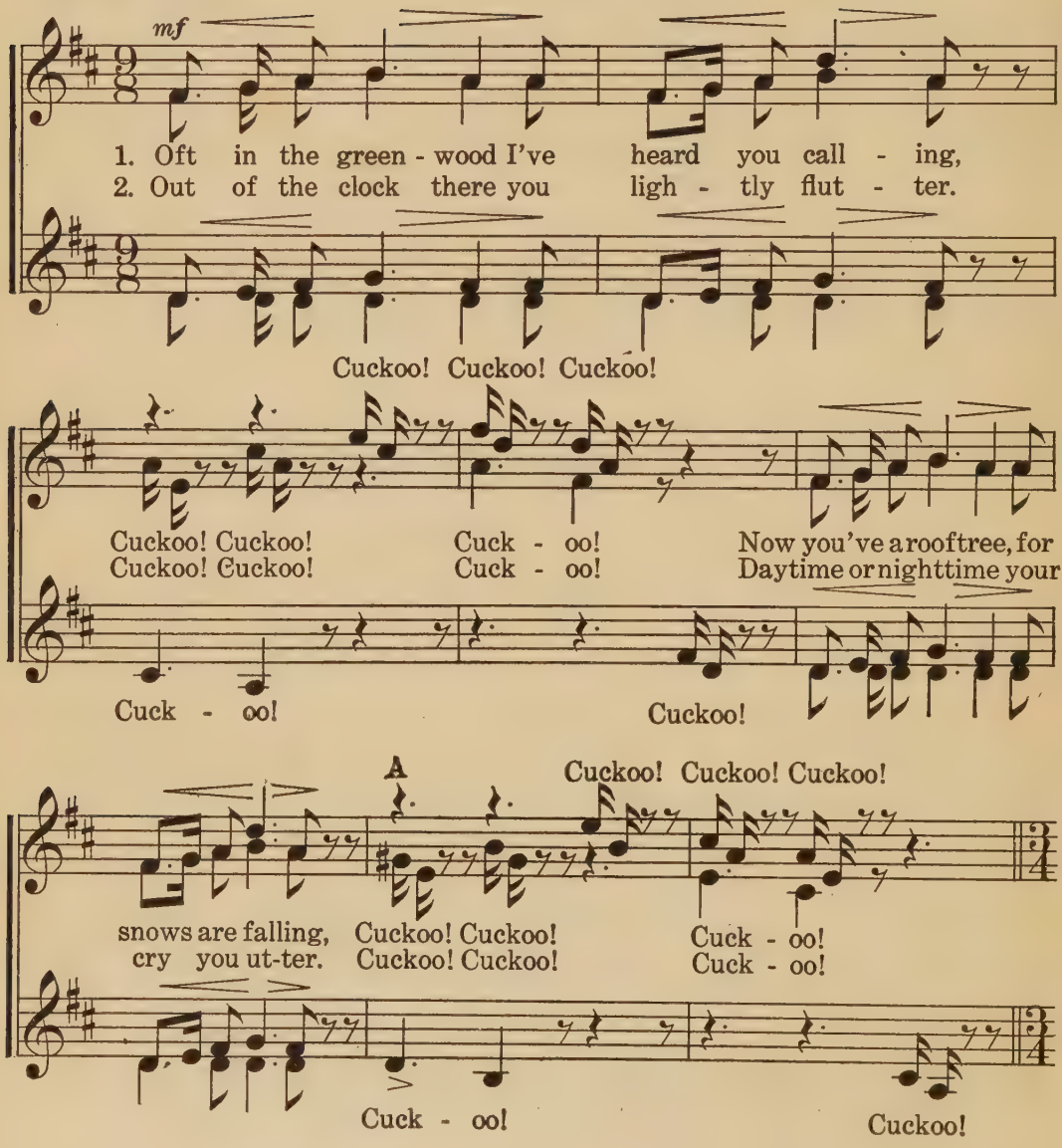
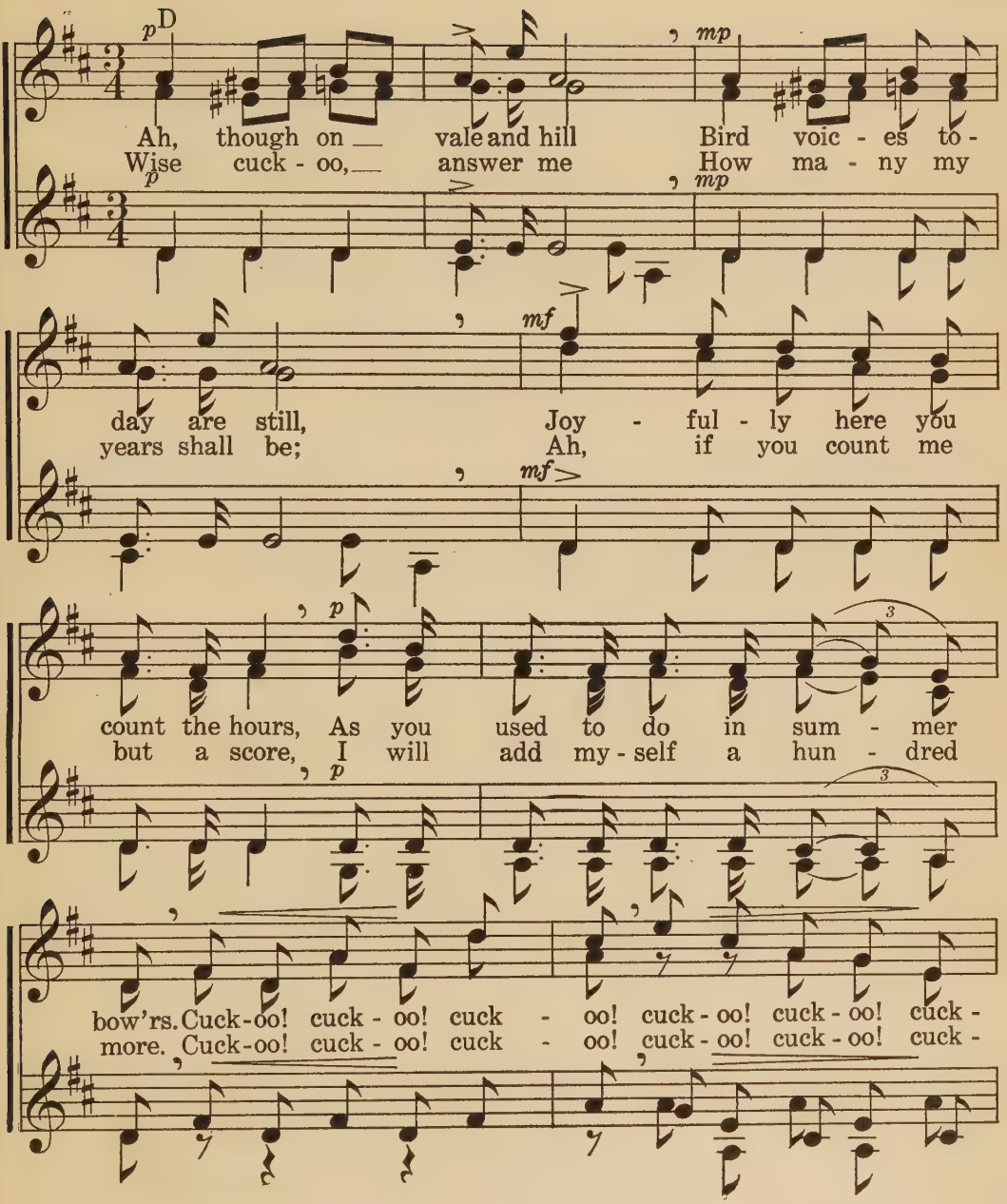
g

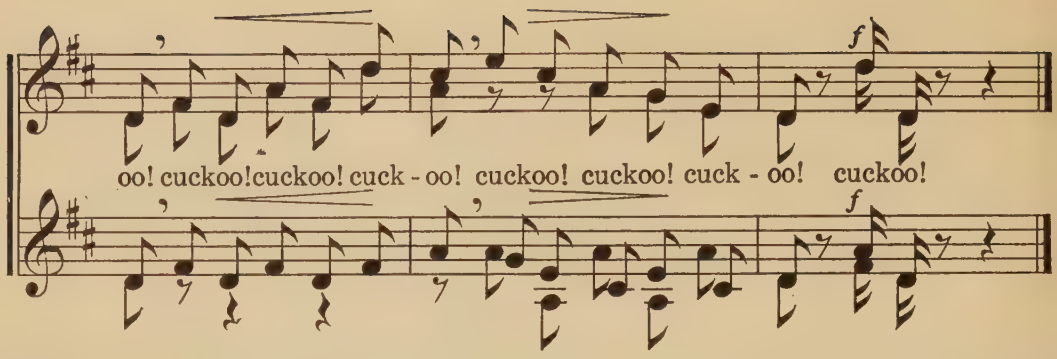
G

# The Cuckoo Clock

M. Louise Baum
*From the German*

Albert Schröder

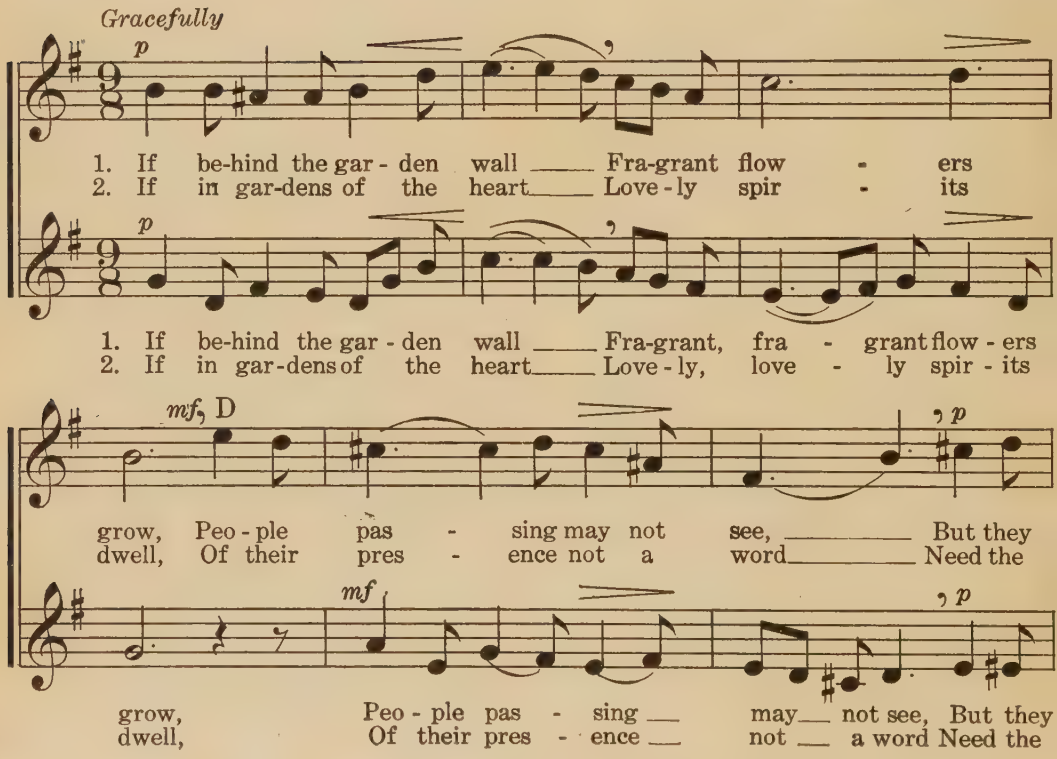
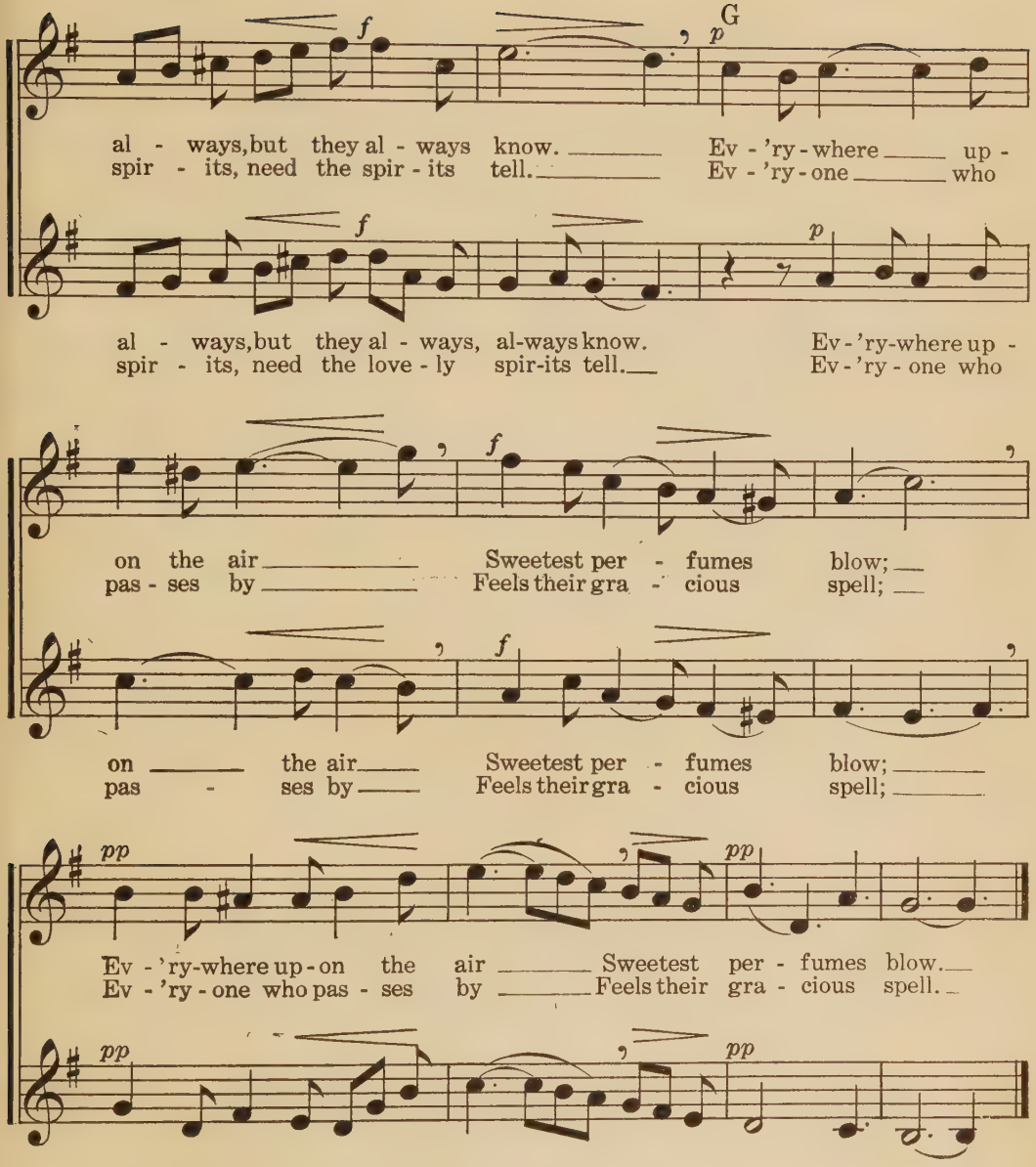

mf
1. Oft in the green - wood I've heard you call - ing,
2. Out of the clock there you ligh - tly flut - ter.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck - oo! Now you've a rooftree, for
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck - oo! Daytime or nighttime your
Cuck - oo! Cuckoo!
A
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
snows are falling, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck - oo!
cry you ut-ter. Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuck - oo!
Cuck - oo! Cuckoo!

p D
Ah, though on vale and hill
Wise cuck - oo, answer me
mp
How ma - ny my
day are still,
years shall be;
mf
Joy - ful - ly here you
Ah, if you count me
p
count the hours, As you used to do in sum - mer
but a score, I will add my - self a hun - dred
bow'rs. Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck -
more. Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck - oo! cuck -




# In the Garden

May Morgan

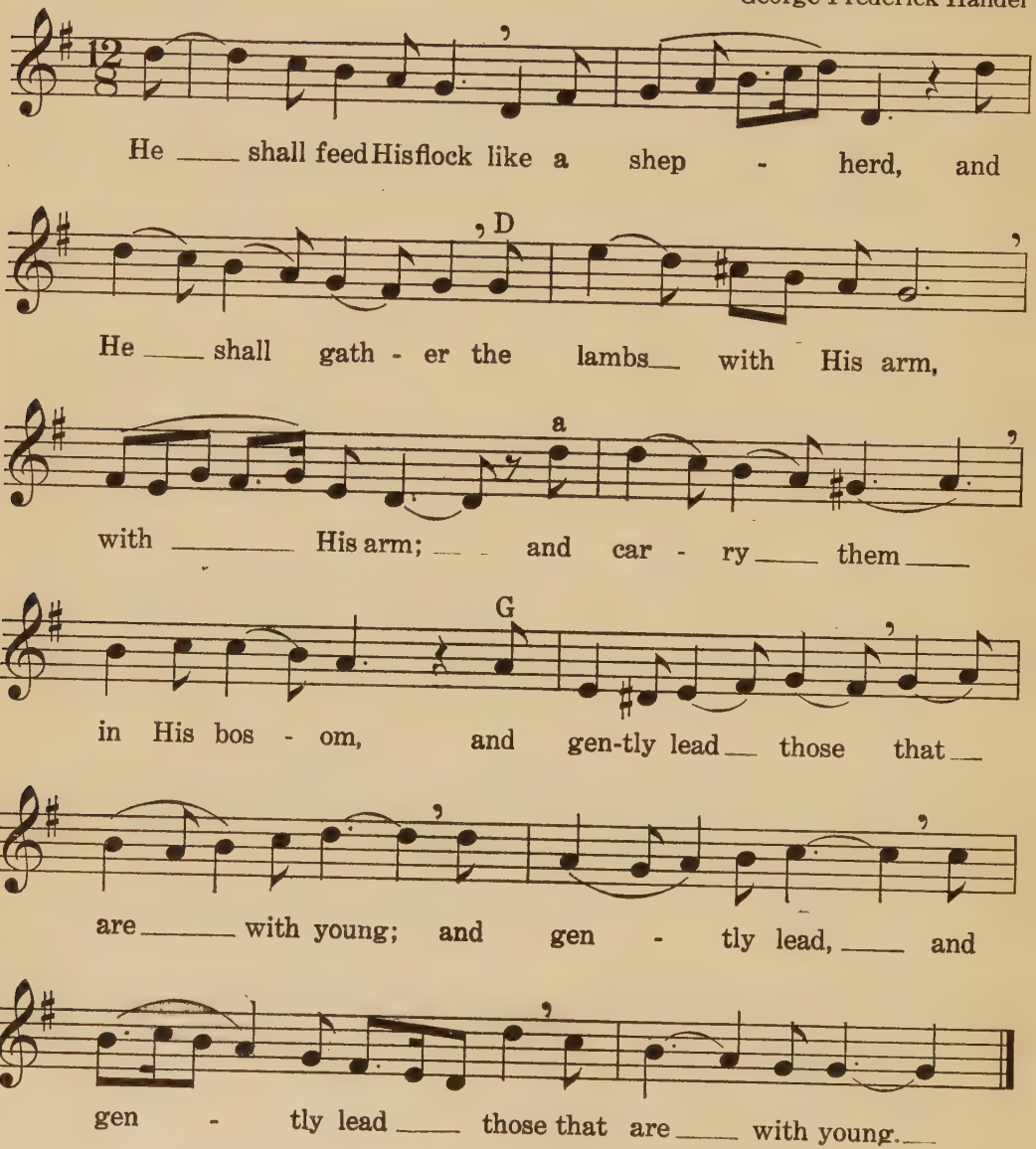
Arthur Foote
*Composed for this Series*


Gracefully
p
1. If be-hind the gar - den wall Fra-grant flow - ers
2. If in gar-dens of the heart Love - ly spir - its
p
1. If be-hind the gar - den wall Fra-grant, fra - grant flow - ers
2. If in gar-dens of the heart Love - ly, love - ly spir - its
mf, D
p
grow, Peo - ple pas - sing may not see, But they
dwell, Of their pres - ence not a word Need the
mf
p
grow, Peo - ple pas - sing may not see, But they
dwell, Of their pres - ence not a word Need the

G
f
p
al - ways, but they al - ways know. Ev - 'ry - where up -
spir - its, need the spir - its tell. Ev - 'ry - one who
f
p
al - ways, but they al - ways, al-ways know. Ev - 'ry-where up -
spir - its, need the love - ly spir-its tell. Ev - 'ry - one who
f
f
on the air Sweetest per - fumes blow;
pas - ses by Feels their gra - cious spell;
on the air Sweetest per - fumes blow;
pas - ses by Feels their gra - cious spell;
pp
pp
Ev - 'ry-where up - on the air Sweetest per - fumes blow.
Ev - 'ry - one who pas - ses by Feels their gra - cious spell.
pp
pp

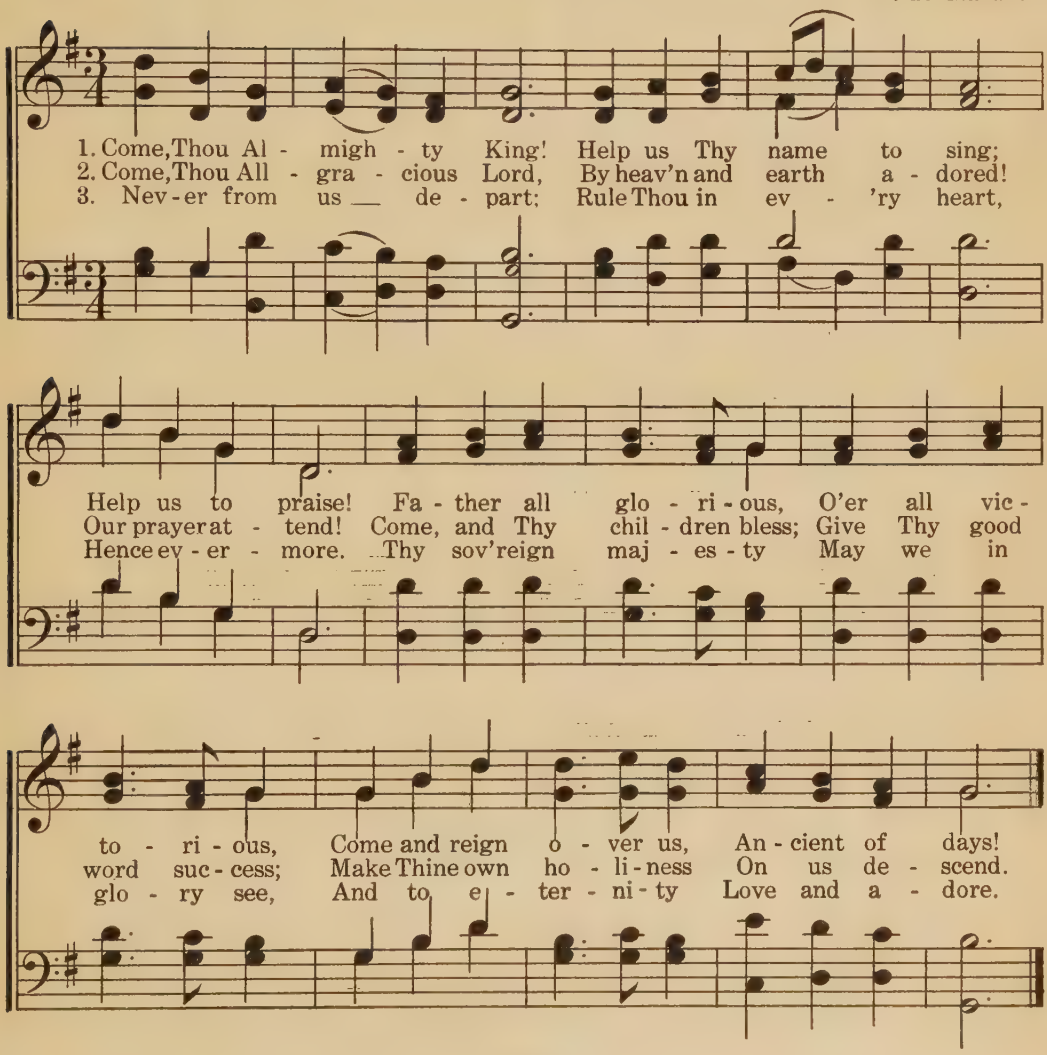
# He Shall Feed His Flock

From *The Messiah*

George Frederick Handel


12/8
He shall feed His flock like a shep - herd, and
D
He shall gath - er the lambs with His arm,
a
with His arm; and car - ry them
G
in His bos - om, and gen-tly lead those that
are with young; and gen - tly lead, and
gen - tly lead those that are with young.

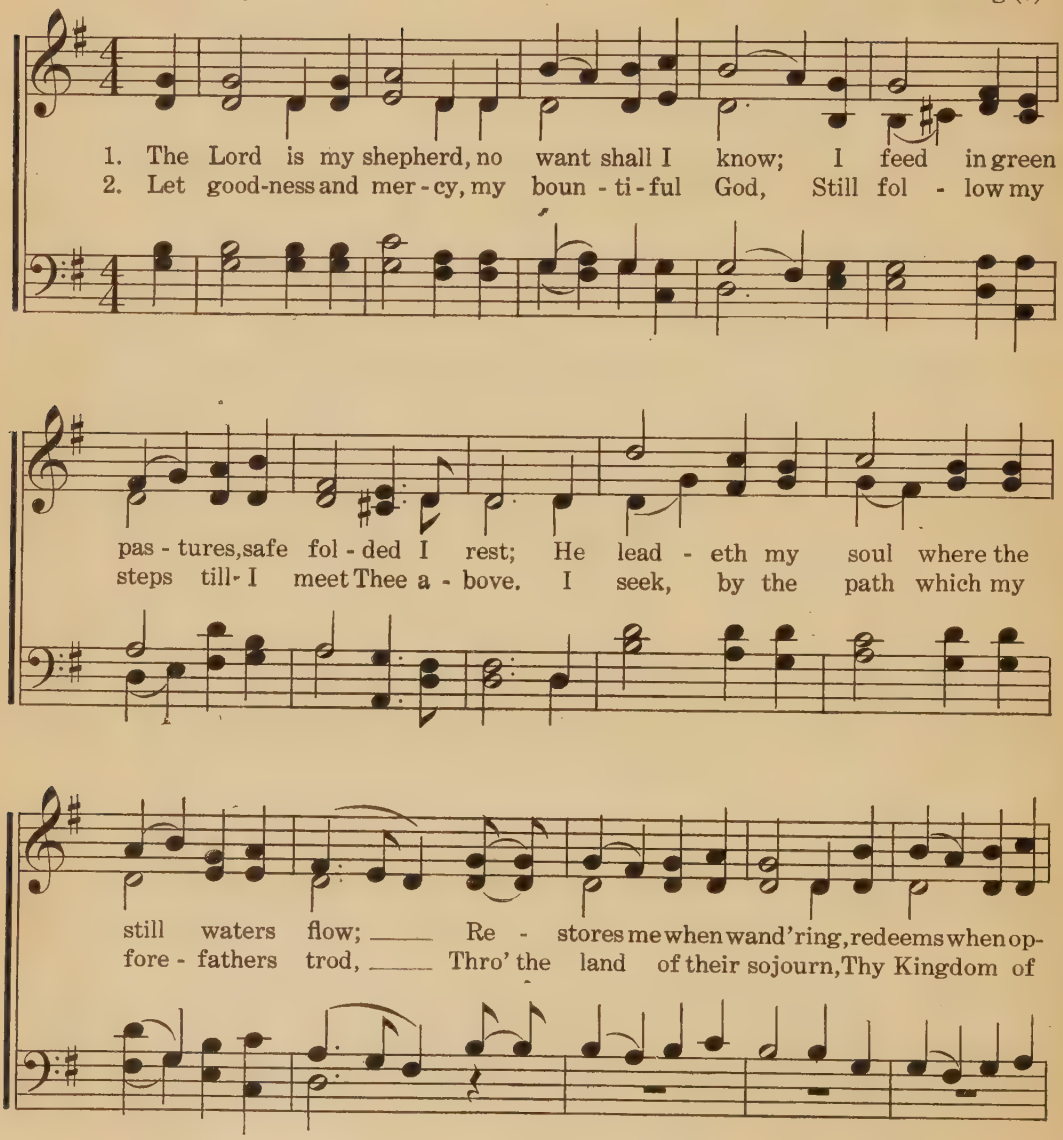
# Come, Thou Almighty King

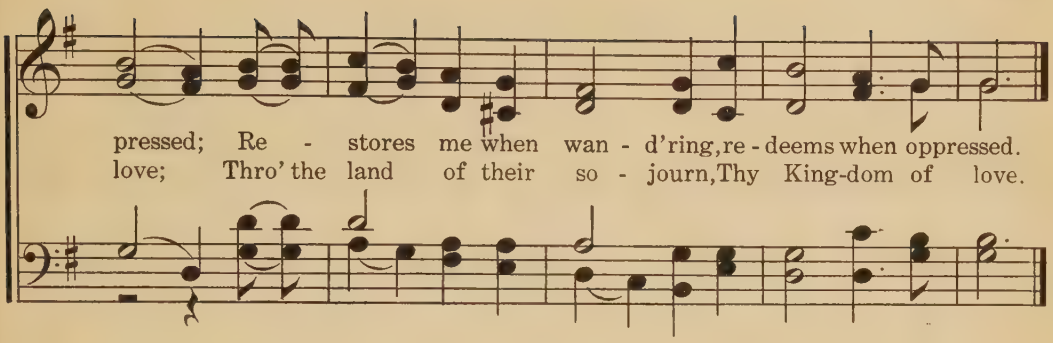
F. de Giardini

1. Come, Thou Al - migh - ty King! Help us Thy name to sing;
2. Come, Thou All - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a - dored!
3. Nev - er from us — de - part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
Our prayer at - tend! Come, and Thy chil - dren bless; Give Thy good
Hence ev - er - more. Thy sov'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
word suc - cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

# Portuguese Hymn

ADESTES FIDELES

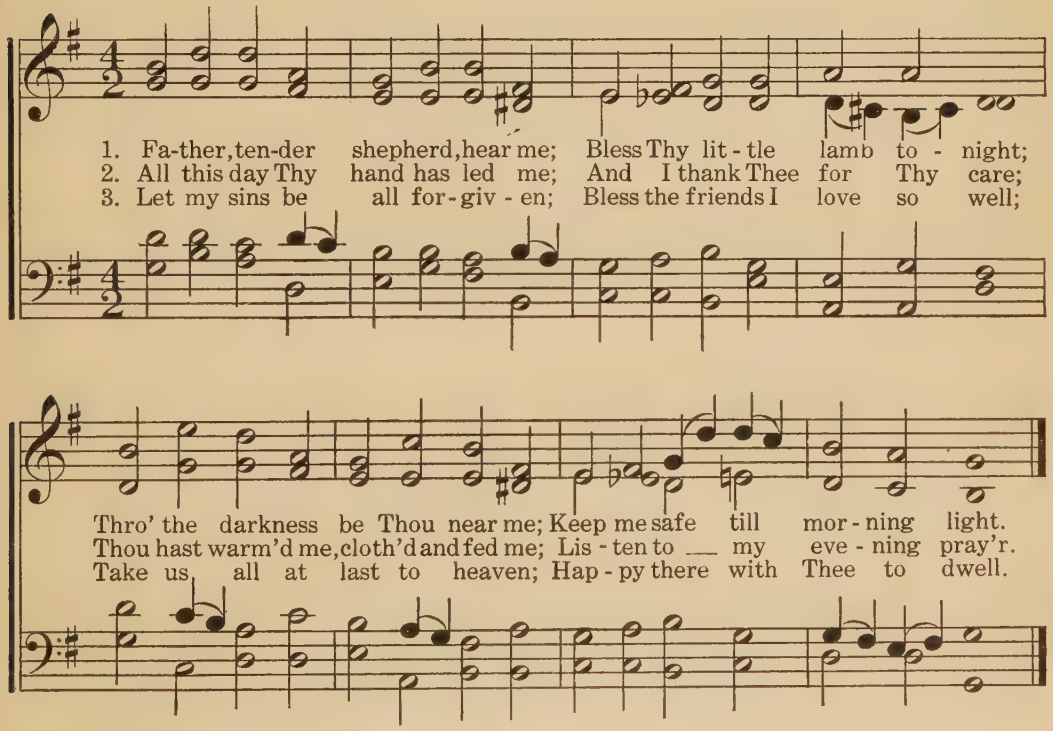
James Montgomery — John Reading (?)


1. The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my
pas-tures, safe fol-ded I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the
steps till I meet Thee a-bove. I seek, by the path which my
still waters flow; Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when op-
fore-fathers trod, Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy Kingdom of

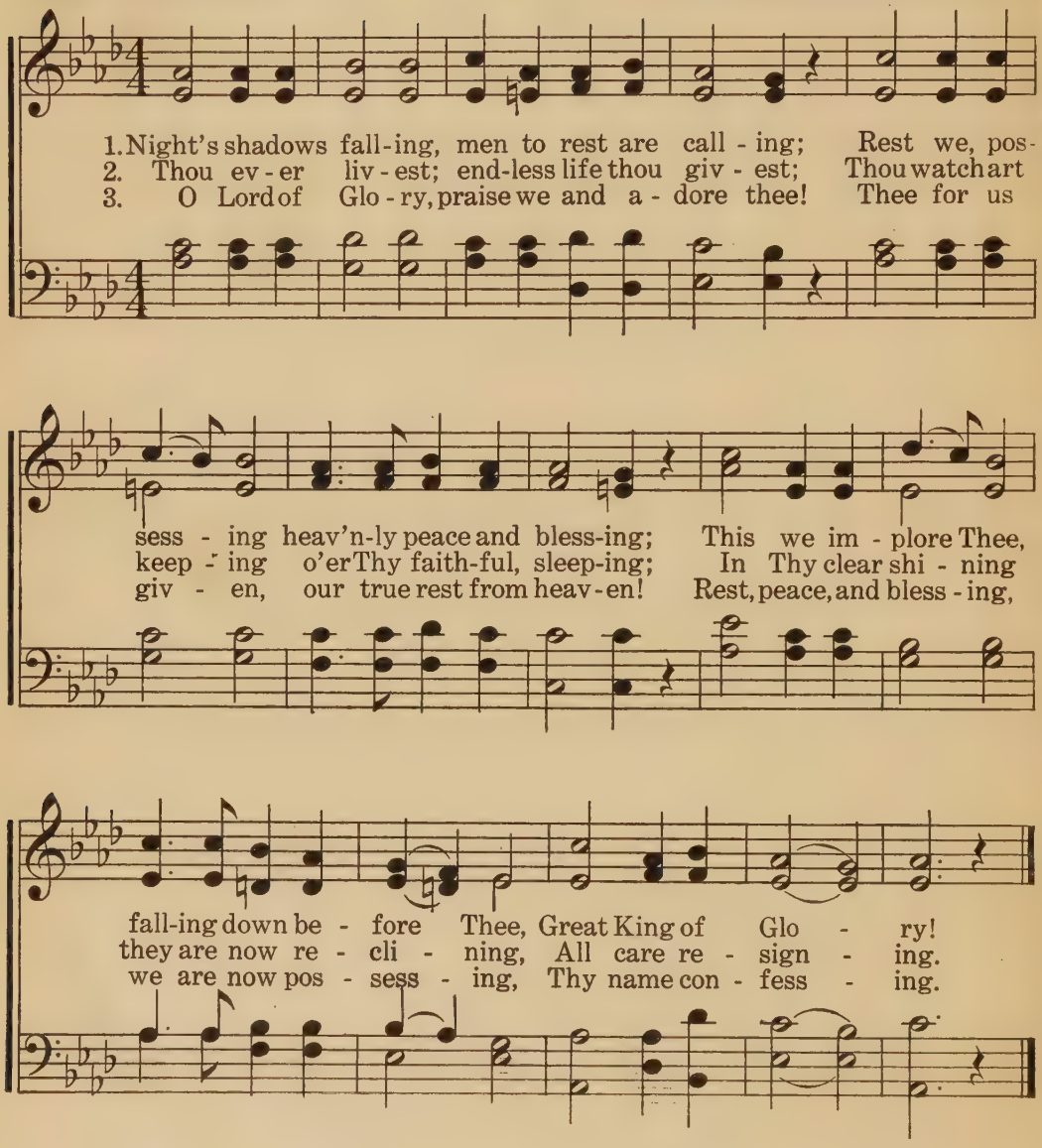



# Children's Hymn

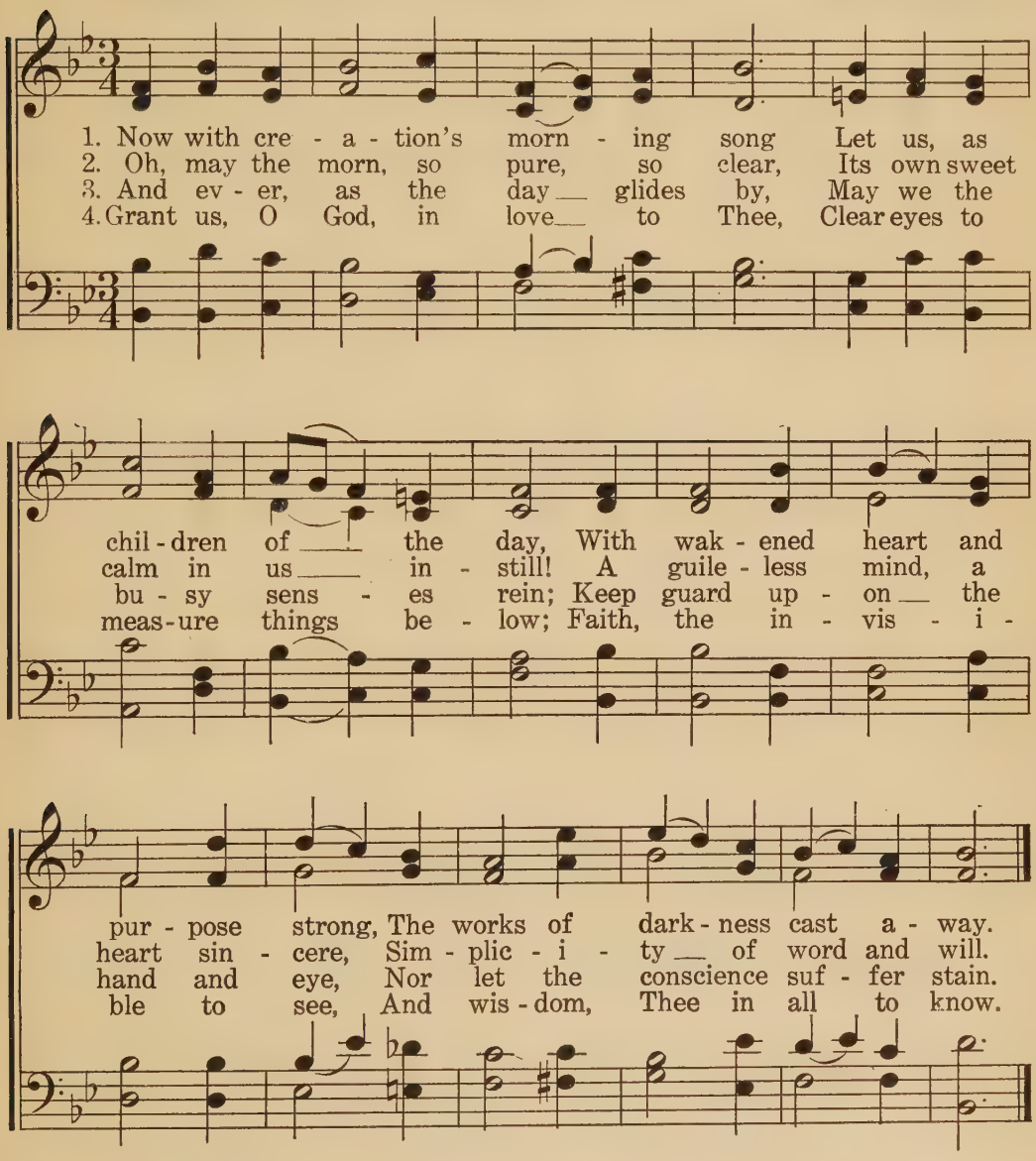
Mrs. M. L. Duncan — Horatio Parker


1. Fa-ther, ten-der shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
2. All this day Thy hand has led me; And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for-giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till mor - ning light.
Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me; Lis - ten to my eve - ning pray'r.
Take us all at last to heaven; Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

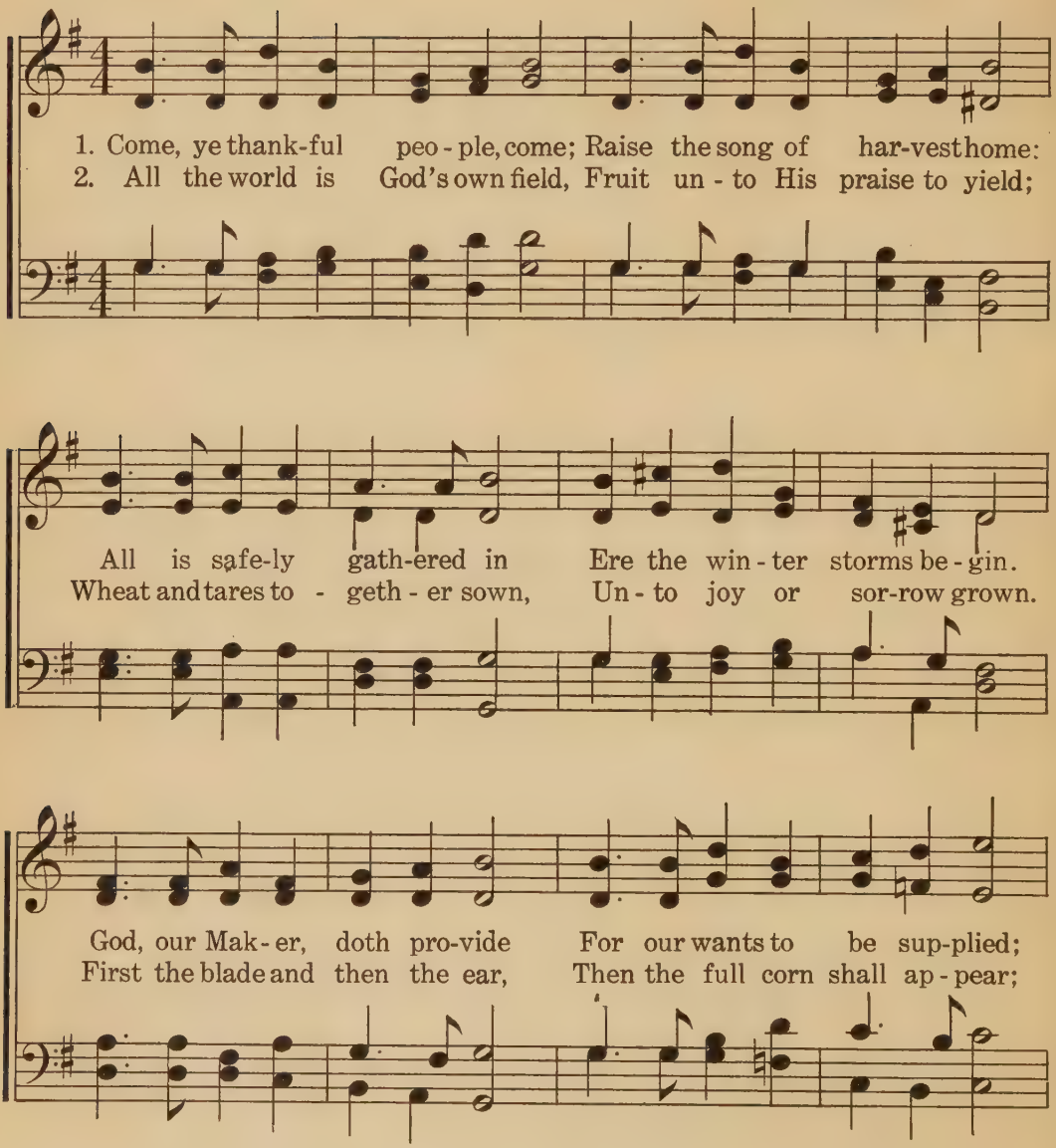
# Integer Vitae

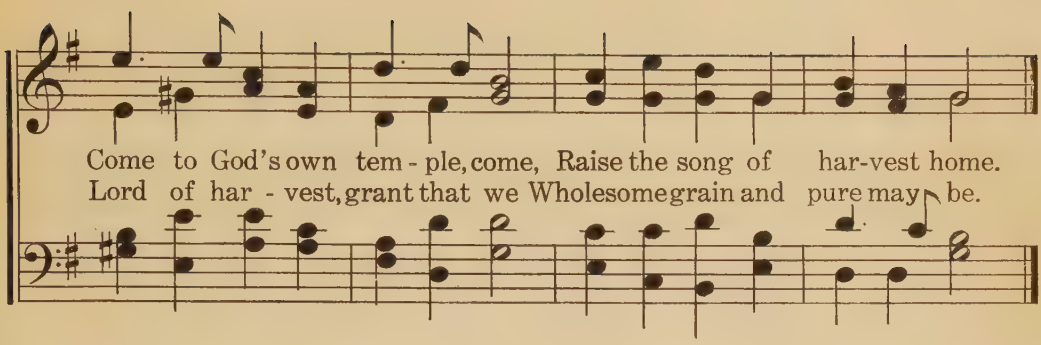
Arthur Tozer Russell — Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming

1. Night's shadows fall-ing, men to rest are call - ing; Rest we, pos-
2. Thou ev - er liv - est; end-less life thou giv - est; Thou watch art
3. O Lord of Glo - ry, praise we and a - dore thee! Thee for us
sess - ing heav'n-ly peace and bless-ing; This we im - plore Thee,
keep - ing o'er Thy faith-ful, sleep-ing; In Thy clear shi - ning
giv - en, our true rest from heav - en! Rest, peace, and bless - ing,
fall-ing down be - fore Thee, Great King of Glo - ry!
they are now re - cli - ning, All care re - sign - ing.
we are now pos - sess - ing, Thy name con - fess - ing.

# Now with Creation's Morning Song

Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, (5th century) — Ludwig van Beethoven

1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as
2. Oh, may the morn, so pure, so clear, Its own sweet
3. And ev - er, as the day glides by, May we the
4. Grant us, O God, in love to Thee, Clear eyes to
chil - dren of the day, With wak - ened heart and
calm in us in - still! A guile - less mind, a
bu - sy sens - es rein; Keep guard up - on the
meas - ure things be - low; Faith, the in - vis - i -
pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way.
heart sin - cere, Sim - plic - i - ty of word and will.
hand and eye, Nor let the conscience suf - fer stain.
ble to see, And wis - dom, Thee in all to know.

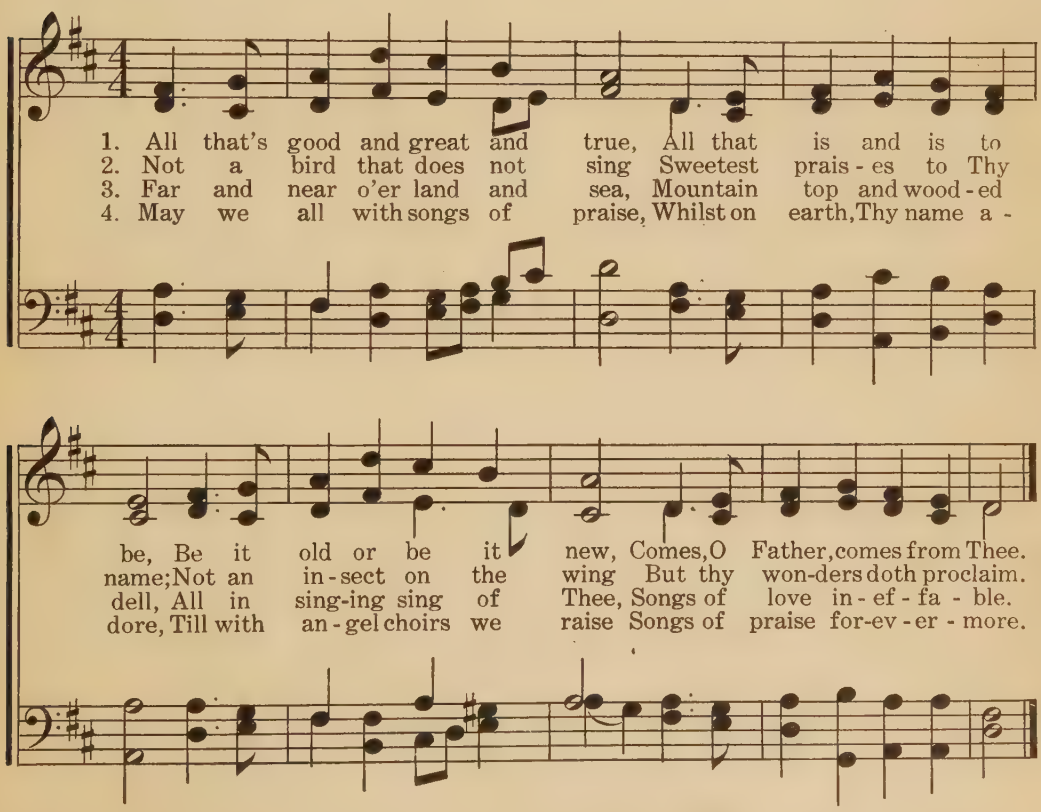
# The Joy of Harvest

Henry Alford — George J. Elvey

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home:
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
All is safe-ly gath-ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor-row grown.
God, our Mak - er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;



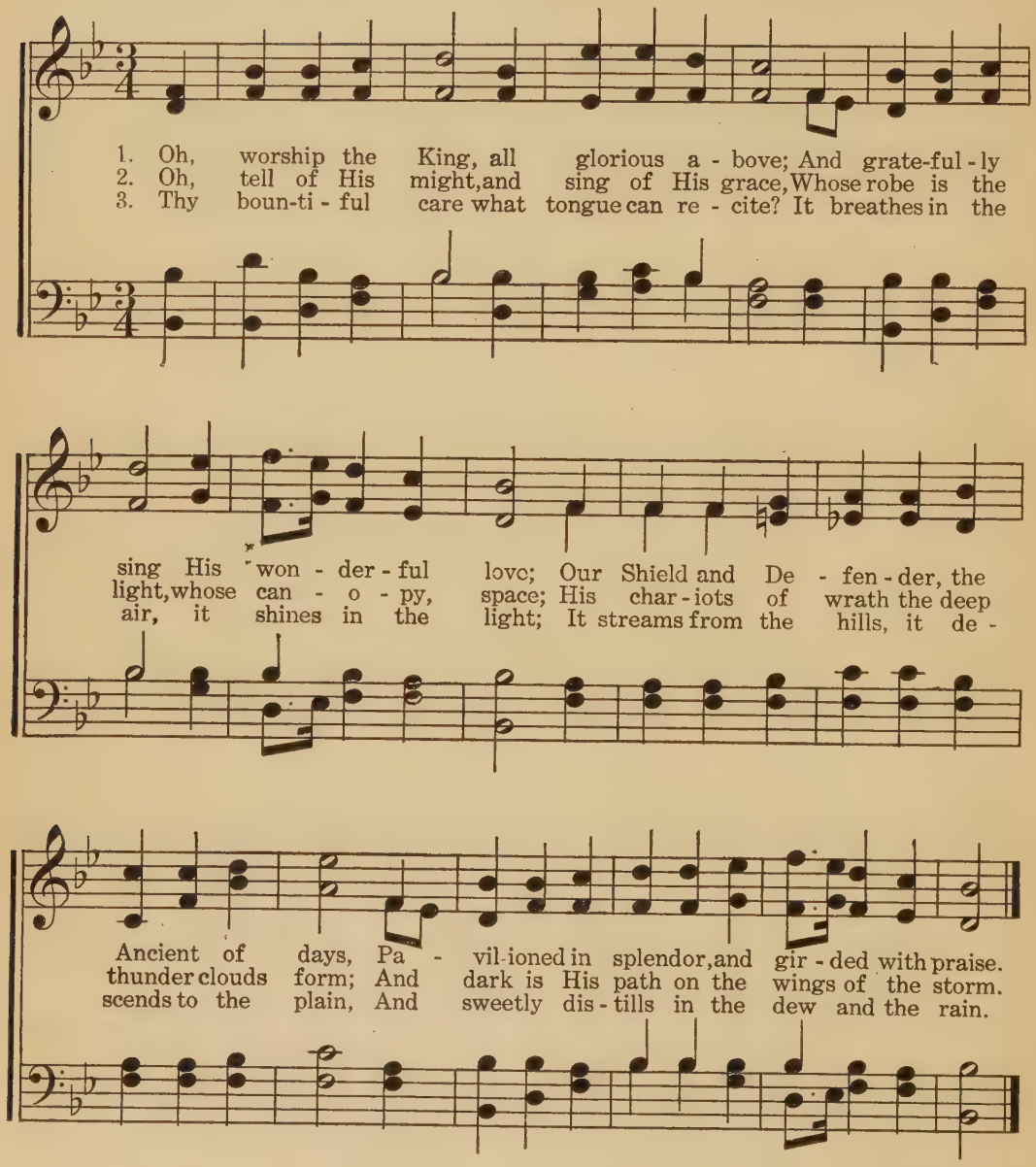

# All That's Good and Great

Godfrey Thring


1. All that's good and great and true, All that is and is to
2. Not a bird that does not sing Sweetest prais - es to Thy
3. Far and near o'er land and sea, Mountain top and wood - ed
4. May we all with songs of praise, Whilst on earth, Thy name a -
be, Be it old or be it new, Comes, O Father, comes from Thee.
name; Not an in - sect on the wing But thy won-ders doth proclaim.
dell, All in sing-ing sing of Thee, Songs of love in - ef - fa - ble.
dore, Till with an - gel choirs we raise Songs of praise for-ev - er - more.

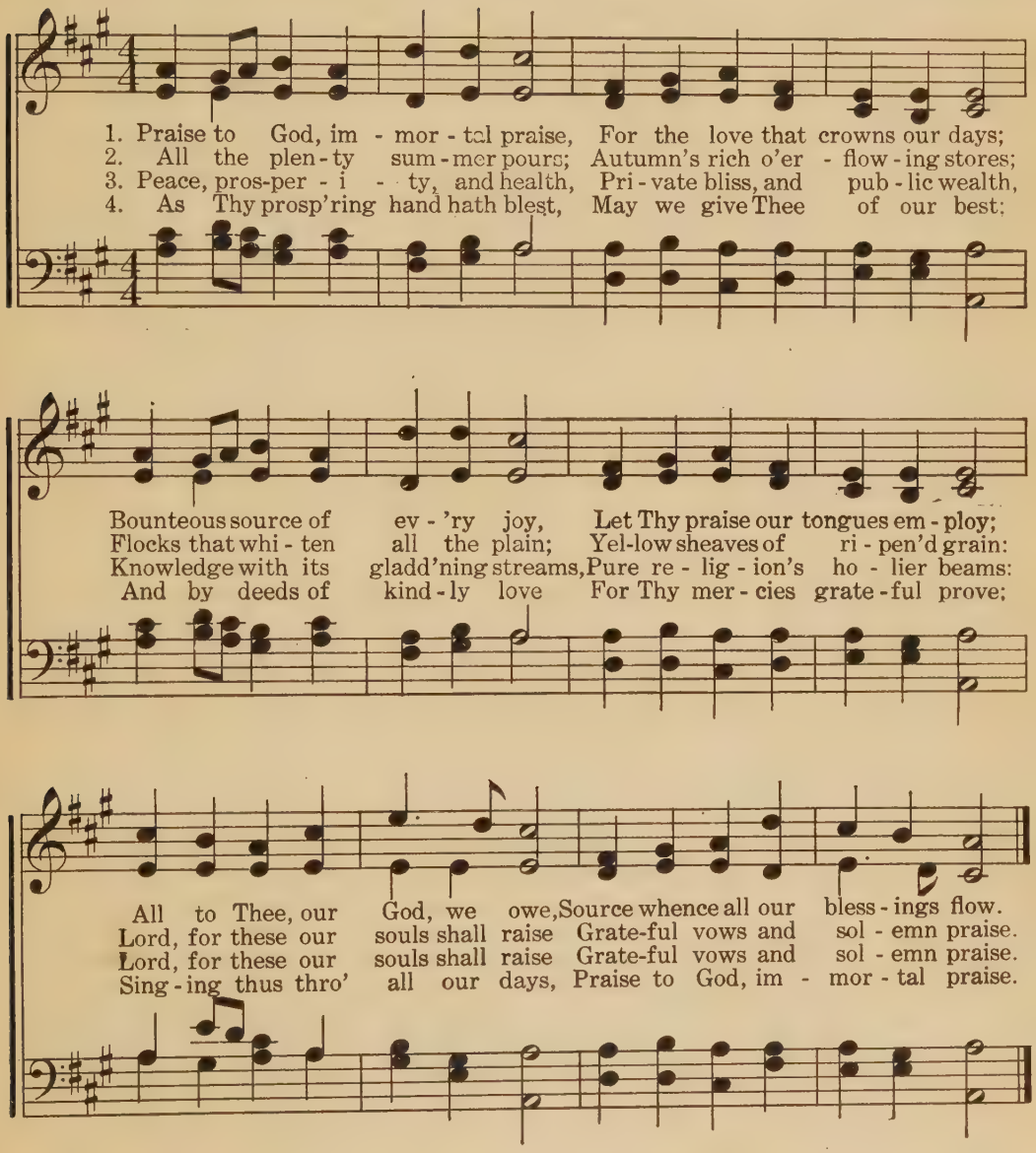
# Oh, Worship the King

Robert Grant — Franz Joseph Haydn


1. Oh, worship the King, all glorious a - bove; And grate-ful - ly
2. Oh, tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun-ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
light, whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de -
Ancient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gir - ded with praise.
thunder clouds form; And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
scends to the plain, And sweetly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.

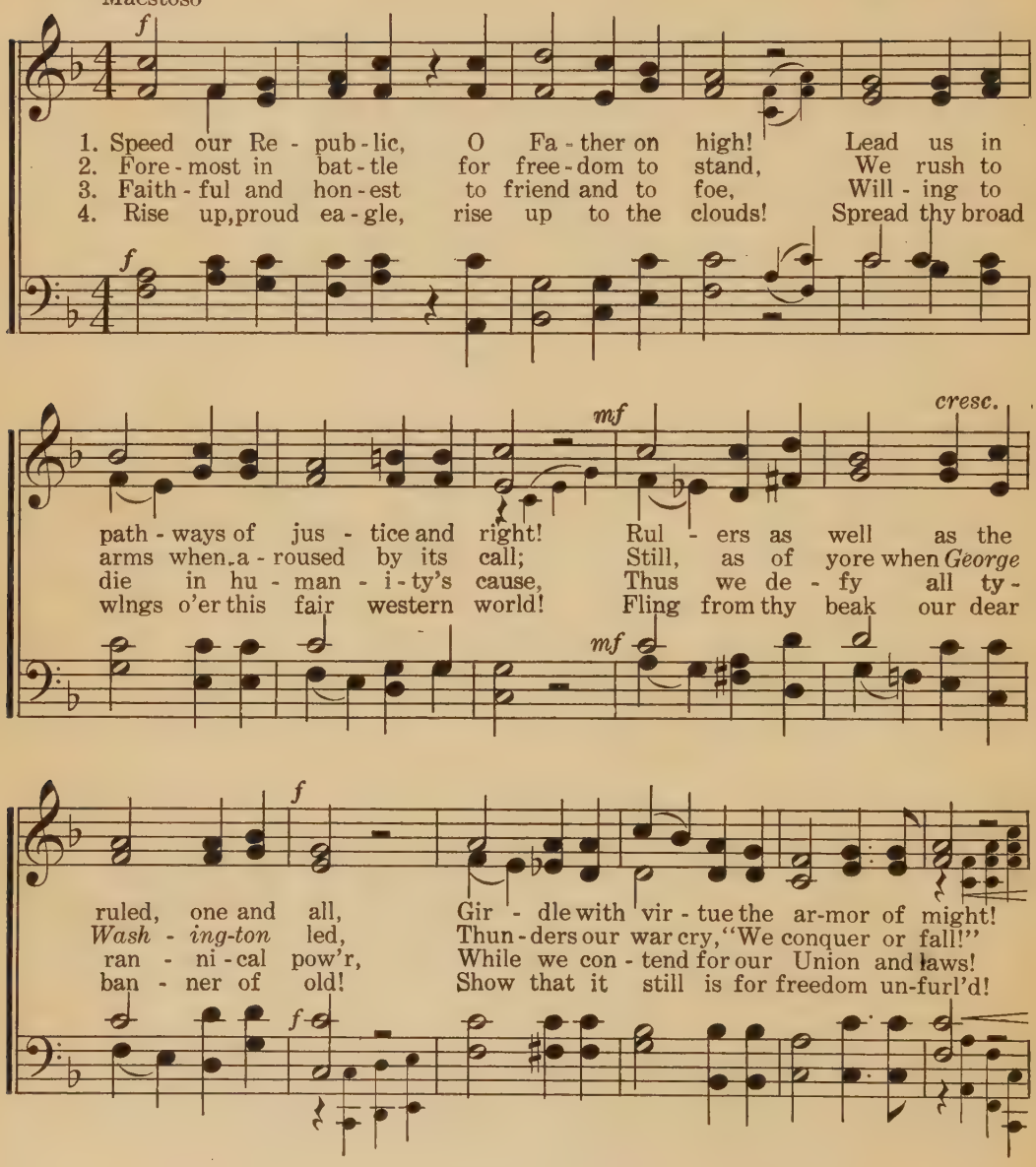
# Praise to God, Immortal Praise

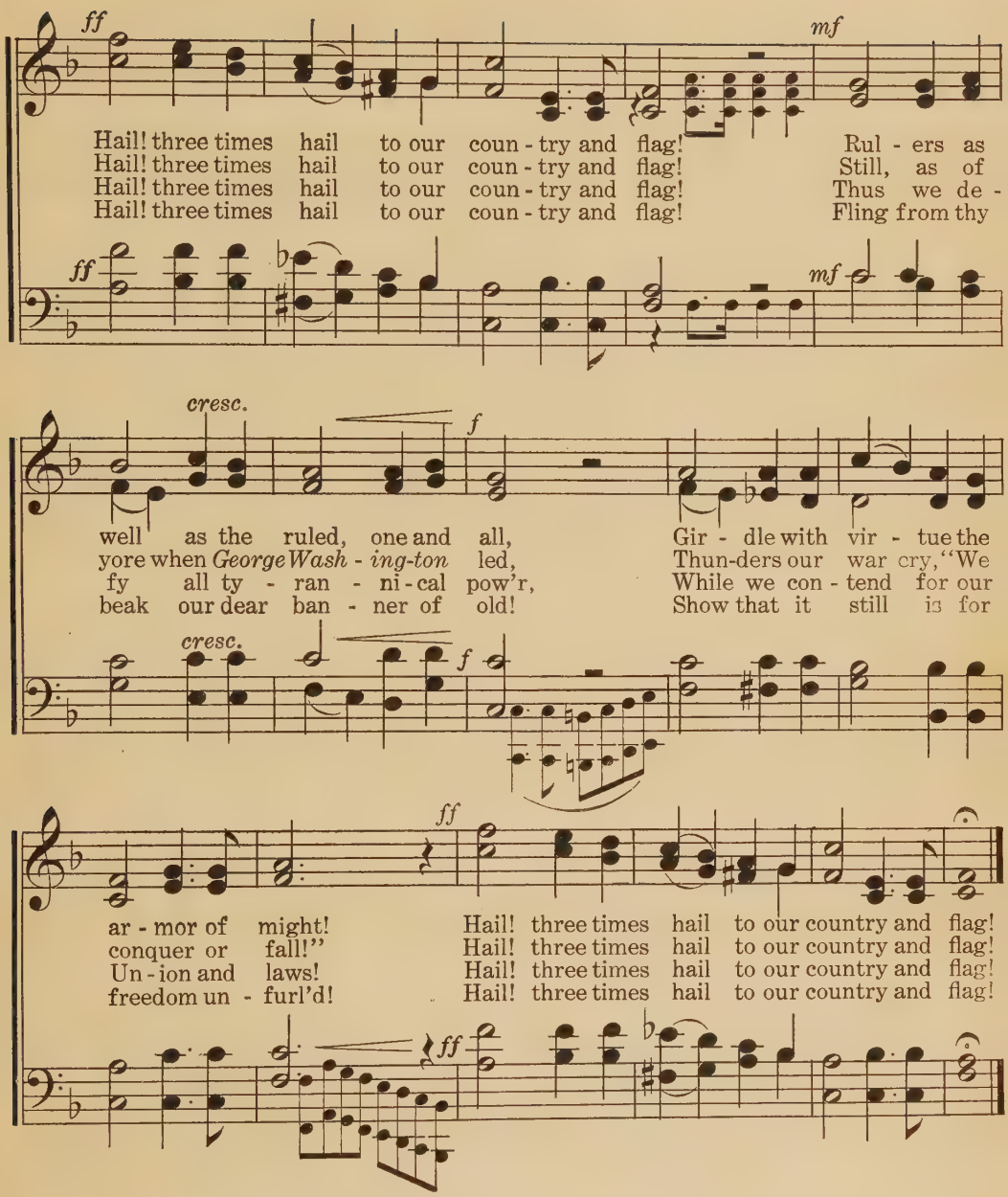
Anna L. Barbauld

Conrad Kocher

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
2. All the plen - ty sum - mer pours; Autumn's rich o'er - flow - ing stores;
3. Peace, pros-per - i - ty, and health, Pri - vate bliss, and pub - lic wealth,
4. As Thy prosp'ring hand hath blest, May we give Thee of our best:
Bounteous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;
Flocks that whi - ten all the plain; Yel-low sheaves of ri - pen'd grain:
Knowledge with its gladd'ning streams, Pure re - lig - ion's ho - lier beams:
And by deeds of kind - ly love For Thy mer - cies grate - ful prove;
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless - ings flow.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol - emn praise.
Lord, for these our souls shall raise Grate-ful vows and sol - emn praise.
Sing - ing thus thro' all our days, Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise.

# The American Hymn

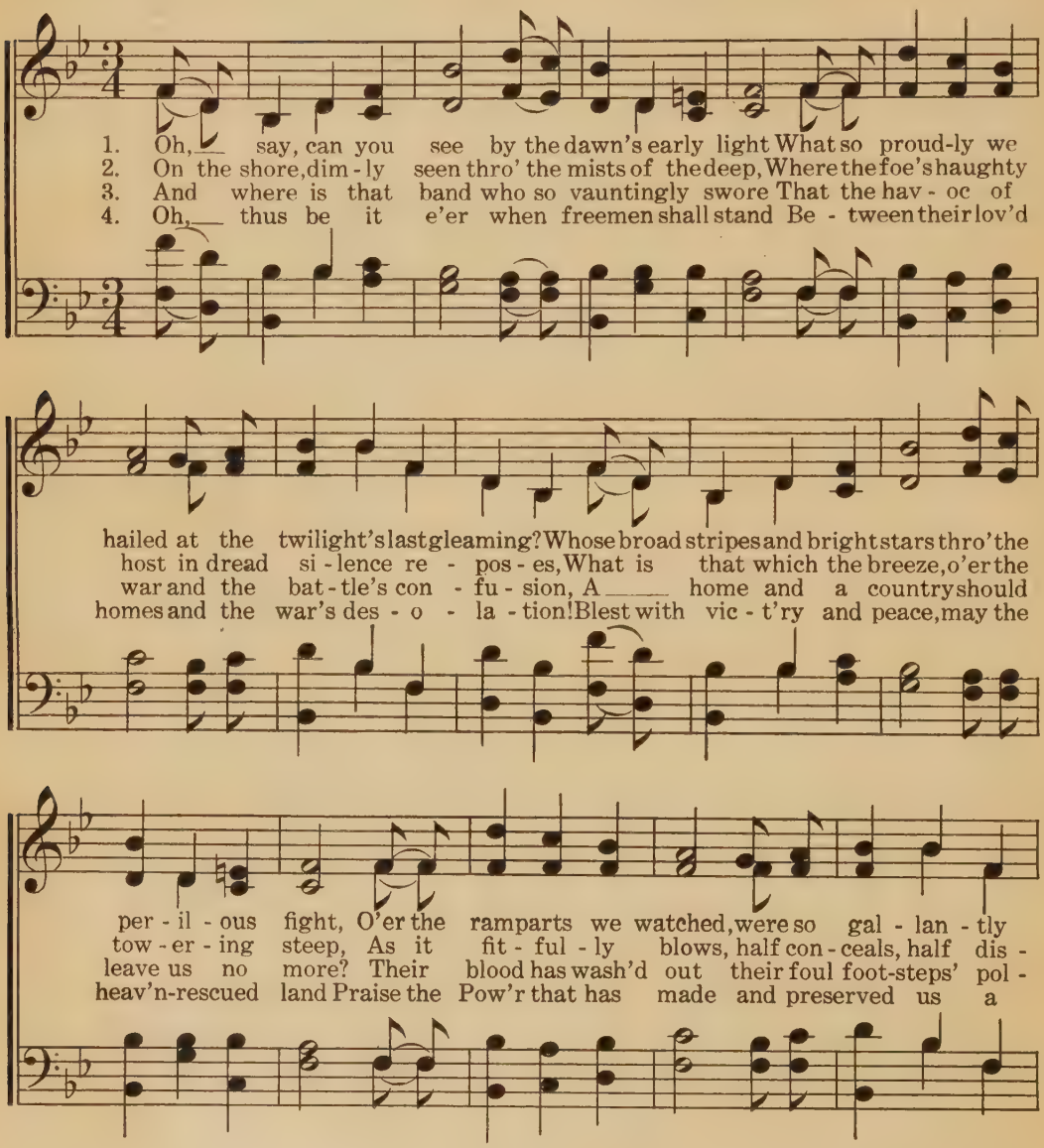
Matthias Keller
Maestoso

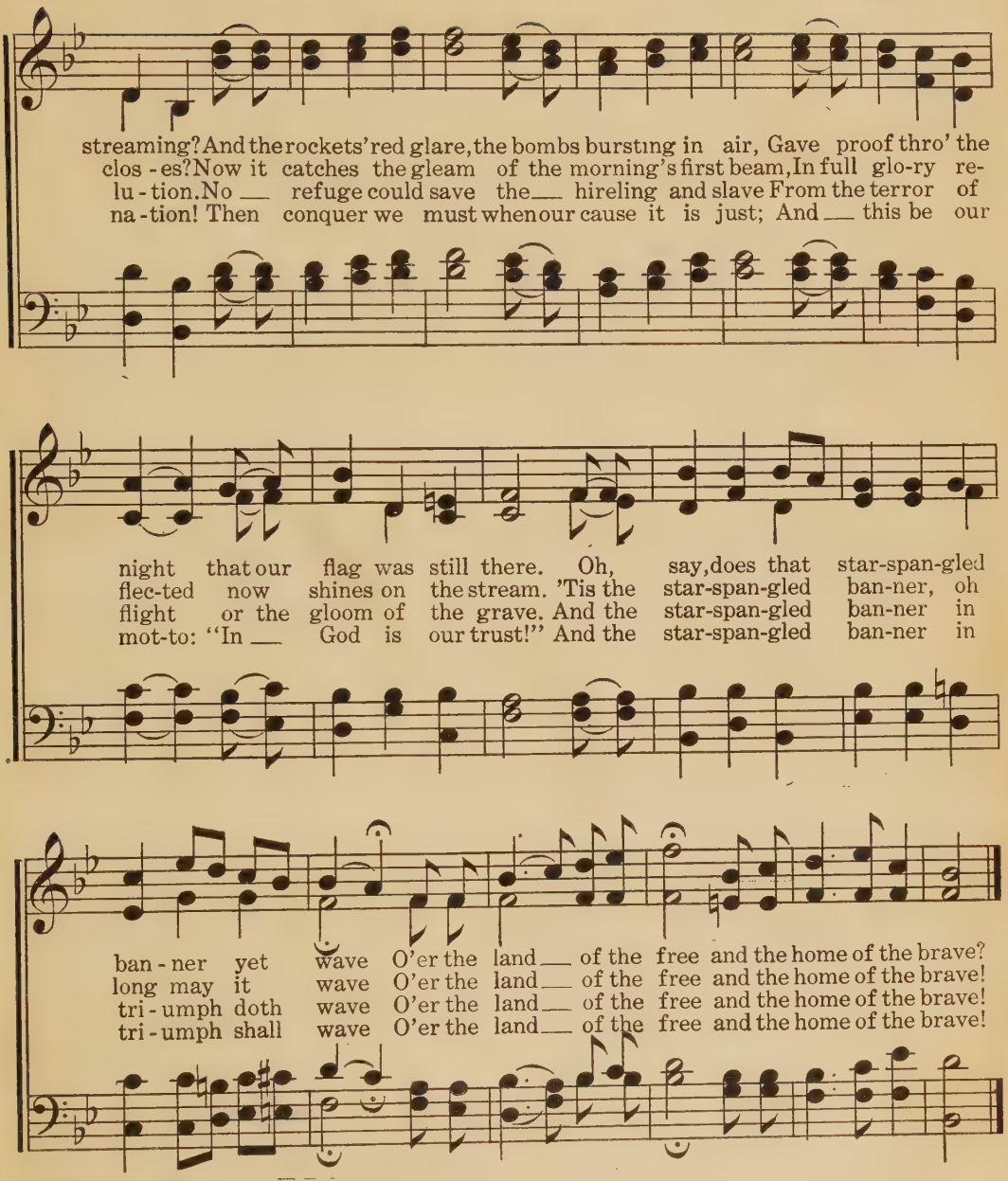
Matthias Keller

f
1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high! Lead us in
2. Fore - most in bat - tle for free - dom to stand, We rush to
3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe, Will - ing to
4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds! Spread thy broad
mf
cresc.
path - ways of jus - tice and right! Rul - ers as well as the
arms when a - roused by its call; Still, as of yore when George
die in hu - man - i - ty's cause, Thus we de - fy all ty -
wings o'er this fair western world! Fling from thy beak our dear
f
ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!
Wash - ing - ton led, Thun - ders our war cry, "We conquer or fall!"
ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our Union and laws!
ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for freedom un - furl'd!


ff
mf
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Rul - ers as
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Still, as of
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Thus we de -
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag! Fling from thy
ff
mf
cresc.
f
well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue the
yore when George Wash - ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war cry, "We
fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our
beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for
cresc.
f
ff
ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
conquer or fall!" Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
Un - ion and laws! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
freedom un - furl'd! Hail! three times hail to our country and flag!
ff

# The Star-Spangled Banner

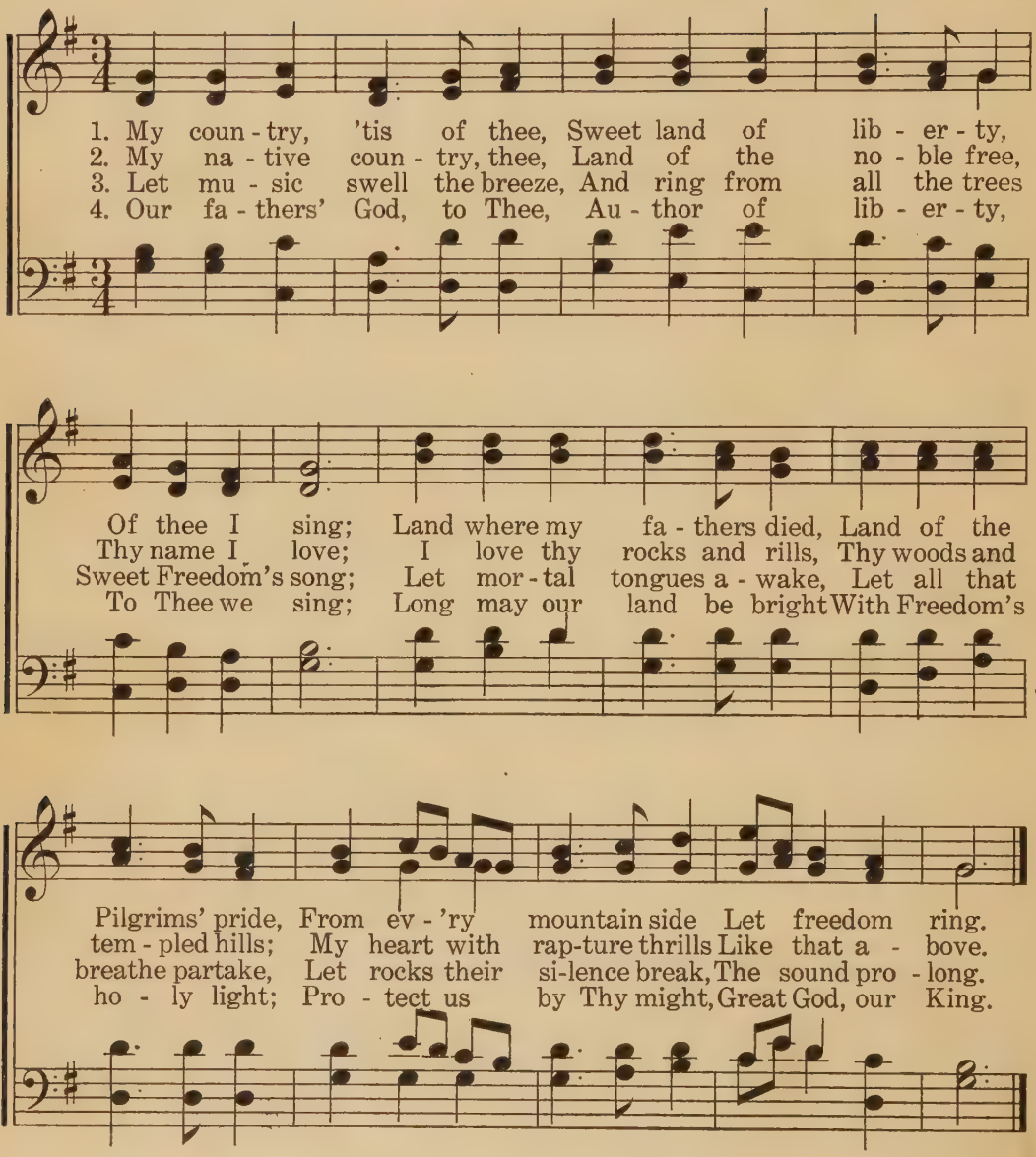
Francis Scott Key — John Stafford Smith


1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band who so vauntingly swore That the hav-oc of
4. Oh, thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand Be-tween their lov'd
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con-fu-sion, A home and a country should
homes and the war's des-o-la-tion! Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the
per-il-ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gal-lan-tly
tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis-
leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot-steps' pol-
heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that has made and preserved us a


streaming? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
clos - es? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-
lu - tion. No ___ refuge could save the ___ hireling and slave From the terror of
na - tion! Then conquer we must when our cause it is just; And ___ this be our
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled
flec-ted now shines on the stream. 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner, oh
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
mot-to: "In ___ God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in
ban - ner yet wave O'er the land ___ of the free and the home of the brave?
long may it wave O'er the land ___ of the free and the home of the brave!
tri - umph doth wave O'er the land ___ of the free and the home of the brave!
tri - umph shall wave O'er the land ___ of the free and the home of the brave!

# America

Samuel F. Smith — Henry Carey


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet Freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With Freedom's
Pilgrims' pride, From ev - 'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

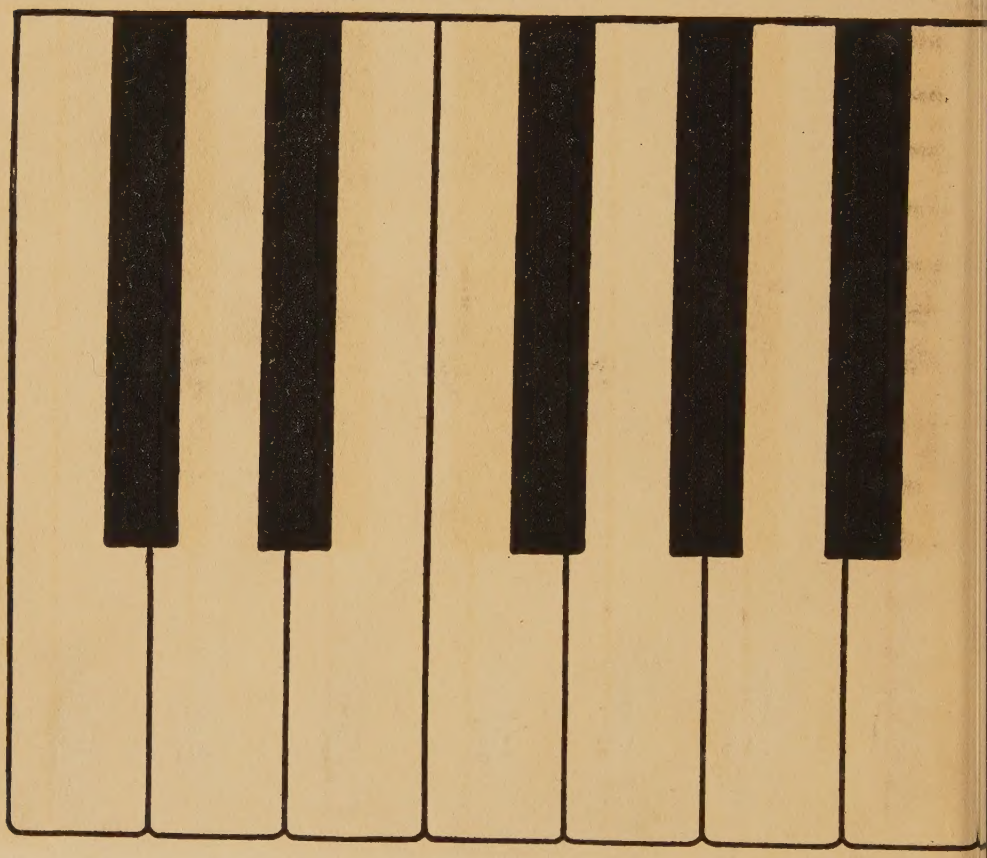
# INDEX


| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| All That's Good and Great | Godfrey Thring | 199 |
| America | Henry Carey | 206 |
| American Hymn, The | Matthias Keller | 202 |
| *Apollo's Cows | Peter Christian Lutkin | 176 |
| April Folk, The | Max Bruch | 106 |
| At the Forge | V. Miry | 94 |
| *At the Window | Frank van der Stucken | 26 |
| Autumn Holiday | Welsh Melody | 8 |
| *Autumn Song | Jean Sibelius | 131 |
| *Back of the Bread | Peter Christian Lutkin | 62 |
| Barcarolle | Halfdan Kjerulf | 84 |
| *Before I Open Drowsy Eyes | Georg Schumann | 96 |
| Beneath the Lilies | Horatio Parker | 152 |
| Best Instrument, The | Ernst Schmid | 105 |
| Bird Catcher, The | W. A. Mozart | 95 |
| *Bluebirds, The | Myles B. Foster | 102 |
| Bosnian Shepherd's Song | Bosnian Folk Song | 89 |
| Boys' Song, The | Georges Bizet | 164 |
| Brave of Heart | Ancient Dalecarlian March | 88 |
| *Brook, The | Edward Elgar | 130 |
| *By the Rain | C. H. Mills | 145 |
| Chairs to Mend | Old English Round | 77 |
| Children's Hymn | Horatio Parker | 195 |
| *Child's Fancy, A | John E. West | 170 |
| Cinderella | French Folk Song | 21 |
| Clang! Clang! Clang! | Allyre Bureau | 38 |
| *Choral Song | Peter Christian Lutkin | 166 |
| Cold the Blast May Blow | Lowell Mason | 14 |
| Come, Dance with Me | Neapolitan Folk Song | 168 |
| Come, Lassies and Lads | English Folk Song | 37 |
| Come, Thou Almighty King | F. de Giardini | 193 |
| *Comet, The | Margaret Ruthven Lang | 76 |
| Cossack Song | Russian Folk Song | 56 |
| Cradle Song | Franz Schubert | 87 |
| Cuckoo Clock, The | Albert Schröder | 188 |
| *Daffydowndilly | Margaret Ruthven Lang | 12 |
| *Dance of the Fairies | E. R. Kroeger | 49 |
| Dancing Song in May | Robert Franz | 31 |
| *Dandelions, The | George W. Chadwick | 68 |
| Daybreak | G. Calzolari | 172 |
| Distant Sweden | Swedish Folk Song | 12 |
| *Dragon Flies | Peter Christian Lutkin | 153 |
| *Dream and Snowflake | Maurice Moszkowski | 91 |
| Early to Bed | Old English Round | 85 |
| End of Summer | Max Bruch | 132 |
| Evening Bells, The | Franz Abt | 78 |
| Evening Hymn | J. Neander | 52 |
| Exiles, The | Hebrew Melody | 127 |
| Fair is the Summer | Old German Minnelied | 69 |
| Fairy Revelry | Gioachino Rossini | 126 |
| Faithful Friends | Joseph Gersbach | 38 |
| Father and Friend | Horatio Parker | 54 |
| Fisherman's Prayer | A. M. Myrberg | 47 |
| Flowery Omens | Anton Dvořák | 148 |
| Forest Concert | Franz Abt | 74 |
| *Fountain, The | Hugo Kaun | 156 |
| Fountain and the Birds | Swedish Folk Song | 62 |
| *Friends | Mrs. H. H. A. Beach | 124 |
| From a Bygone Day | German Folk Song | 110 |
| Frost, The | Russian Folk Song | 23 |
| Gay Liesel | Karl Wahlstedt | 108 |
| Glassy Lake | Hungarian Folk Song | 99 |
| Good Night | H. J. Dryer | 67 |
| *Good Night, Pretty Stars | Georg Schumann | 122 |
| Good Wishes | W. A. Mozart | 179 |
| *Green World, The | Vincent d'Indy | 174 |
| Greeting | F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy | 171 |
| Gypsy Dance, The | Gypsy Melody | 28 |
| Gypsy Maidens | Gypsy Song | 118 |
| Halloween | Catharina van Rennes | 34 |
| Happy Autumn Days | French Folk Song | 27 |
| *Harvest Slumber Song | E. Humperdinck | 134 |
| He Shall Feed His Flock | George Frederick Handel | 192 |
| Hillside, The | Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy | 118 |
| Huntsmen, The | Old English Round | 34 |
| *Hymn, A | Horatio Parker | 48 |
| I Dream in Quiet Sadness | C. W. von Gluck | 70 |
| In Autumn | Attributed to Stradella | 23 |
| In Life if Love We Know Not | Carl Reinecke | 181 |
| In Ocean Cave | Swedish Folk Song | 90 |
| *In the Garden | Arthur Foote | 190 |
| In the Lists | Ancient Gaelic Song | 60 |
| Integer Vitae | Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming | 196 |
| It Was a Lover | Thomas Morley | 98 |
| *Jack Frost | Henry Clough-Leighter | 162 |
| *Jingle, Jingle | Harvey B. Gaul | 35 |
| Joy of Harvest, The | George J. Elvey | 198 |
| Joys of Summer | Catharina van Rennes | 185 |
| Kathleen Aroon | Franz Abt | 55 |
| Ladybird | Robert Schumann | 159 |
| *Lavender Beds | Frank van der Stucken | 146 |
| Lead, Kindly Light | John B. Dykes | 53 |
| Lincolnshire Poacher, The | English Folk Song | 57 |
| Linden Tree, The | Franz Schubert | 112 |
| *Listening Woods | Rudolph Ganz | 36 |
| *Little Red Owl | W. Otto Miessner | 20 |
| Lovely Night | Ludwig van Beethoven | 29 |
| Love's Power | Johann Franz Herbeck | 86 |

| | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| Lullaby | Charles V. Stanford | 154 |
| Maid and the Brook | Russian Folk Song | 25 |
| Mandolin Song | Spanish Folk Song | 32 |
| Marching Song | German Folk Song | 92 |
| Maypole, The | English Folk Song | 22 |
| *Meadow, The | Howard Brockway | 13 |
| Milking Time | Norwegian Folk Song | 15 |
| Minuet, The | W. A. Mozart | 88 |
| Month of December | Franz Reiter | 42 |
| *Morning | Arthur Farwell | 150 |
| *Morning Song, A | Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari | 169 |
| Mother Dear | Norwegian Folk Song | 81 |
| *My Bedtime | Horatio Parker | 116 |
| My Bonny Pipes | Scotch Folk Song | 24 |
| Naples | Italian Folk Song | 40 |
| National Hymn | Horatio Parker | 52 |
| Naughty Lisette | French Folk Song | 46 |
| *Near Autumn | Horatio Parker | 42 |
| New Year's Song | C. Meister | 60 |
| Nightingale, The | English Folk Song | 59 |
| Nightingale, Sweet Nightingale | Russian Folk Song | 93 |
| Now with Creation's Morning Song | Ludwig van Beethoven | 197 |
| Oh, Worship the King | Franz Joseph Haydn | 200 |
| *October Song | Rudolph Ganz | 149 |
| Old Apple Tree | Hungarian Folk Song | 58 |
| On the Ling, Ho! | Halfdan Kjerulf | 39 |
| *Owl, The | Granville Bantock | 16 |
| Passing of Summer | Neapolitan Folk Song | 33 |
| Past Three O'clock | English Folk Song | 6 |
| *Patriotic Hymn | W. Otto Miessner | 61 |
| Pearl, The | Franz Joseph Haydn | 5 |
| *Pippa's Song | William G. Hammond | 129 |
| Portuguese Hymn | John Reading (?) | 194 |
| Pouts and Smiles | Catharina van Rennes | 173 |
| Praise to God | Conrad Kocher | 201 |
| Prayer | Ludwig van Beethoven | 65 |
| Prince Baby | G. C. Boivie | 30 |
| Punchinello | French Folk Song | 109 |
| Race, The | A. Danhauser | 17 |
| *Rain in Summer | W. Otto Miessner | 120 |
| Remembrance Bouquet | Neapolitan Folk Song | 28 |
| *River Path, The | George W. Chadwick | 11 |
| Robin Goodfellow | Ancient English Song | 45 |
| *Robin Redbreast | Fr. Gernsheim | 119 |
| *Robin Redbreast Told Me | Julius Röntgen | 114 |
| Roses | Estelle P. Cushman | 137 |
| Row, Row, Row Your Boat | E. O. Lyte | 109 |
| Sailor's Life, A | Hendrika van Tussenbroek | 115 |
| Sandman, The | Catharina van Rennes | 128 |
| Scotch Piper, The | Scotch Folk Song | 155 |
| *Sea Princess, The | Max Bruch | 138 |
| See Saw | Old English Round | 11 |
| *Seven Swan Ladies | Walter Morse Rummel | 50 |
| Shepherds on the Hills | Th. Madsen | 18 |
| *Sing, O Sing | Mary Turner Salter | 82 |
| Sing Together | Old English Round | 46 |
| Singers of the Sea | English Folk Song | 56 |
| *Skating Song | Peter Christian Lutkin | 158 |
| Sleep, My Child | Old German Minnelied | 92 |
| Snowflakes, The | Neapolitan Song | 41 |
| *So Ignorant | Horatio Parker | 30 |
| *Song for Hal, A | Daniel Protheroe | 136 |
| *Song of the Brook | Paul Bliss | 66 |
| Song of the Lark | F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy | 10 |
| *Song of the Winds | W. Otto Miessner | 63 |
| Southland, The | W. A. Mozart | 160 |
| Spring, The | Dr. Hayes | 71 |
| Spring's Messenger | Robert Schumann | 117 |
| Squirrels, The | Hungarian Folk Song | 125 |
| Star, The | Danish Folk Song | 27 |
| Star-Spangled Banner | John Stafford Smith | 204 |
| Storm at Sea | Julius Dürner | 140 |
| *Suggestion, A | Homer N. Bartlett | 175 |
| Summer's Done | Norwegian Folk Song | 24 |
| *Summer's Good-by | Reginald de Koven | 139 |
| Swallow, Swallow | Franz Joseph Haydn | 7 |
| Sweet Repose | Jules Benedict | 186 |
| *Swing, The | Julius Röntgen | 178 |
| Themes from *Das Rheingold* | Richard Wagner | 157 |
| Themes from *Die Meistersinger* | Richard Wagner | 95, 116 |
| Themes from *Die Walküre* | Richard Wagner | 187 |
| Themes from *Fifth Symphony* | Peter I. Tschaikowsky | 187 |
| Themes from *First Symphony* | Ludwig van Beethoven | 143 |
| Themes from *Fourth Symphony* | Robert Schumann | 113 |
| Themes from *"New World" Symphony* | Anton Dvořák | 111, 123, 125 |
| Themes from *Oberon* | C. M. von Weber | 97 |
| Themes from *Second Symphony* | Ludwig van Beethoven | 99 |
| Themes from *Seventh Symphony* | Ludwig van Beethoven | 36 |
| Themes from *Sixth Symphony* | Ludwig van Beethoven | 91 |
| Themes from *Sixth Symphony* | Peter I. Tschaikowsky | 121, 157 |
| Themes from *Symphony in C* | Franz Schubert | 163 |
| Themes from *Unfinished Symphony* | Franz Schubert | 174 |
| To the Old Long Life | Samuel Webbe | 72 |
| To the River | Ludwig van Beethoven | 6 |
| *Travel | Daniel Protheroe | 104 |
| *Tree-Top Duet, A | Marshall Bartholomew | 51 |
| *Tree-Top Mornings | Peter Christian Lutkin | 44 |
| Trout, The | Franz Schubert | 101 |
| *Trumpet Call of Spring, A | W. Otto Miessner | 142 |
| Turn Again, Whittington | Old English Round | 177 |
| Voice of Evening | C. M. von Weber | 80 |
| Welcome to Autumn | Peter I. Tschaikowsky | 10 |
| Well Met, Well Met | English Folk Song | 32 |
| *What I Love | Hugo Kaun | 135 |
| *When I Go Out | Peter Christian Lutkin | 106 |
| *Where Go the Winds | Adolf Weidig | 9 |
| White Sand and Gray | Old English Round | 55 |
| *Wind, The | Victor Herbert | 144 |
| Winter Clouds | Hungarian Folk Song | 64 |
| Winter Longing | Wilhelm Peterson-Berger | 184 |
| *Word, A | Peter Christian Lutkin | 58 |
| Ye Olden Christmas | French Christmas Carol | 43 |
| Yea and Nay | Norwegian Folk Song | 161 |

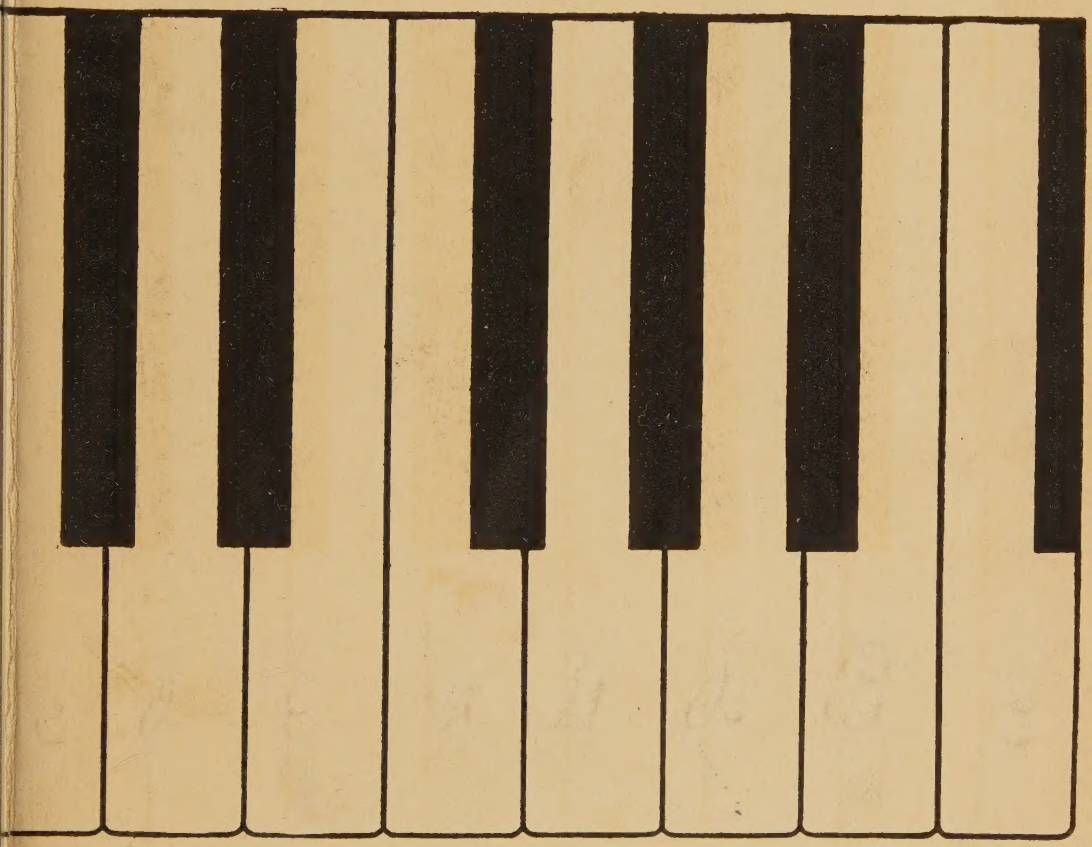

*Composed for *The Progressive Music Series*

FACSIMILE OF PIANOFORTE



Raymond Weldy - Room 11 8''

KEYBOARD (TWO OCTAVES)



$12.00
FEB 15